FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

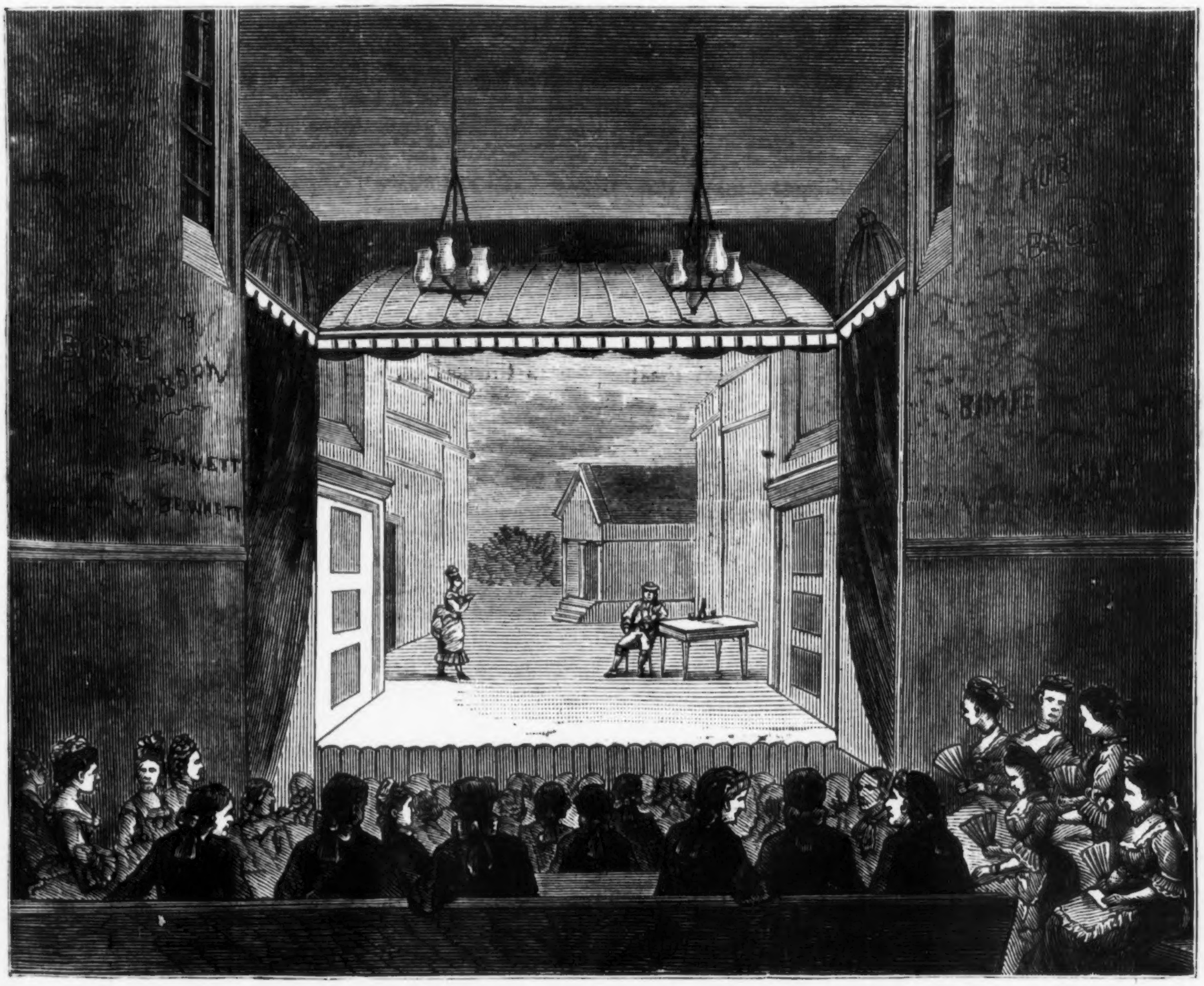
VOL. X.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

BY J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

NOTHING can more strikingly show the growth of this great City of New York, and the rapid strides by which it has advanced, until it begins to cover the whole of the island, at the foot of which it was for a long time but a tiny dot—nothing can show more clearly this mighty increase in the size of the city than to trace the track of the theatre as it has been thrust forward out of its solitary resting-place in John Street one hundred years ago, and driven onward and upward, until to-day it is scattered here and there over the face of the city, as high up even as Central Park, long thought to be the uttermost limit of human habitation on this our Island of Manhattan.

The drama is not yet old among us, but it has already seen theatre after theatre go down into destruction, sometimes firing the torch itself, more often merely making way for the march of commerce. Although the drama came to us a stranger scarce a century ago, it was soon subject to our laws, and made obeisance to our customs moving on or giving up at the beck of business. And feeling akin to sadness comes over one who is fond of the



INTERIOR OF THE JOHN STREET THEATRE, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

XUM

stage in looking down the long list of theatres which have been and which are not. It is hard not to mourn the death of many a theatre which had bravely borne its part among us, lightening the sorrows of man and scattering broadcast the seeds of jollity and laughter.

It was about the middle of the last century that the first dramatic performance took place in America. As to the place and time where and when it was, there is much discussion and disagreement. It may have been as early as 1733, here in New York; or in 1736, at Williamsburg, in Virginia; it may have been as late as 1750, at Philadelphia, or Boston, or New York. The earlier dates are involved in doubt and conjecture. But abundant record exists of a company of actors from Philadelphia, which arrived in New York in February, 1750, and remained here until July, 1751. The city contained then barely ten thousand inhabitants, and the company must have had some merit to have held together so long a time in so small a town.

It made its first appearance probably March 5th, 1750, in "Richard III., wrote originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colley Cibber, Esqr." Mr. Ireland, in his valuable and voluminous "Records of the New York Stage," identifies the place where they performed with the present numbers 64 and 66 Nassau Street, on the east side, between John and Maiden Lane. Here there then stood a building containing a room convenient for their purpose—to use the phrase of the *New York Gazette revived in the Weekly Postboy*, when announcing their arrival. It was turned into a church in 1758 by a congregation of German colonists, who, seven years later, built on the same site an edifice which remained standing until 1810.

For a year after this company disbanded, New York remained without dramatic entertainment. In 1753 arrived Hallam's company, the first full and efficient dramatic troupe which came to this country. It was quite equal to the leading English provincial companies of the time. Its originator was William Hallam, a brother of Admiral Hallam, and the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, from which Garrick had stepped to Drury Lane. His brother, Lewis Hallam, was the head of the company, at once its manager and its leading actor. For a year Hallam and his companions had been acting in Virginia, and then came to New York, bearing letters of recommendation from Governor Dinwiddie. They opened on September 17th, 1753, in the new and commodious theatre which they had caused to be erected on the site of the old one, with Sir Richard Steele's comedy of "The Conscious Lovers," and the ballad farce of "Damon and Phillida."

Chief among the actors was Mr. Rigby, who must have been skilled both in the exercise of his profession and in the teaching of it, for Hallam's son, Lewis, a boy of twelve when the company first appeared in New York, and afterward the foremost actor in America, declared that he owed much to Mr. Rigby's instruction.

After six months in New York the company went to Philadelphia, where the elder Hallam died. Not long afterward his widow married Mr. Douglass, who then became the head of the enterprise. When he brought the company back to New York, in 1758, the Nassau Street Theatre had become a church. He at once built another on Cruger's Wharf, which, after much doubt and delay, he obtained permission to open, and the first performance, the "Jane Shore" of Nicholas Rowe, took place December 28th, 1758.

During its wanderings the company had somewhat altered, but its nucleus was ever the same. Mrs. Hallam, now Mrs. Douglass, was the leading lady; her husband played important parts; and her son, Lewis Hallam, was rapidly approaching his majority as a man and as an actor.

The Cruger's Wharf Theatre, like all the other early American theatres, was but a slight and flimsy structure, and as soon as the season closed it was torn down. In 1761 Mr. Douglass erected another in Beekman Street, on the southwest side, just below Nassau. This theatre, the third erected in the city, was but little longer lived than its predecessor. The Stamp Act troubles broke out, and the ferment which resulted finally in the explosion of the Revolution began about this time. "The republicans of New York in 1764," says William Dunlap, in his "History of the American Theatre," "whether remembering the predilection of the actors for monarchy, or from other causes, determined to overthrow the playhouse." An old gentleman who, as a boy, had taken part in the destruction of the theatre, told Dunlap that a crowd collected and "set on the boys to commence the work, which, once begun, found hands enough to aid in it."

New York did not long remain without a theatre; and the fourth home of the dramatic muse in Manhattan was destined to a life far longer and far more glorious than its merely temporary predecessors.

On December 7th, 1767, three years after the wanton destruction of the Beekman Street Theatre, its successor was opened in John Street, on the northern side, near Broadway, in the rear of the lots now known as 17, 19 and 21. "It was principally of wood; an unsightly object, painted red. . . . It was about sixty feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors. . . . Two rows of boxes, with a pit and gallery, could accommodate all the play-going people of that time," says Dunlap, "and yield the sharers eight hundred dollars when full, at the usual prices. The stage was of good dimensions"—equal to the Haymarket in London.

It must be noted that Hallam's troupe—then called the American Company, was what would now be called a commonwealth. The leading actors were owners, sharing profit and loss alike. This system obtained in England in Shakespeare's time—he was a sharer in the Globe; it obtained in France in Molière's day—the company of which he was the head was a joint-stock one; and it obtains in France to-day—the Comédie Française, the direct descendant of Molière's company and the foremost theatre of the world, is a commonwealth, managed in great part by the actors themselves, who have each a share in the yearly profits, in addition to an annual salary.

The opening bill of the John Street Theatre was the "Beaux' Stratagem," and Garrick's farce, "Lethe." At the bottom of the playbill was the traditional British "Vivant Rex et Regina." A few weeks later, it bears the request: "Ladies will please to send their servants to keep their places, at four o'clock." And from four in the afternoon to six, the front seats in the boxes were fully filled with blacks of every age, awaiting the arrival of their masters and mistresses.

For several years, and with varying success, the American Company occupied the John Street Theatre, making excursions now and then as far north as Albany, and as far south as Philadelphia and Charleston. But troublous times were at hand, and drew rapidly near. Burning questions and crying sins soon left the people little time for mock mirth or mock murder, and the actors began to feel the force of the old mazarinade:

> "Comédiens, c'est un mauvais temps,
> La Tragédie est par les champs."

The first Continental Congress met, and on October 24th, 1774, it recommended a suspension of all public amusement, discountenancing and discouraging all extravagance and dissipation, including "gaming, cockfighting, exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments."

Dunlap declares that this resolution of the Congress was conveyed to Douglass in a letter from the President, Peyton Randolph, and the committee of New York gave him like notice. He had but just reinforced his company with new recruits from England, and was preparing to open the theatre for the Winter season, but he knew the recommendation of the Congress would be binding on the theatre, and he bowed to the inevitable, taking the American Company to the West Indies, where it remained for ten years.

But, although abandoned by its lawful occupants, the John Street Theatre did not remain empty all through the Revolutionary War. When the city fell into the hands of the army of King George, certain of his officers opened it as the Theatre Royal, giving occasional performances for charitable objects. Major André was one of the actors, and the principal scene-painter. Dunlap saw certain of their performances, and thought them very good for amateurs.

Dr. Francis describes one peculiarity of these times—the application to well-known persons of characters of the successive plays enacted by the amateurs. "The Busy Body" was applied to Dr. Atwood; "Laugh and Grow Fat" to Paymaster Mortier, a man of extraordinary leanness; and "The Wheel of Fortune" to General Gage, who first came to America in 1756 as a captain, and returned again in 1775 as commander-in-chief of the British forces. Another of his Majesty's generals, Burgoyne, was an approved dramatist, who followed his "Maid of the Oaks," played in England in 1775, with an *à propos* "Blockade of Boston," acted in Boston by British amateurs in the midst of the events it tried to satirize.

This "Blockade of Boston" was, as well as I can make out, the third play written in America, and the second play both written and acted here—the first, it may be as well to say, having been the "Mercenary Match" of Barnaby Biddle, acted by Yale students, under the supervision of Dr. Styles, the president of the college. Of course a mere *ad captandum* trifle like the "Blockade of Boston" never got itself acted in New York; and it is not, to the best of my knowledge, even in existence now.

But it was not long after the Revolution was accomplished and its results secured, that Burgoyne appeared before the playgoers of New York as a playwright. Not one but three of his plays—"The Maid of the Oaks," "The Heiress," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," were brought out in this city shortly after the conclusion of peace, and remained favorites here for years, in spite of their author's ignominious career in this country.

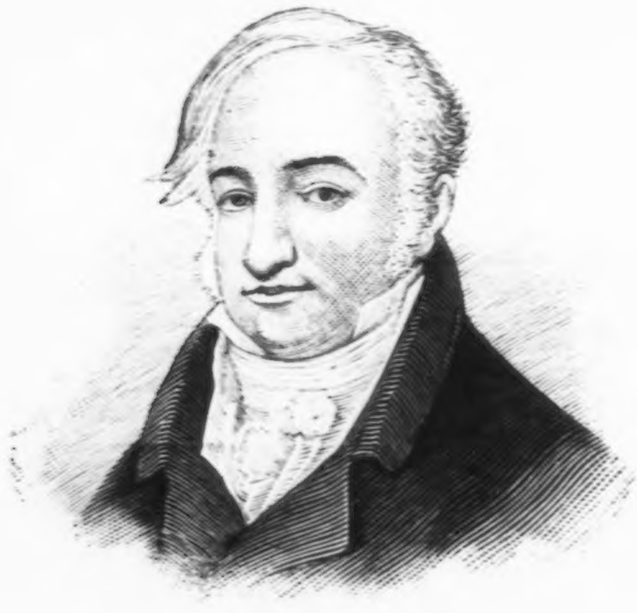
After the Revolution, the John Street Theatre was for thirteen years the only or the leading theatre of the city. Lewis Hallam opened it August 24th, 1785, with a weak cast, strengthened greatly the following Fall, when the old American Company returned in force. Hallam had associated Henry with him in the management; and Wignell, who had arrived from England in 1774, formed with them a trio of dramatic ability which had not till then been visible on the American stage. The playbills bore at their foot, "Vivat Respublica"—an Americanizing of British institutions most characteristic of the times. On April 16th, 1787, there was here performed "The Contrast," written by Royal Tyler, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont, and the first American five-act comedy performed by professional actors. Two years later, on September 7th, 1789, the earliest of the innumerable plays of William Dunlap received its first performance. A few years after, the author became at first joint owner in the theatre, and finally sole manager, continuing the company bravely along the lines laid down by its founder. And with the name of Dunlap, the history of the American stage of that time is indissolubly connected. But this paper is not a history of the American stage—it aims only at giving sketches of the theatres of New York; and all seeking further knowledge of the first American dramatist may be referred to his own invaluable "History of the American Theatre."

The theatre in John Street was the home of the drama in this city for nearly thirty years, and it was not until the end of its eventful life drew nigh that it met with any opposition. In 1797 Wignell brought on his fine company from Philadelphia, for whose accommodation a circus, not long before opened in Greenwich Street, had been hastily turned into a Summer theatre; but in a short time the John Street Theatre was again left alone. Its end, however, was approaching. On January 13th, 1798, occurred the last performance within its walls. The stage then took the first of its many moves up-town. The journey was not long—scarcely more than around the corner; in fact, it was only from John Street to Park Row, about two hundred feet above Ann Street. The lots on which stood this fifth theatre erected in New York are now known as Nos. 21, 23 and 25 Park Row. The old house in John Street was shortly afterward pulled down.

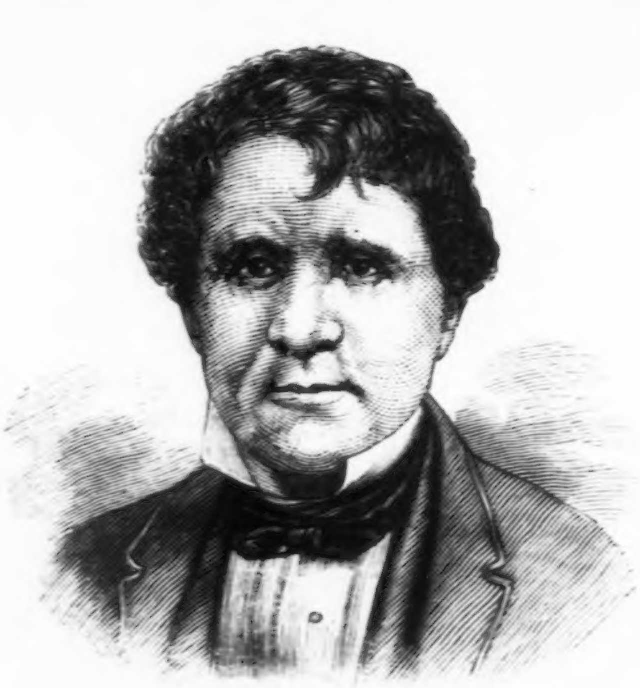
The New Theatre, as it was at first called, or the Park Theatre, as it was afterward known, was opened on the evening of January 29th, 1798, with "As You Like It" as the principal play. For fifty years thereafter its stage was ever filled with the bustle and echoes and the shadows of comedy and tragedy and farce. For the greater part of that time it was the foremost theatre in America. Architecturally, it was the best designed and the best built of the theatres until then erected in this country; externally plain, it was harmoniously proportioned and internally well arranged for both hearing and seeing. Its plans were prepared by Isambart Brunel, the French engineer, afterward the builder of the Thames Tunnel. It cost over $130,000, which seemed a far larger sum of money in the last century than it does in this. Its first lessees were William Dunlap and John Hodgkinson. Its receipts on the opening night were $1,263. The prices were: boxes, 8 shillings; pit, 6 shillings; and gallery, 4 shillings.

It is hard to shut the career of the Park Theatre into a paragraph. For half a century its history is the history of the American stage. All that was best in the drama, in all its forms and phases, took its turn upon the boards of the Park. Lewis Hallam, whose father half a hundred years before had led the first band of actors from England to America, was a member of the opening company. Soon Cooper joined it—Thomas A. Cooper, the pupil of Holcroft and Godwin, and for nearly forty years the foremost actor in America. Born under the English flag, he was, when he returned to England, treated as an American. The friend of English radicals in his youth, he passed his old age peacefully in the shadow of our Custom House, his daughter having married President Tyler's son. Here also acted George Barrett and his wife, for many years two of the most popular of our actors. Here, in 1806, Mr. Poe, the father of Edgar A. Poe, made his first appearance in New York; his wife, as Miss Arnold, had acted, in 1797, at the John Street Theatre. But, with all these and many more attractions, and in spite of the frequent success of his own many skillful plays, original and adapted from the French and German, Dunlap, who had become sole manager, at last, after fighting bravely, failed.

After an interval, Cooper, who had often charmed the



GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

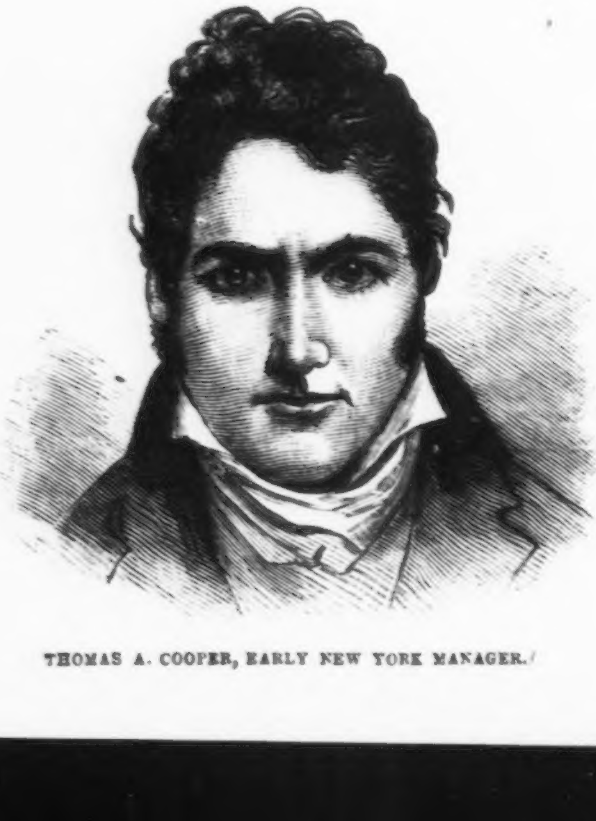


JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

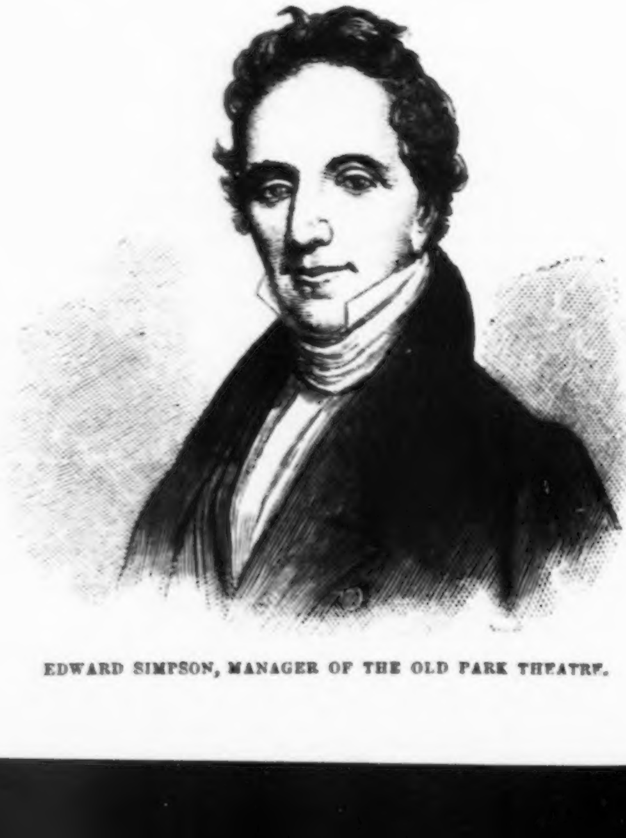
audiences of this theatre, became its manager. He remodeled the interior, enlarging the number of seats to 1,600 in the three tiers of boxes, and 1,100 in the pit and gallery. Mr. Ireland thinks this assertion exaggerated, especially as the largest receipts recorded, at the regular prices, were $1,878. But of the hitherto unparalleled magnificence with which Cooper had decorated the theatre there is no doubt whatever. "The boxes, glittering in blue and white and gold, with crimson drapery at top, new and superb glass chandeliers, gorgeous mirrors"—these and other improvements too numerous, doubtless, to mention, were to be seen when Mr. Cooper opened the house with Garrick's alteration of Wycherley's "The Country Girl," on the evening of September 9th, 1807. The career of the theatre, thus newly decked, was as glorious as it had been before. Here, on January 24th, 1809, Master Payne made his first appearance on a public stage with abundant success; afterward known, both here and in England, as the "Young American Roscius"—emulating the now forgotten fame of Master Betty. He is best remembered to-day as the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

And here, on the evening of November 21st, 1810, in the play of "Richard III.," was first seen on the American stage the finest actor yet seen in this country; an actor whose equal, in certain parts, has not been seen since; an actor whose success was instantaneous and immense; an actor who gave to this city the final fire of his genius, and who left us all that is mortal of him—for he lies buried in St. Paul's churchyard, where, amid the busiest hum of traffic, a stone's throw only from the site of the theatre of his triumphs, stands a marble shaft, inscribed with the name of George Frederick Cooke.

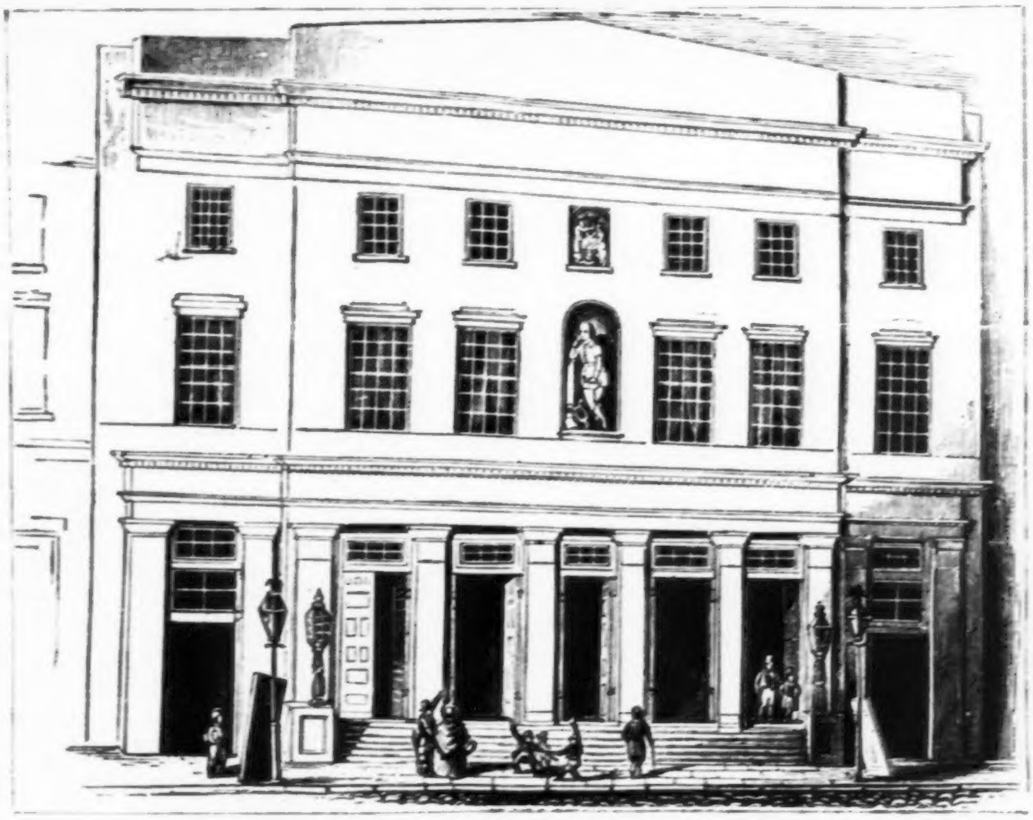
The next few years saw Cooke followed across the water by many a star of the English theatrical firmament. T. G. Holman came first, with his daughter, who, as Mrs. Gilbert, was for many years one of the leading actresses of America. Incledon, the singer, came next—in 1817. And one year later, September 7th, 1818, saw the first appearance here of James Wallack, who, thirty years later, was to give his name to the first comedy house of the country, and to give a good example to all other managers throughout the land by the discretion, taste and skill



THOMAS A. COOPER, EARLY NEW YORK MANAGER.



EDWARD SIMPSON, MANAGER OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.



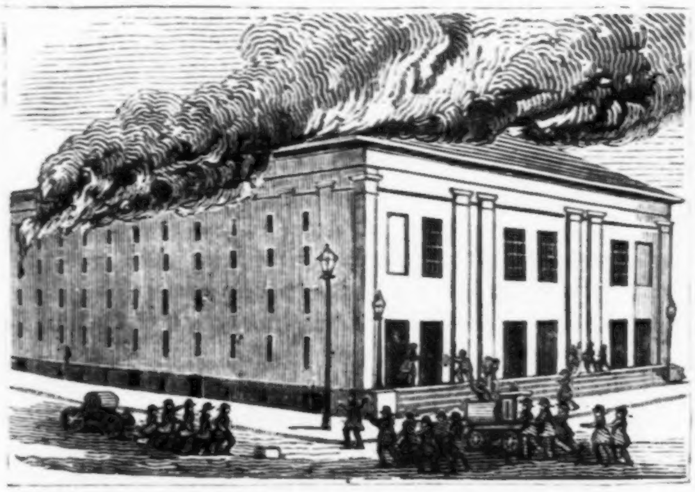
THE OLD PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK, FROM AN EARLY WOODCUT.

which he then displayed, and which his son has inherited from him.

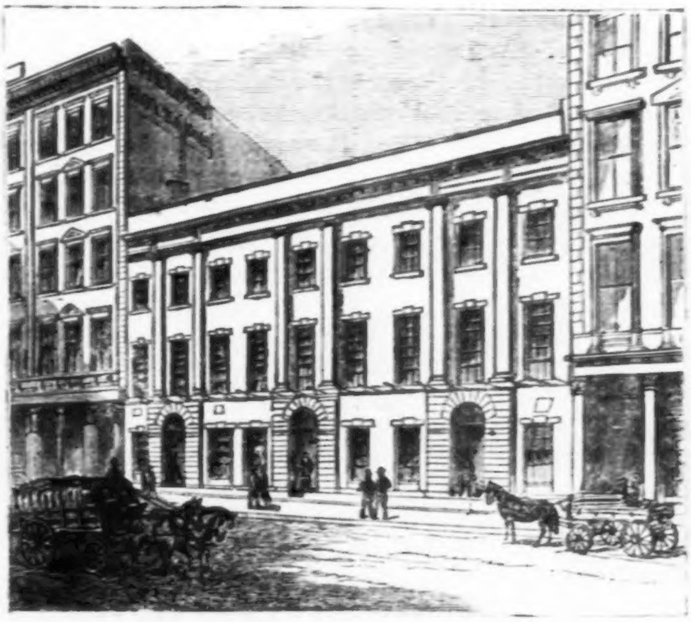
Eighteen months later, May 25th, 1820, a short time after a performance of Major M. M. Noah's "Siege of Tripoli," for the benefit of the author, the theatre took fire, and was totally destroyed. It must not be supposed that during all these years the Park Theatre had been wholly without rivals; but they had, in general, been insignificant, and unworthy of notice. Among them was a little theatre in Anthony Street, which had been at one time known as the Pavilion, and which was now at once opened by the managers of the Park. And here, November 29th, 1820, Edmund Kean made his first appearance in America, playing a most successful engagement.

The rebuilding of the Park Theatre was completed in 1821, and on September 1st it opened its doors with the play of "Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are," and a poetical prologue by Charles Sprague—who, like his British fellow-craftsman, Rogers, was a banker. The house held 2,500; there were, as before, three tiers of boxes; the width of the proscenium arch was forty-five feet, and the stage was seventy feet deep. The owners of the theatre, Messrs. Astor and Beekman, had finally given the lease to Messrs. Price and Simpson, the former lessees, and thus the new Park Theatre inherited the traditions and the triumphs of the old. And to these the new theatre speedily added new triumphs of its own.

On October 5th, 1821, Junius Brutus Booth, whom Mr. Ireland calls "the little lunatic giant of the stage," made his first appearance in America, as *Richard III.*, the same part in which Cooke had won his first success here—the part in which Booth dared the rivalry of both Cooke and Kean. A year later, Charles Matthews, the elder, was first seen in the "Road to Ruin." In 1825 the Park Theatre saw the first American attempt at regular Italian opera. The impresario was Signor Garcia; the prima donna singing *Rosina*, in the "Barbiere de Seviglia"—the first opera attempted—was his daughter, afterward known to Europe and to fame as Madame Malibran. Two of the great operatic artists of this century have tried their infant talents in America—Malibran and Patti. Signora Garcia married M. Malibran here, in 1826, and retired from the stage; but she returned shortly, on her husband's failing in business. Acting at the Park Theatre with great success, she sang on Sunday at Grace Church, attracting as large and as enchanted an audience in the sacred as in the secular edifice.



BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS WOODCUT.



PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE, CHAMBERS STREET, SUBSEQUENTLY BURTON'S THEATRE.

Within a few months the first appearance of Italian opera was followed by the first appearance of two of the foremost native representatives of comedy and of tragedy—J. H. Hackett and Edwin Forrest. And the latter was very shortly followed by his friend and future enemy, W. C. Macready.

For more than twenty-five years the Park had reigned supreme, not always alone, but always above competition. A circus or a cheap theatre now and then put in an appearance, but rarely for long. Toward the end of the first quarter of this century one of these cheap theatres, called the Chatham, from its situation, began to improve, and to become a serious rival of its elder brother. Wallack and Booth both played on its boards, and at times it presented a play as well as the Park might have done.

In 1826 a more formidable rival arose. The doors of the New York Theatre, better known to this generation as the Bowery Theatre, were thrown open on the evening of October 23d, with the "Road to Ruin"—a title of ill-omen, pointing to the future bankruptcy of the manager and burning of the theatre. It was the largest house in the country, seating about 3,000 people. Its owners meant to make it the first theatre of the city, and to that end it was lavishly adorned and decorated. Mr. Forrest played an early engagement at the Bowery; and, enticed by an offer of $500 a night coming just after her husband's bankruptcy, Mme. Malibran here first attempted a character in English Opera—that of *Count Belino* in the "Devil's Bridge"; from which, oddly enough, says Mr. Ireland, "all the music was cut, except the songs incidental to her part." And in this same first season of the Bowery Theatre, Madame Céleste made her first appearance in America. In 1828 the Bowery was burnt, and within ninety days rebuilt and reopened to the public. It was again burned and rebuilt in 1848, and after many vicissitudes, was entirely rebuilt a year ago, and reopened as a German theatre, under the name of the Thalia.

Another theatre, the Lafayette, was in the year also burnt. New York was beginning to be large enough for a variety of theatres, and the destruction of the Lafayette left the Park, the Bowery, the Chatham, and one or two other smaller and temporary theatres—including a little one called the Sans-Souci in Niblo's Garden, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street.

Nor is the increase in the number of theatres alone a proof of the growth of the city. This can also be seen in the scattering and pushing upward of the places of amusement. From John Street to the Park was but a pace; but from the Park to Chatham Street and to the Bowery was something of a stride, and it was the first of a long series of long strides. Every new theatre was further and further from the first resting-place of the drama on our island.

In 1831, the Richmond Hill Theatre was opened at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton Streets, once the country-seat of Aaron Burr. A year later the Chatham Theatre became the Chatham Chapel—just as the old John Street Theatre was succeeded by a church. In spite of the growth of the city, its rapid extension and its great increase in population, it was not yet ready to support so many places of amusement. Indeed, it is to be noted that a large and growing city always has more theatres than it needs. This is true of New York to-day. If two or three of the least advantageously situated and least well-built theatres were burnt or torn down, there would still remain a plenty for the needs of our amusement-seekers. And nowadays, in the struggle for existence, the theatres have got themselves classified, each sticking for the most part to the work it can do best. This is as it should be. Forty years ago nothing of the sort was known. All styles of amusement were attempted everywhere.

It was at the Richmond Hill Theatre that the Montressor Italian Opera Troupe appeared. And the Bowery, although never regarded as the equal of the Park, was always striving to be so regarded. It played tragedy, and tragedy to the best of its ability, at times and for a while rivaling the elder house. But the Park generally had the best company, and it got most of the best stars. It was the Park Theatre which, in 1832, brought out Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble, whose success was instantaneous and complete, and only equaled later by Fanny Ellsler's and Jenny Lind's. The year after, Mr. Tyrone Power put in an appearance at the Park Theatre. And it was at the Bowery, on September 12th, 1836, that Miss Charlotte Cushman came first before a New York audience; and ten days after, the Bowery Theatre again burnt down, only to be rebuilt two years later. And it was at the Park, just three months to a day after Miss Cushman's first performance at the Bowery, that Miss Ellen Tree first acted in America.

A number of theatres, large and small, opened from time to time with varying success. There was a little Franklin Theatre in Chatham Street; there was an Italian Opera House at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets, which shortly became the National Theatre, but was never successful under any name whatever, until, in 1837, Mr. Wallack took it, and gave the first real blow to the supremacy of the Park. The company he gathered there was the finest which had ever been seen in New York. And in the same year was built and opened the Olympic, at No. 444 Broadway, a theatre which afterward, in the hands of Mitchell, was to become the most mirth-provoking in the city.

Three years later, the Richmond Hill Theatre faded out of sight as the Tivoli Gardens. It is curious to note how conservative the stage is, and how a name survives after the thing has ceased to exist. We have had an Olympic until lately, and we have a Tivoli now, although the sites of their former namesakes have long been covered with stores. The Olympic was nearly as far up Broadway as Niblo's, then really a garden, and almost out of town. The next theatre faced the Park, but at some distance; it was Palmo's Opera House, in Chambers Street, and its site is now occupied by the American News Company.

The venture following this was entirely abnormal, and contrary to the current of the times: it was the opening of Castle Garden as a theatre, in June, 1847; in after days it was to be the scene of Jenny Lind's great success. In this same year another attempt was made to rival the Park. The Broadway Theatre was built, on the east side of that thoroughfare, between Pearl and Worth Streets, but it did not succeed, and after a dozen years' struggle it was torn down.

The real rival of the Park, the successful rival, and the cause of the decline and death of the Park, was the Palmo Opera House, which, in 1848, was taken by Mr. W. E. Burton, and opened by him as Burton's Theatre. At first, fate failed to smile, but at last the dramatization of "Dombey & Son," by Mr. John Brougham, brought fame and fortune to the house, and for years both smiled upon it steadily.

Another Italian Opera House had been erected by subscription the year before in Astor Place—still further and further was the drama pushed up-town. And not many years after was this opera house and the surrounding streets the scene of the bloodiest riot in this country of which the stage has been the cause.

Just as Mr. Burton had conquered success for himself, the Park Theatre, on December 16th, 1848, took fire and was burnt to the ground, never to be rebuilt. And thus was broken the last link in the chain which stretched back for nearly a century; thus perished the last vestige of the old American Company, and of the theatre with which it had so long been connected. But if the line was thus broken—if the old dynasty was thus deposed, a new ruler had arisen, ready to carry on the government. Before the destruction of the Park, it had been slowly falling behind. Mr. Burton stood ready to take the sceptre, even before the Park was ready to lay it down. And the sceptre, when it fell from the hands of Mr. Burton, was taken by Mr. Wallack, who passed it to his son; and he holds it firmly to this day.

And with the destruction of the Park—a destruction which is, indeed, an era in the history of the New York stage—the theatres began to classify themselves, to abandon the desire to do everything, and to seek what best suited their situation and their immediate customers. The Bowery and the National became—what the former has been within the memory of even young men—the home of the purely sensational and domestic drama; akin to the transpontine theatres of London. The virtuous working-girl struggles with the villainous employer; the moral young man happens in at the nick of time, and he floors the villainous employer and marries the virtuous working-girl, and all goes well; and the curtain comes down to the plaudits of the gallery—for there is no place of amusement in the city where moral platitudes meet with so hearty a response as at the Bowery, nor is villainy ever worse punished, nor is goodness ever more justly triumphant, than in the regular Bowery play.

Not very different from the Bowery play was the class of drama performed in the "lecture room" of Barnum's Museum. From 1850 until the burning of the building at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, in 1865, a series of "moral" plays of all kinds was therein exhibited. It was at the National that Mr. G. L. Aiken, in 1853, produced his adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with G. L. Fox, C. K. Fox, and their sister, Mrs. G. C. Howard, in the cast. It ran over two hundred times—a run quite double that of any preceding play in this city. And after a lapse of a quarter of a century the piece is not yet to be played out. It seems to have got a new lease of life from the jubilee singers and other musical accompaniments which it has now been discovered to be capable of carrying.

Its only rival in attractive power was at first not a play but a part—*Mose*, the New York fireman, whom Mr. Chanfrau first personated, in 1848, making so instantaneous and emphatic a success that he was soon playing the part twice the same night in New York, and again a third time in New Jersey. The part was everything, the play mattered little, and in the course of five years, while the popularity of *Mose* endured, he was exhibited everywhere and under all circumstances—in California, in China even, and nearer at home "in a Muss."

As the Olympic Theatre—Mitchell's, the immortal *Crummles's*—fell slowly into the background, Mr. John Brougham—than whom no one was more fit—opened a theatre in Broadway, just below Broome Street, under the name of Brougham's Lyceum, designing to give a performance akin in style to the London Olympic when under the management of Madame Vestris, one of whose company the actor-author-manager had been. It was opened with an occasional rigmarole called "Brougham & Co.," on December 23d, 1850. In occasional pieces of this kind it especially excelled. Best of all was the ever-memorable "Row at the Lyceum," in which Mrs. Vernon as *Mrs. Vernon* carried off the honors of the evening. But less than two years after Mr. Brougham opened the theatre he surrendered its management to Mr. J. W. Wallack, remaining in the company, with which, up to his recent lamentable death, he was frequently connected.

Mr. Wallack brought to the theatre skill in management, prestige as an actor, and the talents of himself and his sons—one of whom, Mr. John Lester Wallack, in time inherited his prestige, his talent, his skill and his position as manager. Burton had, as we have seen, fallen heir to some part of the precedence of the Park Theatre, but in a short time Mr. Wallack swept by him, surpassing and superseding. "The hand of a master," says the historian of our stage, "was visible in every production, and the taste, elegance and propriety displayed about the whole establishment gave it a position never hitherto enjoyed in New York, except at the old Park Theatre."

For ten years Mr. Wallack managed the Lyceum with success, then the upward march of pressing commerce carried him nearly a mile further up-town. In 1862 he opened a new Wallack's Theatre at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, which, in 1864, at his death, passed to his son. It is not too much to say that the influence for good of Wallack's Theatre upon the stage can scarcely be over-estimated. It is the one theatre of the country where actors are taught to act; it is the one theatre in the country where the traditions—often ignorantly sneered at—are preserved and applied; it is the one theatre where the comedies of another time than ours are regularly revived—their performance, although differing at times in merit, is always sufficient, and often remarkable.

Within the next few years the mortality among the down-town theatres was heavy. Burton had abandoned the Chambers Street Theatre, which was soon used for United States Court-rooms, and in 1856 followed Mr. Wallack up-town, taking a theatre in Broadway, just opposite Bond Street, which had been but recently built, and was afterward to be known as the Winter Garden Theatre. The Broadway Theatre, in Broadway near Worth Street, was torn down in 1859; its name was given to Wallack's Lyceum when Mr. Wallack moved up-town. After this theatre, too, was torn down, the title was bestowed for a while on a theatre altered from a church, opposite to the New York Hotel; it was afterward conferred on a theatre at the corner of Thirtieth Street, which had been previously known as Wood's and Banvard's Museum, and is now called Daly's New Theatre; in course of time it will doubtless designate a place of amusement in Broadway, somewhere up near the Park, when that public playground has become as central as its name.

The Astor Place Opera House and Castle Garden having been abandoned, the present Academy of Music, in 1854, was built in Fourteenth Street, at the corner of Irving Place, but a short distance from Wallack's, and for some time Fourteenth Street seemed likely to be the uttermost limit of theatrical geography.

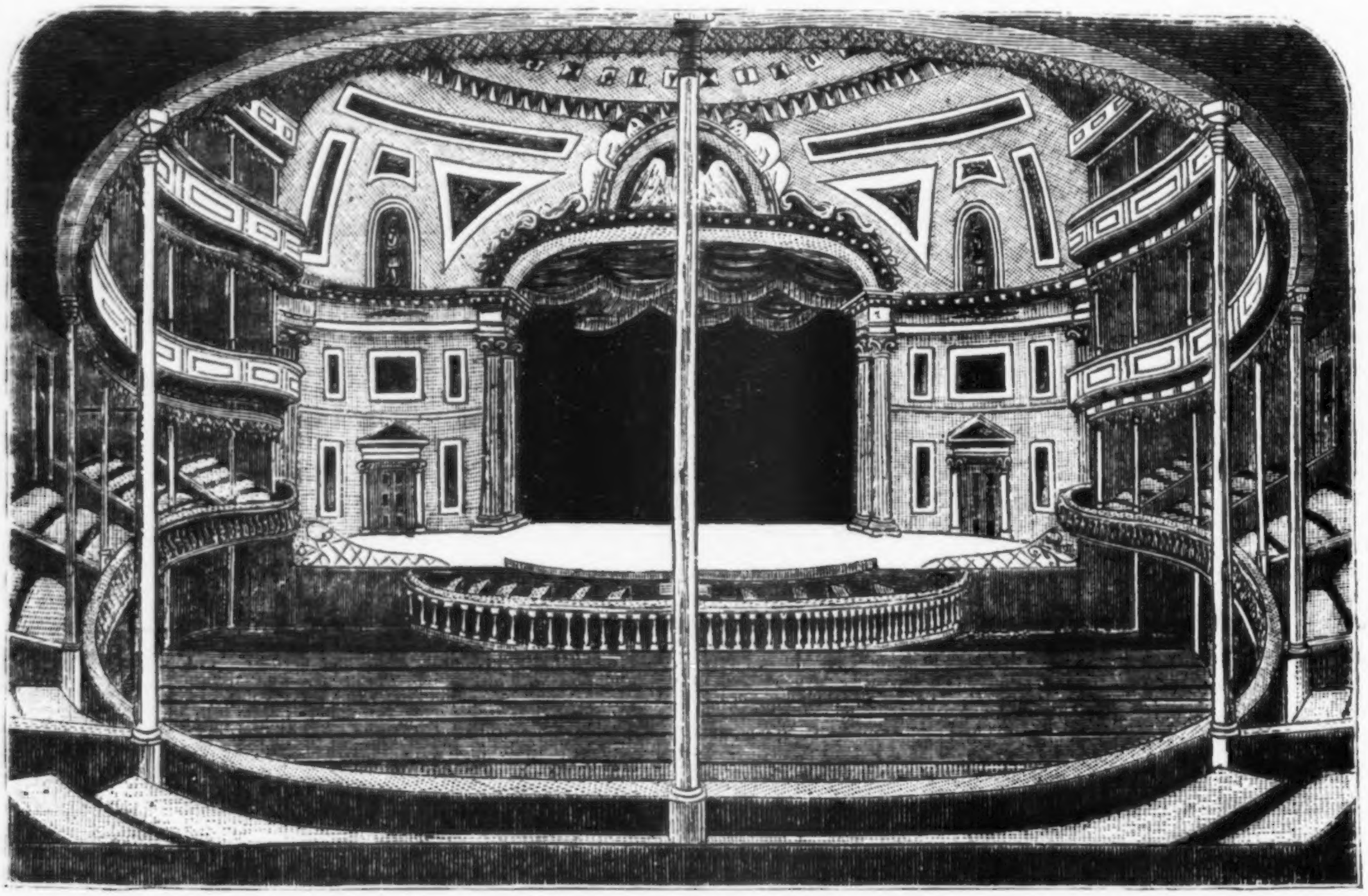
Broadway retained its popularity as a main thoroughfare for playhouses, which began to be strung along its sides at irregular intervals. Laura Keene's New Theatre, at Nos. 622 and 624 Broadway, was opened in 1856; later, it was known as the Olympic, the little theatre at No. 444 which had borne that name having given it up, to be known only by its number, until its destruction by fire in 1866. The great triumph of Laura Keene's was "Our American Cousin," produced in 1858, with Mr. Joseph Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard*, and Mr. Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*; its success had been unequaled but by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Olympic, having outlived its usefulness, was torn down the past Summer. The Bowery was joined, in 1859, by a New Bowery, burnt in 1866. Barnum's has been burnt twice, once on the corner of Ann Street, once again further up, at the Chinese Buildings, near Prince Street. The Winter Garden has been burnt, so has a little theatre opposite Waverley Place, from which it took its name, and once

XUM

known as Hope Chapel. The Academy of Music has been burnt and rebuilt. Indeed, it seems as though the drama in America had undergone the ordeal by fire, and if it be not purified, certainly it is not for want of a furnace. The list of theatres burnt is a long one and a sad one, even when there was no loss of life.

In 1864, Mr. Booth played a series of his parts at the Winter Garden Theatre, and, after a Summer of preparation, he produced there, on November 21st, the tragedy of "Hamlet," with a studied and skillful splendor which—together with his own remarkable personation of the sad, mad prince—achieved for the play a run of one hundred nights, until then unequaled, but since accomplished by Mr. Henry Irving in London, a city of four times the population New York then had. "Hamlet" was followed, in 1866, by "Richelieu," and in 1867 by "The Merchant of Venice," all presented with equal beauty of adornment and lavishness of expense. But on March 23d, 1867, the theatre was burnt, never to be rebuilt.



INTERIOR OF THE CHATHAM THEATRE, AFTERWARD CHATHAM CHAPEL.

Deprived thus of a resting-place in this city, Mr. Booth determined on a house of his own, and on February 3d, 1869, with the play of "Romeo and Juliet," he opened Booth's Theatre. This building, the best in America for its purpose, and the most beautiful, stands on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, and, although Mr. Booth is no longer its manager, it has for now nearly ten years been the foremost theatre in the country for the presentation of lofty tragedy, the larger romantic dramas, and spectacles erected around a worthy play.

For several years prior to the opening of Booth's, the theatre which had been erected in Niblo's Garden, succeeding the smaller house we have already mentioned, had been given up to unworthy shows, glittering, gaudy and meaningless. The "Black Crook," produced there, achieved an extraordinary success. It was followed by other spectacles similar, but with less or no success. Taking a cue from Niblo's, the Olympic brought out a pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," illustrated by the genius—for it could scarcely be called else—of the late G. L. Fox as *Clown*. Both theatres felt the full effect of over-abundant success—both languished, and to-day both have dropped out of the list of theatres about which the intelligent part of the public cares at all. Booth's Theatre, by nearly always spending its strength on work of real value held its own, although errors in management resulted in the bankruptcy of Mr. Booth. But the good work of the theatre lived after Mr. Booth left it, and leavened even the dull dough which has been shown there now and then since his departure.

Rivaling in a coarser way with Booth's Theatre, is the Grand Opera House, built in the same street as Booth's, but two blocks further west, at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. The misplaced name has lain heavily on the house. Opera, grand and petty, Italian, German and French, has been tried, and so has almost everything else, with but one result—failure. For a few years past it seems to have found its real mission—to present plays and players who have won success elsewhere to large audiences at low prices.

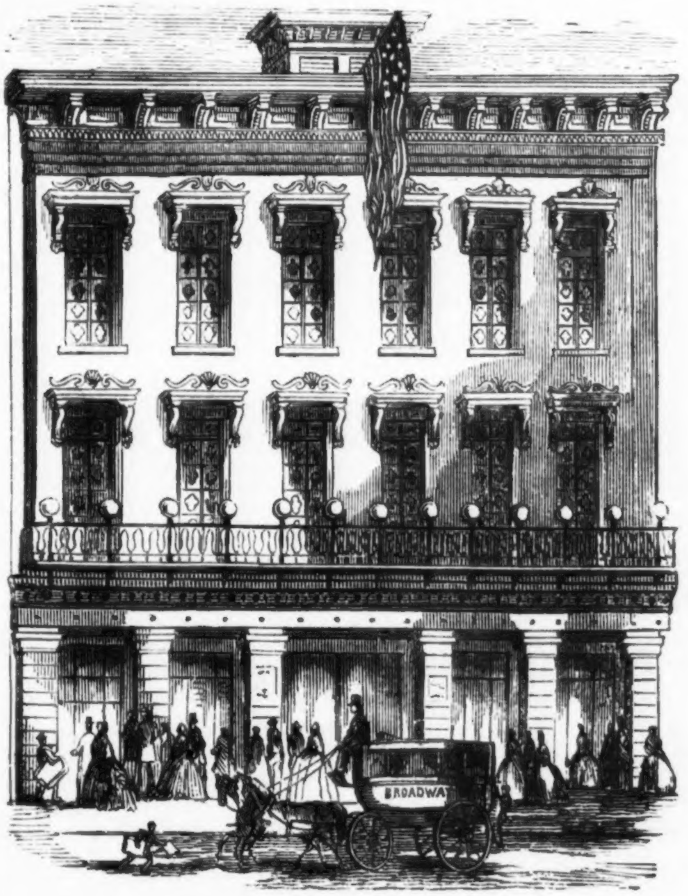
In 1868 Mr. Brougham opened another theatre—a very pretty little house, in Twenty-fourth Street, just back of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It soon changed hands, and after a while Mr. Augustin Daly became its manager. He called it the Fifth Avenue Theatre, engaged a strong company, and produced standard comedies in generous rivalry with Mr. Wallack. But he soon pre-empted a claim for himself, and in a short time his theatre became generally known for its performance of highly-wrought domestic drama, called "emotional," and taken for the most part from the French. In 1873, Mr. Daly was burnt out, and a few months later he built and opened another theatre under the same name in Twenty-eighth Street, near Broadway. It is to be noted that, in spite of its name, the Fifth Avenue Theatre was never in Fifth Avenue.

Notwithstanding Mr. Daly's industry, his enterprise and his lavishness—because, possibly, of this last—he was forced finally to give up the lease, and the beautiful and commodious theatre he erected is now in the hands of the ubiquitous Mr. Haverly.

Mr. Daly, having discovered anew the French drama, was not allowed to occupy it alone. A theatre in Fourteenth Street, east of Broadway, and facing Union Square, from which it took its name, after having been used for a year as a variety show, was opened as a comedy house, and has since then enjoyed an almost uninterrupted prosperity. Although it has produced a few English and American plays, the Union Square Theatre has relied mainly on the French dramatists, and not without reason, as the long runs of "Agnes," "The Two Orphans" and "A Celebrated Case" attest.

Two other theatres, both younger and smaller, demand attention. One is the Standard, opened as the Eagle; it is in Sixth Avenue, near Thirty-third Street; it has been a "variety show," but, like the Union Square, it has experienced a change of heart, and is now devoted to more elevating entertainments. Under the skillful direction of Mr. William Henderson, a veteran manager, it has won a pronounced and deserved success. The other is called the Park—because it is between Union and Madison Parks; it is in Broadway, near Twenty-first Street. It has devoted itself to farcial comedy, more especially of American making.

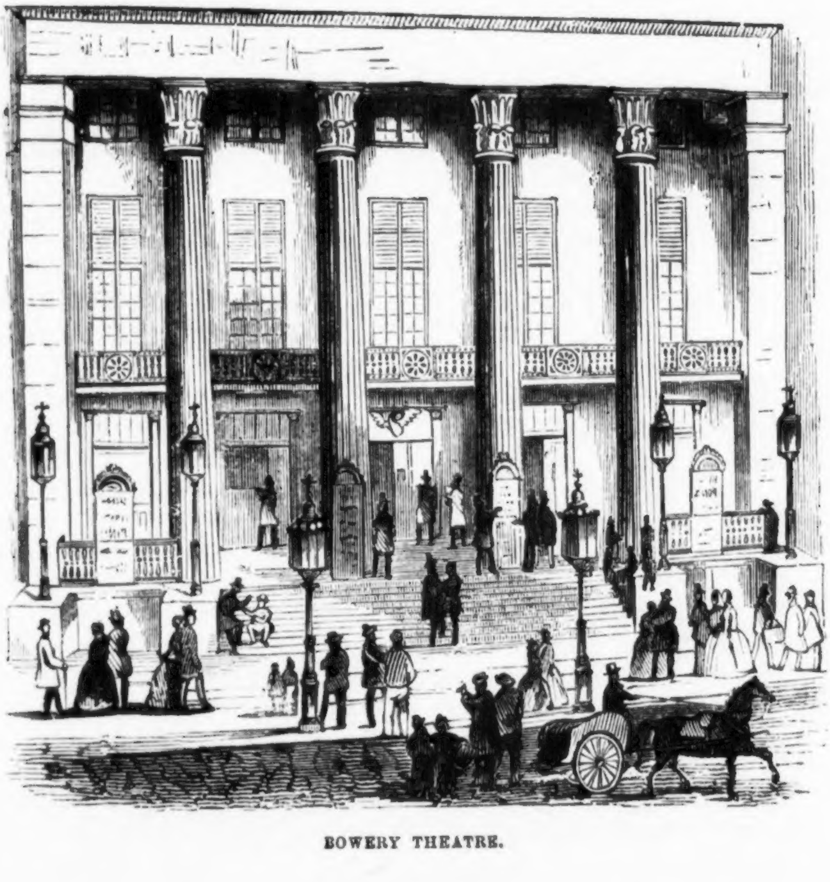
The Windsor Theatre, in the Bowery, almost opposite the old Bowery Theatre, was formerly known as the Stadt Theatre, and devoted to German opera and drama. In Fourteenth Street, behind the Academy of Music, and forming part of Tammany Hall, is the little Germania Theatre, occupied by an admirable German company of comedians and comic opera-singers. A theatre for French comedy and opera was built in Fourteenth Street, just west of Sixth Avenue, but it never succeeded, and after various vicissitudes it became known as the Lyceum Theatre. It is now called Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre.



BROADWAY THEATRE, ABOUT 1855.

The Madison Square Theatre, erected within the past year on the site of the original Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, is noteworthy as the outcome of some of the peculiar ideas in theatrical construction entertained by Mr. Steele Mackaye, its manager. It has a double stage, so arranged by a system of pulleys, cables and counterpoises, that one stage may descend into a vault excavated beneath, while the other takes its place. This renders it possible to reduce the intervals between the acts to less than five minutes. This house is chiefly devoted to modern society plays.

And these—with a few minstrel halls and variety shows, and an occasional circus and a Summer-garden or two—these are the places of amusement where the busy New Yorkers, and their wives and their children, and the strangers within their gates, seek rest and recreation after the toiling and the moiling of the day. There are theatres here for all tastes, and as our taste improves our theatre will improve with us, mirroring for us with what exactness it may our fancies and foibles and freaks, and setting us, as best it knows how, an example and a model for us to follow, if we are so minded.



BOWERY THEATRE.

Cleanliness and Health.—Not only does the health of mankind depend much upon their cleanliness, but cleanliness is one of the principles of activity, their internal satisfaction, and even, in certain respects, their morality. Uncleanly villages and huts are the favorite abodes of idleness, degradation, bad faith, theft, and all the vices. A want of cleanliness injures not only the purity of the body, but that of the soul itself.

ROBIN AND I: A RUSTIC SONG.

By Fanny Forrester.

Down in the meadow, where the red clover
Sheds its sweet fragrance to coax the wild bee,
Soon as the heat of the noonday is over,
Blithe as young children, contented and free—
Cheered like the birds with the fine Summer weather,
Charmed with the blue of the earth-arching sky,
Weaving bright fancies, we saunter together,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

Laughing, he twines me a garland of daisies,
Pink-lipped and dewy, to wear in my hair;
Warm grows my cheek, for he whispers fond praises,
While his brown fingers stray lovingly there.
Dearest of fancies! his true heart rejoices,
Not in the wildflowers that round our feet lie;
Not in the birds that with shrill little voices
Sing till we chide them, dear Robin and I!

No; 'tis the thought that when cold winds are blowing,
Scaring the song-birds and chilling the flowers,
Pure and unchanging our love shall be glowing,
Cheering our lives in their dreariest hours.
Slyly he slips a wee ring on my finger—
Goldfinch and throstle, still fluttering nigh,
Ask one another how long we shall linger,
Talking sweet secrets, dear Robin and I!

Clearly the brooklet, that through the green cresses
Giddy with joyfulness dances along,
Shows us the shimmer of daisy-bound tresses,
Mingles *two* names in its fairy-like song;
While the soft breezes, so gentle, so loving,
Steal through the flowers with a tremulous sigh;
Round the gay heads of the buttercups roving,
Seeming to whisper, "Dear Robin and I!"

"Dearest!" I murmur, with tenderest pity,
"Scorning the jewels that spangle the field,
Thousands are seeking for wealth in the city,
While the rich treasures that nature doth yield,
Far from the toiling, the dust and the shadow,
Live their sweet lives out, then wither and die."
Ah, in the Summertime rove we the meadow,
Rich beyond measure, dear Robin and I!

When the round moon rises stately and brightly,
Tipping with silver the mountains afar,
O'er the pale green of the grass gleaming whitely,
Hand-locked we watch for the first blinking star.
Far in the village bright tapers are burning,
Guiding us home, when we whisper "Good-by";
Then in the hush of the evening returning,
Happy, how happy! dear Robin and I!

"A FEW FRIENDS AND A LITTLE MUSIC."

When Music, heavenly maid! was young, she had poetry written to her, and pretty things said, as had many a young woman before her; and, like many a woman, she has lived to that age when fewer pretty things are said, but when a substantial friendship has taken the place of a fugitive love. Music now has become a part of the business of life; no profession is more sure to succeed than that of the music-teacher; no room is so crowded as that of the concert; no good opera fails; the performer on almost any instrument, if he plays well, can make a living; and, what is better, the musical artist is received with respect and confidence in society. Time was when "Frenchman" and "Fiddler" were terms of reproach. They are so no longer.

But if music, which is indeed one of the passions, like love and joy and hatred, is enjoyed by one-half the human race, from the little boy or the negro who follows the military band down the street, up to the German who sits listening to inextricable musical ideas making their slow way through a maze of discords, half lost in a mathematical calculation, and partly curious to see the thing out of the jungle, so it is a source of misery to the other half, who have a love of music in its simpler, but no love of it in its more complicated, forms.

Probably the heroic sufferings of many a person who has gone to a classical concert because he thought he must, and who has been bored and wearied beyond measure, would melt Polyhymnia herself, could she hear them told. But patience is always rewarded, for the musicians would become lenient and play a bit of Cherubini, and nymphs and fairies would seem to come out against the background of a dreary symphony, and Arcadia would dawn for the patient listener; or some sweet strain of Mozart or Carl Von Weber, whom anybody could understand, would steal across his senses, and the seeker after classical music would be encouraged, and think that it was not so dreadful, after all.

But what torture to the lover of real melody, the man who has no theoretical knowledge of music, and no cultivation of what is now called classical music, is the playing of some great German "Musc. Doct." who is as dry as dust, and who disdains melody as a poor, weak tribute to the senses! There should be a hospital for husbands and fathers who have to go with highly cultivated wives and daughters to hear such—

> "And silence like a poultice came
> To heal the wounds of sound,"

for they suffer greatly, and not always silently. As music has such powers of boredom in it, it becomes the giver of musical parties to bear this in mind, and to diligently and studiously compose a programme for a musical party which shall bore nobody.

There is no doubt that a well-arranged musical party, with the atmosphere cool, the seats comfortable, the light tempered, the women well-dressed and beautiful to look at, and the pianoforte solo left out by particular request, is the most enjoyable of all the forms of modern entertainment.

The pianoforte solo is apt to be trying, for it is necessarily long, and, in these days, necessarily erudite. Rubinstein, and such as he (if there are any), and two or three female pianists, and Max Vogritch, do not tire one—neither does Mills; but how many difficult piano pieces have we all heard, when we have echoed Dr. Johnson's prayer: "It is difficult! Would to God it were impossible!"

The piano, being a limited instrument at best, and monotonous and poor after brass, is perhaps the most tiresome, as it is the most common, of all the forms of musical tyranny unless admirably played. It is like plain cooking, nothing if not perfect, then incomparable. Therefore, the hostess is advised to administer piano very sparingly—a dashing duet, or a very taking piece, or a very soft, gentle and short composition, making you wish to hear more—these may all be indulged in moderation, but not too much erudite piano.

The vocal music must be very graciously bestowed, not too much Italian bravura imperfectly done. We who have heard Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Patti, Titiens and Gerster, are somewhat fastidious about our bravuras, and we do not like counterfeits. The American, especially the New York, amateur, is a very good one, and we are apt to be pleased, but sometimes we are very much constrained to say we are when we are not.

French romances and English ballads are always delightful. How one welcomes the old English ballad! It is as refreshing as a shower on a hot, dry afternoon. The roses of conversation blossom after it; it is the gift of heaven. Men and women singers should cultivate the English and Scotch ballad. Antoinette Sterling had but to sing the "Three Fishers," or "Caller Herrin'," to make every human soul happy within the sound of her voice; and Miss Cary, at crowded Saratoga, sent every one away with pleasant tears in their eyes as she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," or "Auld Robin Grey."

It is a rollicking, delightful pleasure to hear the old Jacobite relics, and there is no better piece of poetry or music than "Here's a Health to King Charles." Such plaintive strains as "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," awaken echoes to which every ear listens; they are the echoes from another world—perhaps that spirit one which we like to think is not far off from the one in which we live and move and have our being. All of Moore's songs are good, and not too hackneyed now.

A clever remark of an English singer, that Dickens, by putting into Dick Swiveller's mouth certain lines of popular ballads, such as "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose," had killed off many poor ballads, and some good ones, is very true; it absolutely drove out of fashion such charming songs as "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and "My Soul is Dark," "Take Hence the Bowl, though Beaming," "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," and many others, until Madame Patey and Edith Wynne and Santley reintroduced them to us in that delightful company—badly managed and too little patronized—who visited us three Winters ago.

Comic songs should never be sung by a woman, or very rarely. Such nonsense as "Katy's Letter" is poor, very poor. But a man may sometimes sing a comic song, particularly of the modern negro minstrelsy, or Sam Cowell, or burlesque school, for under these aliases come to us very much good music. The airs of some of these songs are exquisite, and one or two are Beethoven and Mozart slightly disguised; some are from that fine old well of Dr. Arne, Handel and Haydn, and the early English composers. There is a song in the Beggar's Opera—"Cease Your Funning"—which is delightful, and now used as a comic song.

But for parlor music to a cultivated audience, there is, of course, no end of choice. There are many clever amateurs, and much possibility of having a quintet of strings, which is very enjoyable. The violoncello, now so fashionable, is well played by a dozen persons in one musical society; there are any number of good violinists; the pianists are innumerable; a few play the oboe, that beautiful reed, and a few touch the zither, cyther, zitter or zittern, as you choose to spell that lovely Alpine harp, which seems to have brought away with it the solitude and loneliness and charm of the mountains.

So that the hostess who would give a musical party has an *embarras de richesse*. Her great danger is in giving too much. Little enough, should be her motto, and a vivid alternation from grave to gay, from lively to serene, should be the musical bill of fare.

One word as to crowded rooms. They are very bad for music. One lady going up to the piano to sing, stumbled over a fine reproduction in bronze of the "Dying Gladiator." "Oh!" said she, quickly—

> "There are my young Barbèdiennes all at play,
> And here is their dashing mother."

Perhaps Barbèdienne had never been so wittily quoted before, in all his clever, inconvenient bronze groups; but in spite of the opportunity to make a double pun, one would rather not tumble over the "Dying Gladiator." An empty music-room would be the most agreeable of all adjuncts to a house; curtains, statuary, pictures, heavy carpets, are bad for sound. Even the statue of Orpheus may keep away the cadenza which we are waiting for. Those who give musical parties conscientiously, will push all the heavy pieces out of the room; but who can empty at a glance one of our modern parlors? Artistic litter is very charming for all the arts but music, but that asks a fair field and no favor.

The fights amongst musical people, the jealousies and the difficulties of making most harmonious people harmonize, is too old a story to be reproduced here. There is no such exquisite envy; no accomplishment which seems so to sour the temper, as the pursuit of that most tranquilizing and sweetest of all the soothers of melancholy since David played on the harp to Saul! Mario was jealous of Grisi: it is said that he could not bear to hear her applauded.

> "Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
> Sad proof of thy distrustful state!
> Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
> And now it courted Love, and now it called on Hate!"

Of course, the devoted soul who aspires to form a musical club, or to give a musical party, has had to meet these contradictory elements more than once. The soprano will not give one song if the contralto is to have two; Miss Polyhymnia will not sing, if that dreadful Miss Euterpe is to be of the party; Mr. Apollo has a cold, and Mr. Orpheus is out of town, or will be—all this happens after they have all accepted, and, what is worse, after the guests have accepted. There is dear useful Miss Clio—she will sing or play for ever; but everybody has heard her, and nobody wants to hear her again. At seven o'clock everybody has quarreled, refused, and is angry; at eight, the hostess tears her hair, "recoils at the sound herself has made," and vows never to give another musical party. At nine, every musician comes, in perfectly good voice, and the party goes off superbly. Hostess is congratulated, and goes to bed at two, to dream distractedly of Collins's "Ode to the Passions."

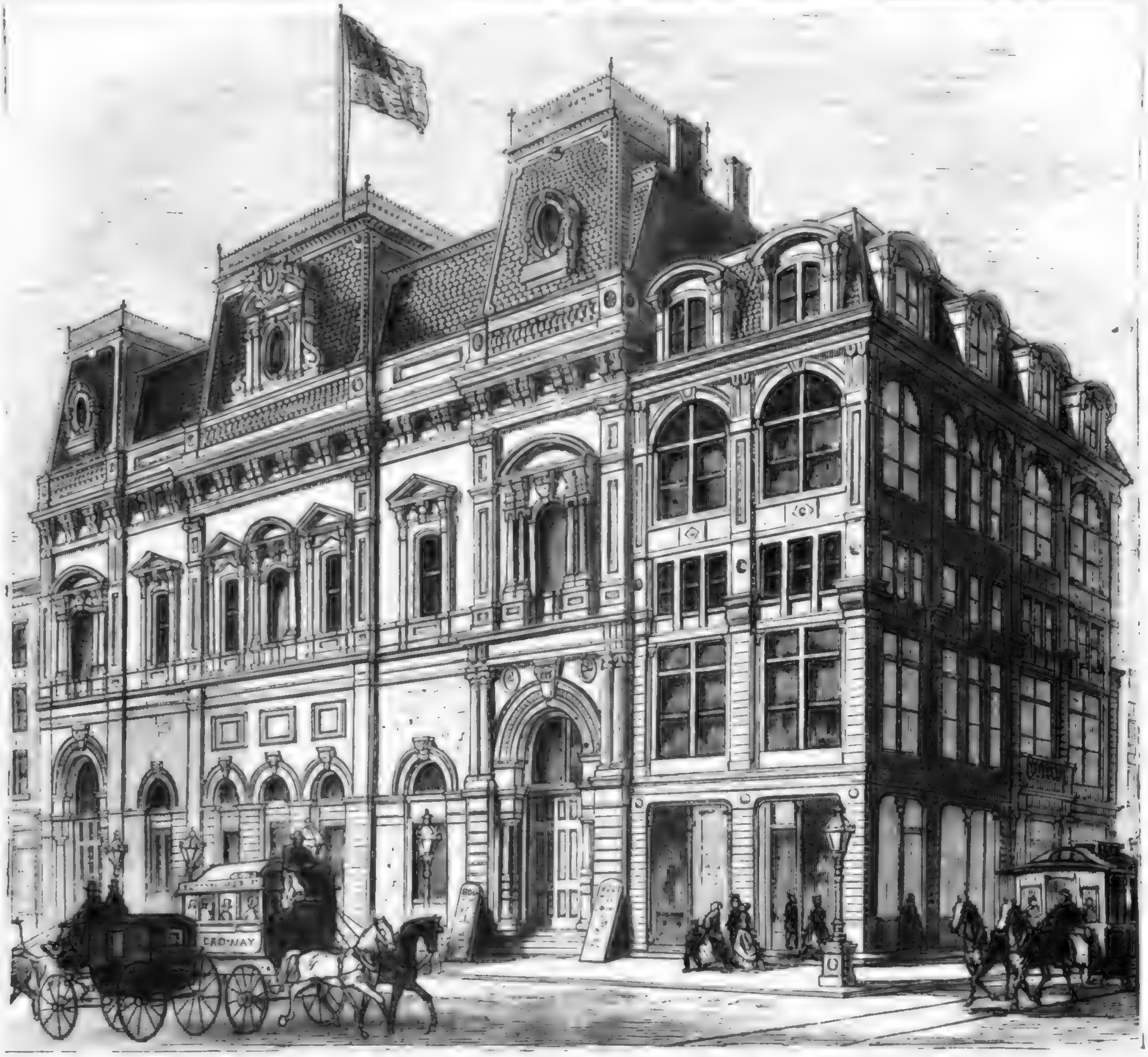
There have been very admirable musical parties given in New York. One lady filled her rooms with the Philharmonic Society, and produced a symphony written by her son. Many a trembling *débutante* who now fills a crowded opera house, and one who fills a throne (Miss Henzler), have sung first in some *salon* crowded with fashion—a more severe ordeal than the public concert-room. The artists have all served their turn at the private musical party. Brignoli has sung "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by" more charmingly in parlors than in concert-rooms. Then the glee clubs—how often have they conduced to the delight of the private party! An old English glee club, with four voices (and Mr. Beard one of them), is the perfection of that kind of singing.

The well-known Mendelssohn Glee Club has such fame and name, that it is unnecessary to speak of it. But once, perhaps, have they sung in a private parlor, and then for the Dean of Westminster at Mr. Cyrus Field's. But Mr.

Field's hospitality is so princely that his house almost ceases to be a private house.

To one thing the hostess who would give a musical party must confine herself: she must have a seat for everybody. Nothing can be so terrible as to play *cavalier seul*—everybody seated and one poor wretch standing, whilst a remorseless performer is singing or playing against time.

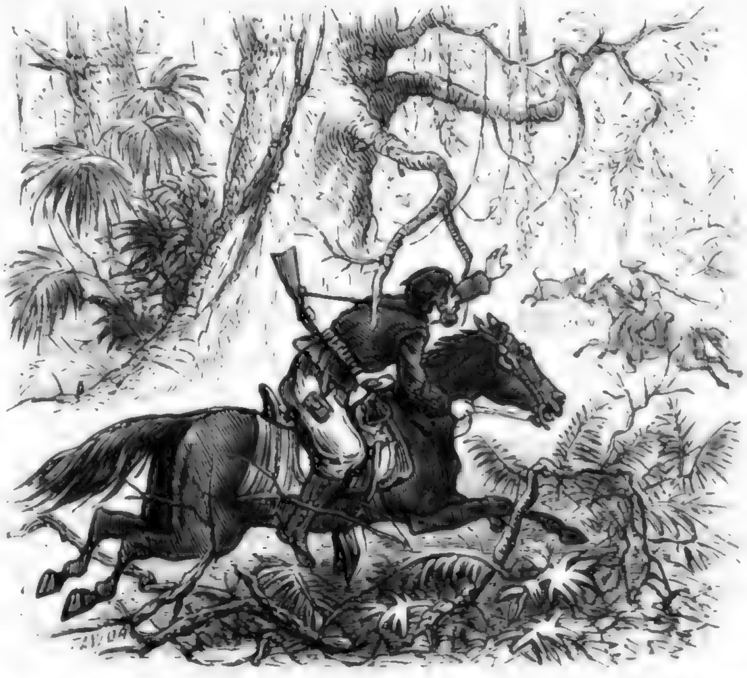
Room, coolness, good music judiciously selected, a seat for everybody, and, as we have said, not too much music, and appropriate intervals for conversation; a good supper afterward (for music, like other intellectual and sensuous pleasures, such as going to see a good play, makes one very hungry), and you have the best possible way of spending an evening—"A few friends and a little music."



THE THEATRES OF NEW YORK.—BOOTH'S THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 385.

GLOVES.

Skins with the hair on were frequently used in the Middle Ages, as, according to the passage of Musonius quoted by Casaubon, they had been by the ancients. They are frequently mentioned as having been worn by husbandmen in England. Casaubon notes the circumstance that the rustics of his day made use of gloves. There is nothing in that passage to show that he was speaking of England; he may very possibly have seen it in France. In England, at any rate, "the Monastery of Bury allowed its servants twopence apiece for glove-silver in Autumn" (Pegge Missc. Car.), and at a later date, in Laneham's account of the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, the rural bridegroom had "a payr of harvest gloves as a sign of good husbandry." Upon the coronation of Petrarch at Rome as the "prince of poets," gloves of otter-skin were put on his hands, the satirical explanation being given that the poet, like the otter, lives by rapine. The modern ladies' glove of four-and-twenty has had its prototype, for in the fourteenth century the nobility of France began to wear gloves reaching to the elbow. These gloves were, at times, like the more familiar stockings, which they must have much resembled, used as purses. Notwithstanding their length, it was always looked upon as decorous for the laity to take off their gloves in church, where ecclesiastics alone might wear them. The custom still obtains in the Church of England at the Sacrament, though it is plain that it had not arisen in this connection in the first instance, since in the Roman ritual the communicant does not handle the consecrated wafer. It was, perhaps, regarded as a proof and symbol of clean hands, for to this day persons sworn in law courts are compelled to remove their gloves. There is, probably, too, some relation between this feeling and a curious Saxon law, which forbade the judges to wear gloves while sitting on the bench. The gloves of the judges were, like those of the bishops, a mark of their rank. The portraits of the judges, painted by order of the Corporation of London, in the reign of Charles II., and hanging in the courts at Guildhall, represent them with fringed and embroidered gloves. It was probably not in reference to the judges that a cant term for a bribe was "a pair of gloves." When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he happened to determine a cause in favor of a lady named Croaker, who displayed her gratitude by sending him a New Year's gift with forty angels in them. Sir Thomas returned the money with the following letter: "Mistress: Since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"'HERE! HI, CERVANTES!' I SHOUTED TO THE OLD RASCAL IN FRONT WHO WAS TO TAKE CHARGE OF ME. BUT HE WAS SO INTERESTED IN THE PURSUIT THAT HE TOOK NO NOTICE OF ME."

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

Morning in Mexico—bright, glorious, inspiring morning in a land of flowers, sunshine, delicious breezes, open plains, and wondrous woods teeming with strange life, and where, on rising with the sun, the air seemed as inebriating as so much champagne.

I was there on a half-naturalist, half-hunting expedition, and a more invigorating, delightful time I never spent than at the hacienda of my friend, John Smith, or, as his *savaneros* called him, Don Juan Smiddi.

He had been out in Mexico, leading the free life of a grazier and savage farmer for ten years; he spoke Spanish like a native, and, with his black mustache, closely cropped black hair, pointed beard and swarthy face, he would have passed for the best don amongst them.

"And do you really like the life?" I said to him.

"Like it, my dear boy! Why, I'm a king here. What are my troubles? Trifles about the stock—squabbles amongst my men, upon which I deliver judgment. While, as to my advantages, what are they not? I should have died of consumption at home, a poor man; here I am sound as a roach; money comes as fast as I want it, and, in place of a narrow, beggarly, tattling civilization, I have freedom and the joys of this half-barbaric life. You have been here now two months. What do you say to it?"

"That I want to stop," I said, merrily.

And I staid.

There was a hunt in progress—a hunt for a simarron—and I wanted to go and join in.

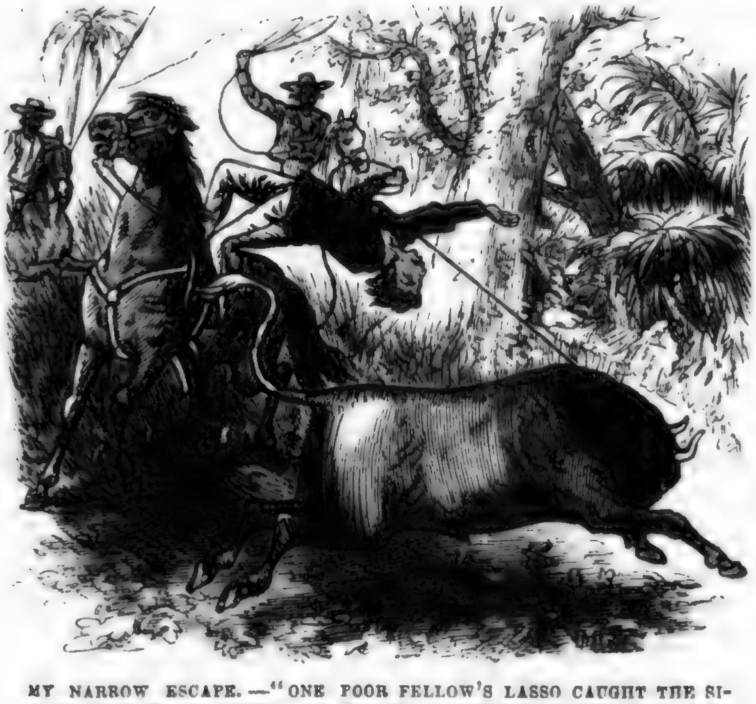
Now, as I had never heard of a simarron before, I shall take it for granted that you never heard of such a creature till I mentioned it here, and I shall proceed to explain what it is.

At a hacienda like my friend's, situated amongst wild pampas and adjoining the primeval forest, where you could gallop for miles and still be on the land he considered as appertaining to him, one of the principal elements of wealth consists of cattle.

These animals partake to a certain extent of the nature of the country, and have a decided tendency to wildness; but the cows, bulls, calves, and the generality of the oxen, are pretty well managed by the *savaneros*—men who are almost always in the saddle, tiring out half a dozen horses a day sometimes in their long gallops to fetch up errant herds, or to lasso and drive in beasts for the butcher's knife, at the corral of the hacienda or farm.

It is a hard life, that of the *savanero;* but he is free and happy. He has to face the savage attacks of fierce members of the herd, falls from his horse, injuries from savage beasts, bites from tarantulas and snakes, and to tend the wounds received by the herd he watches; but his greatest difficulty is with the simarrons.

Every now and then an ox, which has been brought up to the corral for turning into beef, tallow and leather, turns savage, breaks away, and, wise from his experience of what is intended for him, runs wild, and goes in for a life in the woods. Now, this wild ox, which becomes intensely savage, even as it grows active, swift and beautiful in its muscular proportions, is called a "simarron."



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"ONE POOR FELLOW'S LASSO CAUGHT THE SIMARRON BY ONE HORN. HE WAS DRAGGED OUT OF THE SADDLE BY THE ANIMAL'S RUSH, AND ONE ARM WAS BROKEN."

XUM

A cattle-grazier looks upon the escape of one of these beasts a serious loss—not so much from the intrinsic value of the one ox, but on account of its being the thin end of the wedge for what might be very serious from other animals being so badly watched that they might follow its example; so, when it is known that there is a simarron in the forest, the owner of the hacienda gives his men strict orders to lasso or shoot the beast; and if this is not done soon, in consequence of its fierceness and cunning, the final word is given, and it is this:

"No more beef will be served out to the men—they must kill the simarron, and cut him up."

Of course, this means first catch your wild ox—and a general hunt follows.

It was to this hunt I was going on the beautiful morning I have named. Smith said I had better not go, when I told him my wishes the night before.

"It is madness," he said. "No one can stand it but a man who has grown into his saddle."

"Oh, I can ride," I said.

"Yes, but that is not all," he said. "These simarrons are regular demons of cunning and strength. You see one, and if he does not charge you, he dashes right at the forest behind him, apparently at a great curtain of leaves. He knows his place, and away he disappears; the leaves close behind him, and he is gone. He can gallop through the wood; but it would take you an hour, sword in hand, to cut yourself a way even through the leaves that bar the way."

"I'll risk all that," I said, "for the sake of the adventure."

"Very well," he said, smiling; "go, and I'll give you half an hour. At the end of that time, you'll have had enough of it."

"We will see," I said, laughing.

"We will," he said. "You had better follow Cervantes—he is the oldest and most trustworthy of the men, and I dare say he will try to protect you, as well as give you a good view of the hunt. What are you going to ride?"

"Black Don," I said.

"No, no, old fellow," he replied. "He is too good and too handsome for the purpose. You'll bring him back with his flanks torn with thorns, if not with horns, and his eyes cut out. Take one of my old *savaneros.*"

I agreed, and at five o'clock that morning the *patio* was all astir with the mounted men, laughing, chatting, and eager for the hunt, while those who had to stay looked doleful and discontented.

I heard the clattering of hoofs as I went out, and one of the men brought me a miserable-looking little steed. His knees were chipped, his tail ragged, and his coat none of the best; but after I had been on his back half an hour, I found he was a horse of good blood and mettle, while he had the training and sagacity which enabled him to avoid at full gallop the various dangerous obstacles in a place bristling with fallen trunks. He was also wonderfully sure-footed in rocky places, and could change from a gallop to a walk with great rapidity.

Altogether, I found that I was mistaken in rashly judging the qualities of my steed, so I would not venture to say anything about it to Cervantes.

He was a great, gaunt, Spanish half-breed, dry, gray-haired and angular, and moved in jerks, like an automaton. He put me greatly in mind of Don Quixote. A cup of coffee made us friends, and at last with a cheer we set off.

By six o'clock we had entered the virgin forest, a sombre, strangely oppressive place. The tracks of animals had grown more scarce, and disappeared.

Cervantes, however, seemed to know his way, and led the train of horsemen steadily on, vowing by all the saints that he would bring back the simarron, dead or alive.

Every man carried his strong lasso of green hide, and had at his belt the inevitable machete, that strong half-breed between a knife and a sword, who had had a relative once that was a butcher's chopper.

For there no man thought of stirring without his machete, which was in frequent requisition for cutting the longer creepers and brushwood that intercepted our way.

Some of the men carried a gun, while those who were not so armed had their ordinary herdsman's pricker or lance, mounted at the end with a keen, long spear-blade, used upon such occasions, and a thrust from which would be fatal to any animal.

These spears, I heard, were of excellent temper and elasticity, and were for the most part forged by the native blacksmiths out of barrel-stakes.

I can't say much for the guns which my companions carried. They looked as if they dated back to the days of the conquest of Mexico, and to me they seemed as if they ought rather to have been in the collection of an antiquary than in the hands of the poor people, whom they were bound to kill some day or other.

About seven o'clock there was a short council held, and then the party separated, leaving Cervantes and me together.

"I say, old fellow," I said, "you must go a little easier now. I'm not up to this bush-hacking. I can't go on cutting these lianos and things. My arm aches so now, that I shall never be able to take aim."

Cervantes answered not a word, but went on sawing away at the creepers that impeded his progress, while I was lying flat on the back of my horse, going down its side, creeping under it—doing, in short, a kind of monkey-gymnastic series of feats—to avoid being knocked off by branches hanging in wild vines, or torn to death by thorny creepers; for, no matter what took place, or how rough was the dense undergrowth, on went my horse, following closely the one before him.

After about twenty minutes of these exhibitions of circus-riding without a circus, I began to think very seriously of what John Smith had said, and I gave up, dead beat.

My legs were torn, my loins bruised, my ribs crushed, my cartridge-belt was half dragged off, my clothes ragged, and I felt full of thorns and bits of dead stick.

As for my stirrups, I could feel them no longer; the perspiration ran down my face and off my hands.

"Here!—hi, Cervantes!" I shouted to the old rascal in front, who was to take charge of me.

But he was so interested in the pursuit that he took no notice of me.

For, just then, the forest began to echo with the wild cries of his companions; and, with all the old hunter's instinct aroused in him, he hurried on, and in five minutes I was left alone.

"Hang the simarron!" I gasped.

And, as there was just room, I got off my horse and fastened his bridle to a branch, for he wanted to follow my guide's example, and to leave me alone.

"Oh, for a good drink of water!" I cried, as I regretted coming without a gourd slung at my side.

What was I to do? Parched as I was, I felt that I must drink or faint; so I began to look about me till, on the left, it appeared to me that the undergrowth looked greener—a sure sign of the neighborhood of water.

What I wanted to find was one of the chasms or cracks in the rocky earth, which occur frequently in these latitudes, and at the bottom of which there is generally a stream.

"Come along!" I cried to my horse; and, unfastening his bridle, I led him with one hand, while I advanced slowly, keeping my machete going to cut down the creepers and bushes, without doing which I could not have advanced an inch.

Now, you kind friends who have never traveled, just pause for a moment, and listen to this arborescent mathematical sum, and then you will have some idea of what I had to encounter.

Take ten square yards of the toughest and oldest blackberry-bramble thicket, and multiply it by a twenty-year-old quickset hedge. Next, square the product. Cube it. Add ten thousand tubs of aloes. Multiply by eight million cacti. And the product will be something like this virgin forest.

As I expected, I arrived soon at the edge of a little cañon, whose further side was not many yards away; but how deep this crack in the soil was I could not tell, for the dense vegetation.

It seemed to me very evident that my guide had been manœuvring so as to get to the head of this cañon, where there would be probably a good spot for a shot; but he had gone, and all I knew of the whereabouts of him and his companions was a distant shout now and then.

I wished I had followed him, because then I could have sat down and rested, and perhaps got a shot at the game as well.

Perhaps there would be time now, but I could do nothing until I had had some water.

At my feet was this ravine, with its precipitous sides; so, hunting about, I found a lump of rock nearly covered with leaf-soil, and digging it out with my machete, after being nearly hung up three or four times by my gun, which was slung over my shoulder, I replaced my great hunting-knife in its sheath, and carried the stone to the edge of the ravine.

Crash—rush—splash!

The stone forced its way through the dense undergrowth as I threw it out into the middle, and evidently it fell into the water about a hundred feet or so below where I stood.

"Stop here, old boy," I said to my horse, as I saw that he was well secured; and then, going once more to the edge, I prepared to descend.

"A nice place for jaguars, serpents, centipedes and unclean beasts of all descriptions!" I thought, as I picked out a likely spot; and then, clinging to the branches, bushes and creepers, I began to descend.

Great trees grew from the sides, regular forest monarchs; and every minute, as I slowly crept down the great green chimney I made for myself, some great, snag-like, old, half-dead bough would seem to stick itself straight out on purpose to hook the strap of my gun, and stop my further progress.

I should think this happened a dozen times; but I would not part from so valuable a companion, and down I kept on, slipping and climbing slowly, sending little, vicious-looking snakes and lizards scuffling off, till I got about eighteen feet from the water, when I was so thoroughly hitched by a short dead bough sticking from a huge trunk, as I clung to a liana, that I was glad to slip out of the sling, leave the gun hanging, and slide down the rest of the way, thanking my stars that I had not broken my neck in the attempt. There ran a beautiful, clear rill of water at my feet; and, stooping, I drank heartily and long, scaring a lovely little green frog as I did so.

Then, rising, I was admiring the beauty of the green, palm-like plants in the cool, gloomy, shady place, and it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to walk slowly up the bed of the little rivulet to the head, instead of climbing up the steep side of the cañon.

I had made up my mind to this, and climbed up a step or two to get my gun, when I heard a savage roar, and directly afterward a splendid beast came into sight, galloping down the bed of the stream at a headlong pace, with part of a lasso twisted round one of its short, sharp-curved horns.

"No gun!" I groaned, as the beast gave a jerk at me with its head, which brought a horn within a few inches of my waistband, and then it was gone.

I had scarcely got my breath, which was taken away by the suddenness of the attack, when I heard the stones rattle in the bed of the stream, and the savage-looking beast galloped back.

It stopped short opposite to me, lowered its head and shook it, looking at me alternately with each of its fiery eyes, while its glossy flanks heaved, its tail lashed the air, and with one hoof it pawed and tore up the stones and water.

I was standing, holding on with one arm to the rock, and I regret to say that I had not presence of mind enough to draw my machete, and try to do the matador work of the bull-fighter. All I could do was to stand still watching my fierce enemy, expecting each moment that it would dash forward and bury its horns in my chest.

I believe there were only a few moments' suspense, but it seemed like an hour before there came, plainly heard from above, the shouts of the savaneros; when the animal threw up its head, snorted, and, turning, dashed away down the leafy tunnel formed by the trees arching over the stream, and was gone.

I gave a sigh of relief, and then felt mad with myself for being such a pitiful huntsman as to leave my gun.

So, giving up the idea of going up the stream, partly because I must climb up to get my gun, and partly because I heard my companions overhead, I began to climb, got my gun, slung it with some difficulty across my shoulder, and then, at the end of a minute, got it off again, for it kept on catching the trees and arresting my progress in this really thorny and difficult climb.

When at last, after endless slips and scratchings, I got within thirty feet of the top, I had to stop, for I could get no further without walking like a fly; and I was about to descend, and try to get to the top by going up the stream, when I heard voices, and, on shouting, Cervantes answered:

"Hallo!" he said; "how did you get there?"

"Never mind," I said, sulkily, as I peered up at his grim face looking over the edge of the precipice—"never mind how I got here. How am I to get out?"

For answer he shouted to some of his companions, and then lowered down his lasso.

"Hold tight," he said.

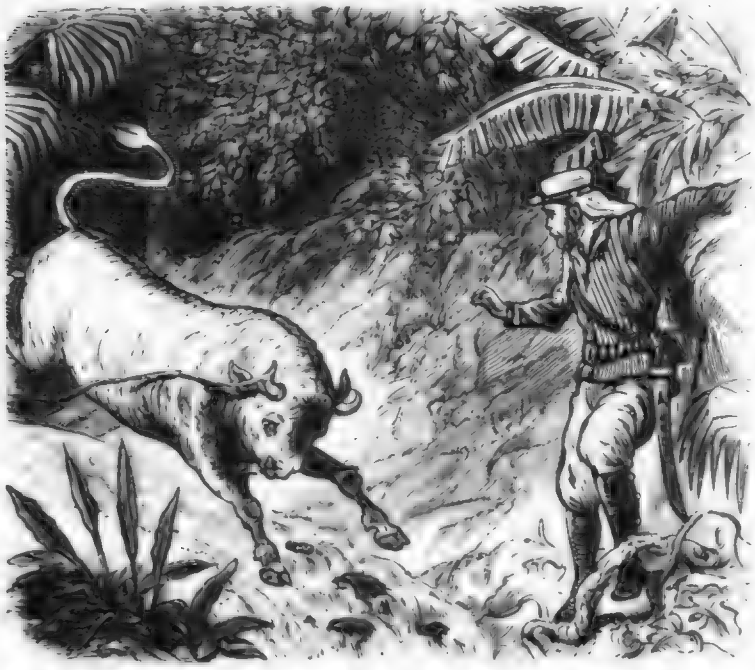
And I did, and was ignominiously hauled out by half a dozen men, to mount my horse, scratched, tired, bruised, and worried by the worst temper I was ever in.

My sourness was not greater than that of my companions, especially that of one poor fellow, who had thrown his lasso, catching the simarron by one horn, when the lasso broke, but not until its owner was dragged out of the saddle by the animal's rush, and one arm was broken.

We had a dreary ride back. Don Juan, as they called him, bullied the whole party, and laughed at me, saying:

"I told you so."

But I was not beaten. I went that same afternoon and found Cervantes.



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"I HEARD A SAVAGE ROAR, AND DIRECTLY AFTERWARD A SPLENDID BEAST CAME INTO SIGHT, GALLOPING DOWN THE BED OF THE STREAM AT A HEADLONG PACE."

"Could you find the place where that beast sleeps at night?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "but what's the good of that?"

"I'll show you," I said. "You and I will go and shoot him to-night."

I set to with my preparations, getting an old frying-pan, in which I mixed some resin and cotton refuse. To the handle I tied a forked stick, arranging it with stakes and stumps, so that the pan would hang behind me from my shoulders at about a couple of feet distance, leaving my hands at liberty for the use of my gun.

Cervantes grinned, but he was ready at the appointed time, and we rode through the darkness to a more open part of the wood, where we arrived at the end of a three hours' journey.

I was horribly tired, but I did not show it; and Cervantes having announced that we were within a hundred yards of an opening where he believed the simarron would be found, we alighted, secured our horses, saw that our guns were ready, and then, going softly on, we crept close to the opening, when I made my final preparations.

"What are you going to do, master?" said Cervantes.

"Light the resin," I said, "and shoot the simarron when he comes forward, out of curiosity, to see the meaning of the blaze."

"Good!" said my guide, with a grunt of complacency; and then, striking a match, I set fire to my cotton and resin, the contents of the pan blazed up, and, with it slung behind my back, I walked forward, seeing well all that was before me without being dazzled by the flame.

The place was eighty or ninety yards across, and Cervantes and I went cautiously on, step by step, watching the trees lit up by the blaze, and the black shadows it cast, ever silent and watchful till we were nearly across, when, disappointed, disheartened and worn out, I exclaimed, in a tone of disgust:

"I say, old fellow, he isn't here!"

As I spoke, something big seemed to bounce up just at my feet.

I knew it was the great brute we were in search of; but his appearance was so sudden, and took me so thoroughly by surprise, that back I went, stumbled over a tuft of shrub and nearly lost my balance, while I gave the pan such a jerk that a drop of the hot, sputtering, burning resin fell on to my bare neck, making me forget wild bull, gun, everything, in my agony, as I dashed the burning resin down.

As I recovered somewhat, I knew my chance was gone, for the simarron had made a dash off to the left, and I felt savage enough to punch my own head, when bang! went Cervantes's gun, and I saw the great beast totter and fall, sufficient blaze arising from the overthrown pan to light up the whole scene.

I had not fired the shot, which was disappointing; but my turn came, for, stunned but not killed by the shot, the simarron rose and charged straight at me, the fire shining full on his broad front and short, black horns, between which I sent a bullet with such effect that the huge beast went down on his knees, turned a complete somersault, and rolled over motionless.

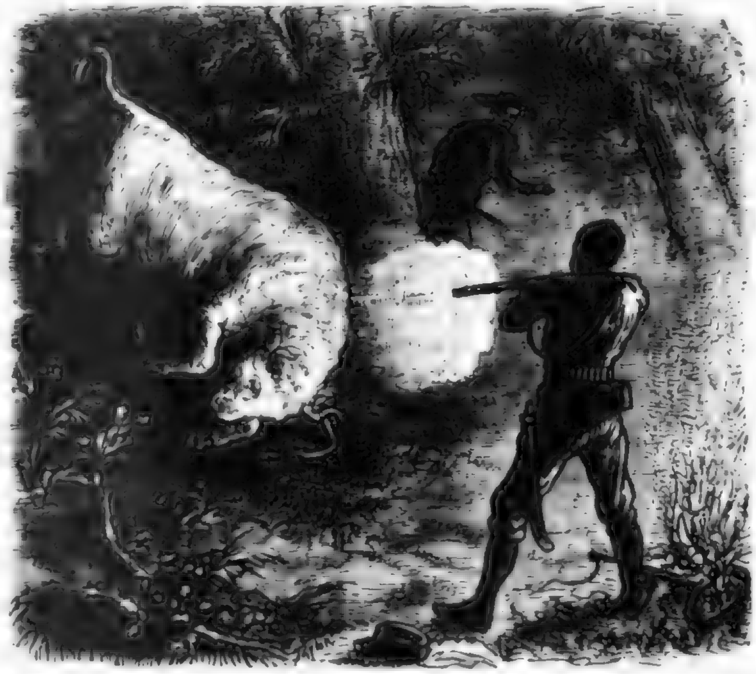
Cervantes gave a loud cheer, while I, with my machete, delivered the *coup de grâce*, in case any life should be remaining in the huge body; after which we sat upon it contentedly, after lighting our pipes and piling wood over the blazing pan to keep up a fire; for our duty was to watch, for the rest of the night, to preserve our trophy from the jaguars that two or three times made night hideous with their howls; and, had we not been there to scare them with the fire, doubtless they would have had some of the primest, gamiest beef I ever ate for their supper.

As it was, we sat till morning, the old fellow telling me plenty of hunting stories; and then he fetched a party of the *savaneros*, who skinned, dressed, cut up and took home the beast in triumph.

And beef was plentiful for the next few days.

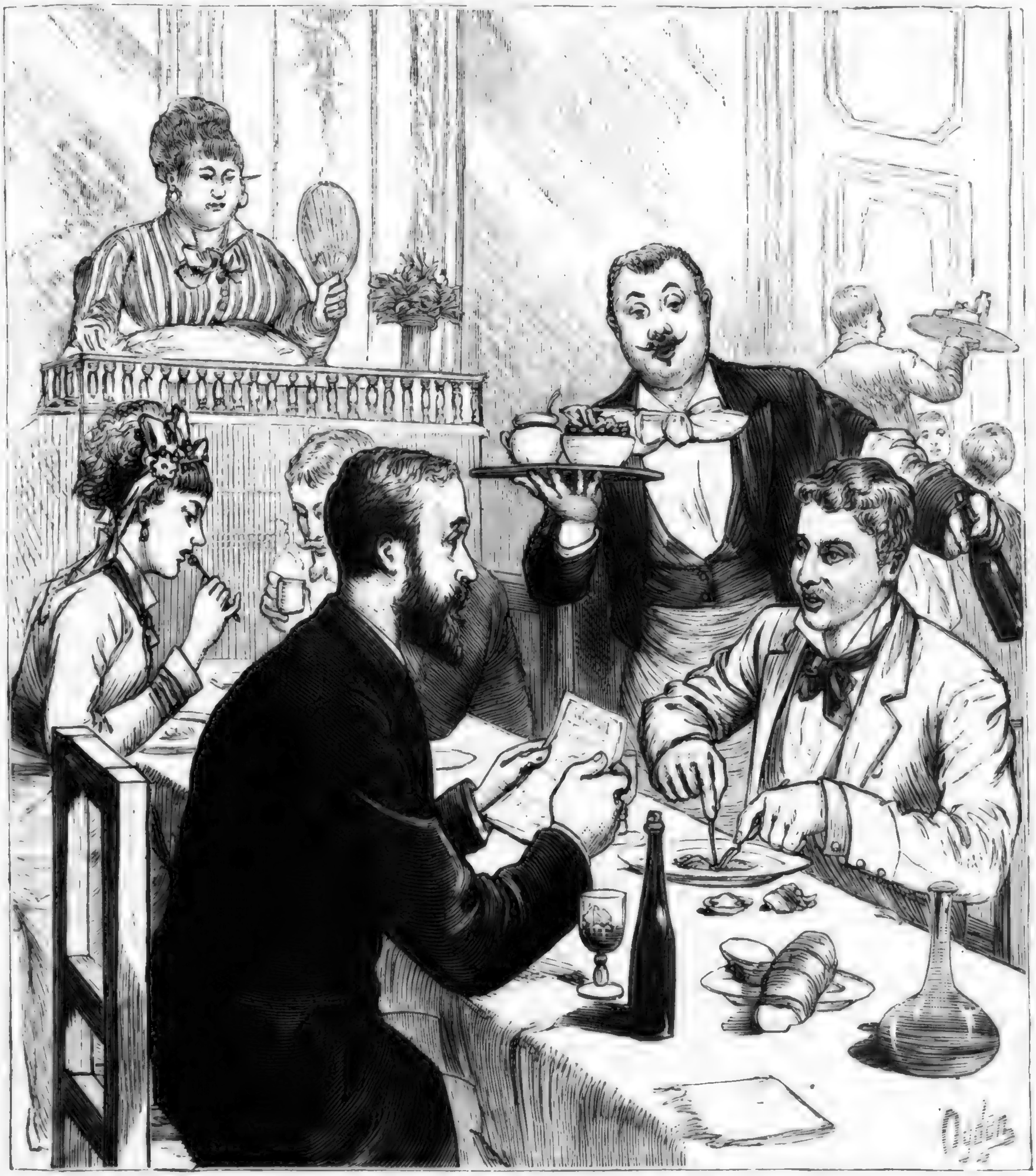
According to the last census, there were in 1876 rather more than 300,000 European residents in Algeria, of whom about 92,000 were of Spanish nationality. It is estimated that the population is now 350,000.

Beds and pillows made of fresh roses were common both with the early Romans and Greeks.



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"I FELT SAVAGE ENOUGH TO PUNCH MY OWN HEAD, WHEN BANG! WENT CERVANTES'S GUN, AND I SAW THE GREAT BEAST TOTTER AND FALL."

XUM



AT BOUVIER'S.—"I BREAKFAST FOR ONE FRANC TWENTY-FIVE CENTIMES."

MY FOUR BREAKFASTS IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

By N. Robinson.

On my return from Oberammergau in June last, I struck Paris the Glittering, and put up at the Grand Continental. My bedroom window gave upon the Gardens of the Tuileries, all glowing in dazzling ribbon borders of the most vivid flowers, and the luminous greens of well-cared-for shrubs—all dappled with coquettishly capped, pertly aproned nurses, waited upon by giant *cuirassiers*, or dwarf linesmen, while the exquisitely gotten-up children added bits of moving color, making the *ensemble* a veritable thing of beauty.

But if my eyes quaffed of this goblet of color, they were perforce condemned to drain to the bitter dregs the sight of the grim, gaunt, haggard and blackened ruins of the Tuileries; which, like a bird of ill-omen, perch over the glittering boulevard and blooming gardens. On the 20th of May, 1871, the Communists, aware of their desperate position and the impending capture of the city by the Government troops, determined at one of their secret meetings to wreak their revenge by setting on fire all the principal public buildings. The order which they issued for the purpose, signed by Delescluze, Dombrouski, Endes and other ringleaders, professed to emanate from the "Committee of Public Safety." Several of these documents, still extant, show the fearfully comprehensive and systematic character of this diabolical scheme, which also embraced many private dwellings, as being "suspected houses." The prelude to the appalling scene which ensued, consisted in placing combustibles steeped in petroleum and barrels of gunpowder in the buildings condemned to destruction. The Tuileries was one of the first subjected to these ominous preliminaries. It was set on fire at a number of different places on the 22d and 23d of May, after the Versailles troops had forced an entrance into the city, but before they had gained an entrance into the palace. The conflagration soon assumed the most terrible dimensions, and all attempts to extinguish it were fruitless. The whole of the west side of the palace, or Pavilion de l'Horloge, facing the Gardens of the Tuileries, and the Pavilion de Marsan on the north side, next to the Rue de Rivoli, were speedily reduced to a gigantic heap of smoldering ruins. Part of the Pavilion de l'Horloge, near the clock, was blown up on the 23d of May, at 7 P.M. The clock, however, continued to strike the quarters as usual until 12:30, when it succumbed to the flames.

From out of my bedroom window I could not but gaze upon the gaunt ruins; but my eyes instinctively reverted to the nurserymaids, and the warriors, and the children, and the flowers, where they remained riveted while I performed the weary work of personal titivation, and the donning of stereotyped garments.

In Europe I never breakfast at my hotel unless the weather be of such a nature as to forbid pedestrianism. It is refreshing to get into the morning air—be it ever so warm, or ever so cold; and the walk to the restaurant, with its kaleidoscopic sights, especially in a big city, amply repays. I do not attempt to deny the luxury of descending to a bright, cheery breakfast-room in one's own home, where the mutton-chop comes up singing that song so sweet to the ears of a man who loves his stomach wisely but not too well; where the tea *is* tea, and the cream has run the gauntlet from the cow to the ewer in safety; where the dry toast is delightfully chippy; where the newspaper is crisp—to attempt to deny that this sort of thing is not absolutely perfect, would be as daring and hopeless a task as that undertaken by Leonidas in defending Thermopylæ.

But this class of breakfast is reserved for the man of fifty, who has made his money—the man who can write his check for $50,000 without blanching, and who slips into Delmonico's down-town for his luncheon, consisting of a pint of "extra dry" and a *pâté de foie gras* sandwich. This is not for me, nor, as Mrs. Sairy Gamp would playfully add, "the likes o' me," either—so I do the best I can, trusting to luck for the cooking and a stern admonition regarding the absolute necessity of a red-hot plate.

With this little digression, I shall now proceed to relate my breakfast experiences of June last in the Palais Royal. I give day and date and circumstance—I give the names of the restaurants, their bills of fare, and the cost. The readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY who intend visiting Paris next season, would do well to make a note of these, my experiences; and should they elect to follow in my footsteps, there is nothing that I know of to prevent them, provided, as Biddy Muldoon, my laundress, says, they "have the manes." They may do better. I sincerely trust that such may prove to be the case. If they do, a letter addressed to the office of this popular periodical will find me.

What is the Palais Royal? I shall reply to this, my own question, by giving a brief summary of its strange, eventful history, as I turn out of the Rue de Rivoli into the Place Rue Royale, having on my left the celebrated Théâtre Français, of which Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was until lately the bright particular star.

In 1629-34 Cardinal Richelieu erected a palace for himself opposite the Louvre, and named it the "Palais Cardinal." After his death it was occupied by Anne of Austria, the widow of Louis XIII., with her two sons, Louis XIV. and Philip of Orleans, then in their minority. Since that time the building has been called the "Palais Royal." Louis XIV. presented the palace to his brother, Duke Philip of Orleans, whose second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte, Princess of the Bavarian Palatinate, wrote a number of exceedingly curious letters to her German relations with reference to the Court of Louis XIV. The princess, to whom her husband's Court was distasteful, occupied separate apartments in the palace. Her son, Philip of Orleans, who was regent during the minority of Louis XV., afterward indulged here in those disgraceful orgies which put all modern debauchery to the blush. The Palais Royal remained in possession of the Orleans family. Philip Egalité, who was beheaded in 1793, grandson of the Regent, led a scarcely less riotous and extravagant life than his grandfather. In order to replenish his exhausted coffers, he caused the garden to be surrounded with houses, still existing in their original form, which he let for commercial purposes, and thus materially improved his revenues.

Many of the upper apartments of these buildings were formerly devoted to gambling, while the *cafés* on the ground floors became a favorite rendezvous of democrats and malcontents. It was here that Camille Desmoulins, one of the most vehement Republican ringleaders, called the populace to arms on July 12th, 1789; and from here he led the way to the Bastille, which was captured on the 14th of July. The building was now called the "Palais Egalité," and subsequently, when Napoleon assembled the Tribunate here in 1801-7, the "Palais du Tribunat." In 1815, during the "Hundred Days," after Napoleon's return from Elba, and when he had all Europe in a quake, it was the residence of Lucien Bonaparte. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, the Orleans family regained possession of the Palais Royal, and it was occupied by Louis Philippe down to the end of 1830.

On the 24th of July, 1848, the mob made a complete wreck of the royal apartments. Somebody wrote in large characters, "Respect the Pictures"; but despite this, most of them were destroyed. To convey an idea of the wreckage, I may mention that the broken glass and porcelain collected in the palace and sold by auction on the 14th of July, 1850, weighed upward of twenty-five tons. After this the building was styled the "Palais National"; but Napoleon III. restored its original name, and assigned the south wing, opposite the Louvre, to Prince Jerome Napoleon, some time King of Westphalia. After his death it was occupied by his son.

It was on the 22d of May, 1871, that the Communists set the Palais Royal on fire, their object being to destroy the apartments of Prince Napoleon. The south wing, including most of the buildings in the Cour d' Honneur, with the exception of the southwest corner, where is situated the Théâtre Français, was licked up by the flames. The palace has since been completely restored, and the apartments are now used by the *Conseil d'État*.

The ground floors, or arcades, of the square of buildings inclosing the garden of the Palais Royal, are chiefly occupied by jewelry stores, and shops for the sale of *objets de luxe*. The display of precious stones in, *par exemple*, Tixier's, absolutely dazzles the eyes; diamonds of the purest water, all of exceptional size and lustre; rubies like drops of blood; pearls such as Cleopatra might have melted for that remarkable $250,000 cocktail given to Mark Antony—all displayed in so thoroughly an artistic manner as to cause a gaping crowd to pause in unfeigned admiration. Then take Prevost's for flowers, the windows a superb bouquet, a rainbow of gorgeous blossoms from every clime under the sun. Here and there are bric-à-brac shops, and as for cheap and "Brummagem" ornaments, the stores and arcades flash with them.

At one time the shops in the Palais Royal were the best in Paris; now, with one or two exceptions, they take second and third rank, those of the boulevards surpassing them "all round."

The arcades, or *galeries*, are admirable lounging-places. Far from the madding crowd, one quietly gazes at the glittering displays in the windows, and since every article flaunts its price, and as occasionally a very piquant saleslady, such as Yorick encountered in that "Sentimental Journey," pops out with a destructive courtesy, and a dynamitic smile, to inquire if she can in any way assist monsieur or madame, a lounge in the Palais Royal, especially after a good breakfast, is about as delightful a mode of killing a couple of hours as *I* wot of.

The rents are exceedingly high, and for a store one could not whip a cat in, a bandbox of a place, the proprietor, with a shrug suggestive of the depths of destitution and despair, informed me that he paid $800 per annum.

The most showy portion of the Palais Royal is the handsome Galerie d'Orleans, on the south side—a lofty arcade, 320 feet in length and 106 feet in width, roofed with glass, paved with marble and flanked with stores. The east side of the square is called the Galerie de Valois, the west the Galerie de Montpensier, and the north the Galerie de Beaujolais. The first floors of most of the houses—in fact, in 95 per cent. of them—are used as restaurants, and the Café de Rotonde, on the north side, pays 40,000 francs per annum for the privilege of placing chairs in the garden for the use of its guests.

The garden inclosed by the buildings of the Palais Royal is 250 yards long and 110 yards broad; but to call it a garden is a misnomer, since it is but a gravel flat, with two large beds of flowers and a patch of grass, bounded by a quadruple row of scraggy elms and limes. In the centre is a circular basin of water, twenty-two yards in diameter, near which a military band generally plays on Summer evenings. The garden is embellished with bronze copies of the Apollo Belvedere and the Diana of Versailles, and several statues in white marble—Youth Bathing, Boy Struggling with Goat, Ulysses on the Seashore, and Nymph Bitten by a Serpent. At the south end of the garden is a small cannon, which, at noon precisely, is fired by means of a burning-glass.

At night the garden presents a very brilliant appearance, for in addition to the 200 lamps of the arcades, the stores blaze with light, and an electric "white-blue" acts like tropical moonlight, producing effects and shadows such as would drive Van Schendel crazy with delight.

I have said my say, and now to breakfast number one. After I had gazed with unutterable longing at a "rough-ribbed and golden-crested watermelon" in Chevet's window—it was to this same establishment that Talleyrand sent for fish when giving a little dinner to Louis Philippe—I said to myself, "Shall I go in for an expensive meal, or a cheap one?"

My appetite—it was twelve o'clock—howled "Expensive!"

"Suppose," said Prudence, in that bland, suggestive way so peculiar to herself, "that you try a cheap breakfast to-day, and to-morrow take a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at any price you like?"

"Agreed," said I, and I commenced to cast about for a restaurant where the noon meal was dispensed at a fixed price. I was in the Galerie de Valois, and when about half-way down the arcade I noticed, in effective gold letters on a black ground, Bouvier's "*Déjeuner à prix fixe, vin compris, 1f. 25c.*"

"Aha!" I chuckled, "this is low enough with a vengeance. One franc twenty-five centimes! Not quite twenty-five cents—not a quarter of an almighty dollar! Here shall I build up the inner man!"

I ascended two flights of cheaply-carpeted stairs, the walls paneled with mirrors. At the top of the landing a young lady was engaged in knitting. Scarcely deigning to look at me, although I posed a little, she shoved a dinner ticket across a green baize-covered table. "Merci, monsieur!" she exclaimed, in a colorless way, as I passed on, minus 1f. 25c., ticket in hand.

A clatter of conversation, a perfect hailstorm, burst on my ears as I entered the *salon*. This apartment was roomy, high-ceilinged and mirrored. The tables were long, and very narrow, the chairs cane-bottomed, and built so as to withstand wear and tear. The table-linen was very coarse, the napkins of the same quality; the table appointments showy, but substantial. The waiters were greasy and perspiring.

Every seat was occupied, but a very plump lady in black, who presided at a desk, a pen behind her ear, and to whom my waiter "reported" in a loud voice, as he passed, asked me to wait a moment. I waited, and was promoted to the chair made vacant by a thin, prim, elderly female, who carried a reticule of the year 1, and an old-fashioned purse.

The bill of fare was politely presented to me by a young gentleman with a very mottled face—a raw lad, fresh from the provinces, who had just given his order. I had a choice of one *hors d'œuvre* and two *plats*, with one dessert. The wine was half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*.

I had my choice, in *hors d'œuvres*, of sardines, radishes; in *plats*, of tête de veau, fritters, veal sauté petit pois, "ros-bif" with carrots, vol-au-vent financière, roast veal with cresses, etc., etc. For dessert I could have either raspberries or strawberries.

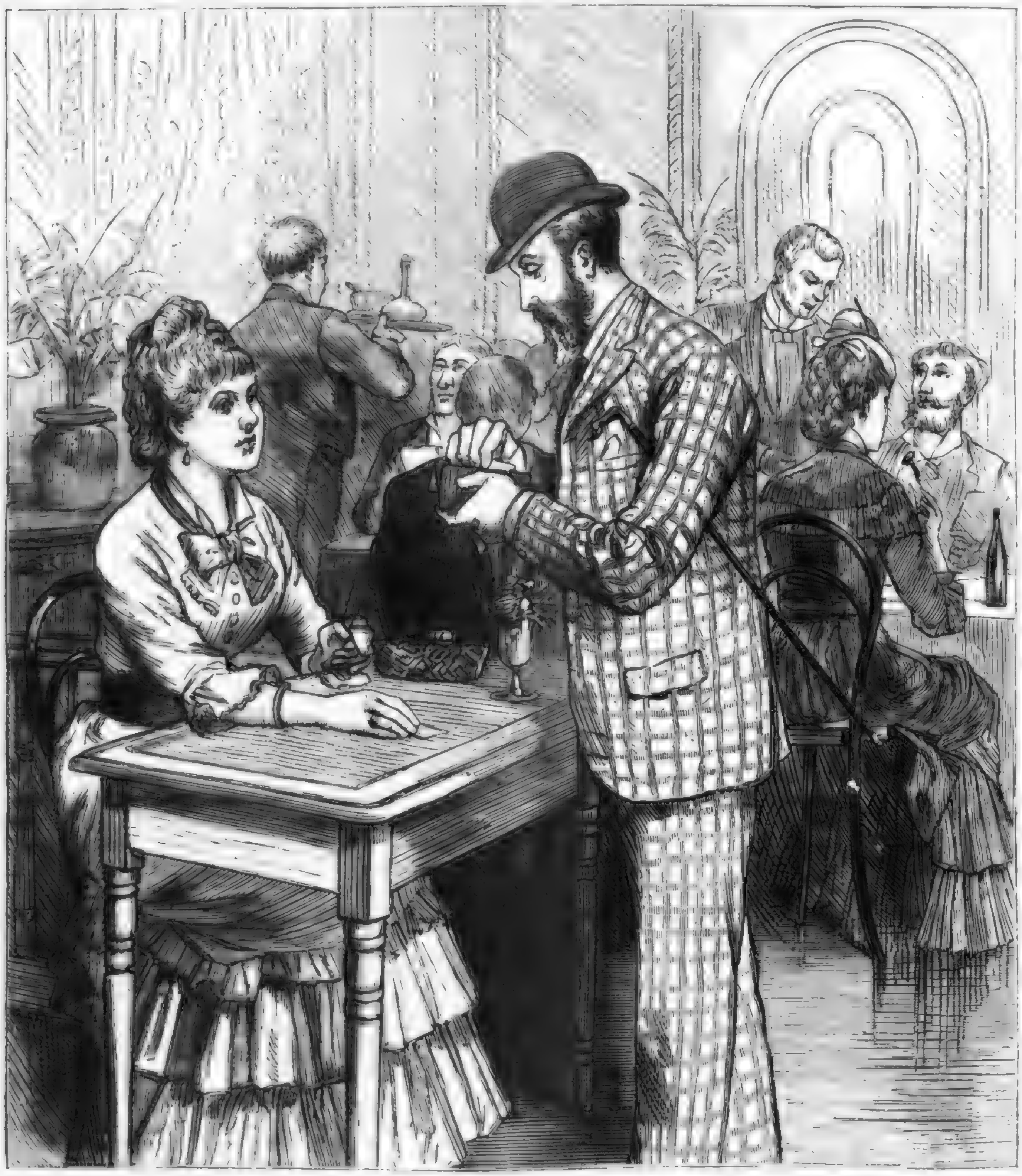
Somewhat puzzled by this embarrassment of riches, I addressed myself to the youthful provincial, who instantly came to my aid.

"If it's good value for your money you seek, monsieur, follow my example," he cried. "I am a clerk; I come from Auternois, near Bordeaux; my income is very modest. I have tried every restaurant all round, and I find this is the best and cheapest for my money. Now, monsieur, for *hors d'œuvre* take a sardine with bread-and-butter; for your *plat* take beefsteak with potatoes—by this means you will secure meat and vegetables; and for your second *plat* order salad. You will get as much salad as will do for two. Don't touch the raspberries, but choose strawberries for dessert—they are larger and less watery."

Following this young gentleman's lead, I ordered a sardine, with a piece of coarse bread and a pat of butter, followed by a coarse beefsteak, small but thick, surrounded by fried potatoes, cut very thin. Then came a great white bowl filled with salad, which I dressed myself from the cruet. The salad was crisp and good. Strawberries, covered with white powdered sugar, completed the *déjeuner*, which I washed down with the half-bottle of wine—shall I desecrate the word by using it in reference to the thin, acrid *petit rouge?* Shall I—— Hold! What could I expect for one franc twenty-five centimes, including wine!

The guests at this breakfast were of the poorer bourgeoise class, the women being in the proportion of about four to six. The men were neat, but somewhat seedy, and it was pretty evident to me that to the company a franc meant a franc, full-fledged. Another peculiarity struck me about

XUM



CAFÉ DE PARIS.—"I BREAKFAST FOR TWO FRANCS."

the place—namely, that everybody was alone; there were no parties, not even a couple. As each person passed out, he or she bowed low to the lady presiding at the desk, and not a few reserved a copper for the tin box.

"I'll do better to-morrow," thought I, as, dropping a piece of ten centimes into a little tin box, placed very much *en evidence*, for the waiters, I strolled out into the arcade.

As a set-off against this breakfast, I dined with a friend who knows the ropes, at the Café Anglais, which, as everybody is aware, is the very Cathedral of Gastronomy. Although the golden rule of the Café Anglais is simplicity, mine host ordered the complex dish known as *carpe à la Chambord.* What a harmonious mystery of kidney, truffles, cocks' combs, mussels, shrimps and oysters! After this poem of a *plat,* with which we consumed a bottle of Chateau d'Yquem, we had ducklings *non saignés.* The *maitre d'hôtel,* knowing his client, carved the little darlings, and carefully removing the livers before our eyes, steeped them in a delicious decoction composed of lemon-juice, Jamaica pepper, the blood of the precious victims, and the gravy. I merely make mention of these tidbits *en passant.*

The following noon found me again 'neath the arcades of the Palais Royal. I was about to turn into Véfour's, that most celebrated of Palais Royal restaurants, known to old fogies as the *Trois Frères,* but the idea suddenly struck me that I would arrive at a Véfour breakfast by slow degrees, and gradually ascend the scale through other restaurants.

Adopting this happy thought, I entered the Café de Paris, for I read, "Breakfast, 2 francs, wine included," in gorgeous characters upon a glittering signboard, which leant against the wall in a half-indolent fashion, and as though it were engaged in picking its teeth after the two-franc *déjeuner*. I mounted one flight of stairs, encountered a knitting lady, passed in my check, and entered an apartment similar in almost every respect to that in which I had breakfasted on the previous day. The napery was finer, and the bill of fare extended in the direction of a cup of coffee.

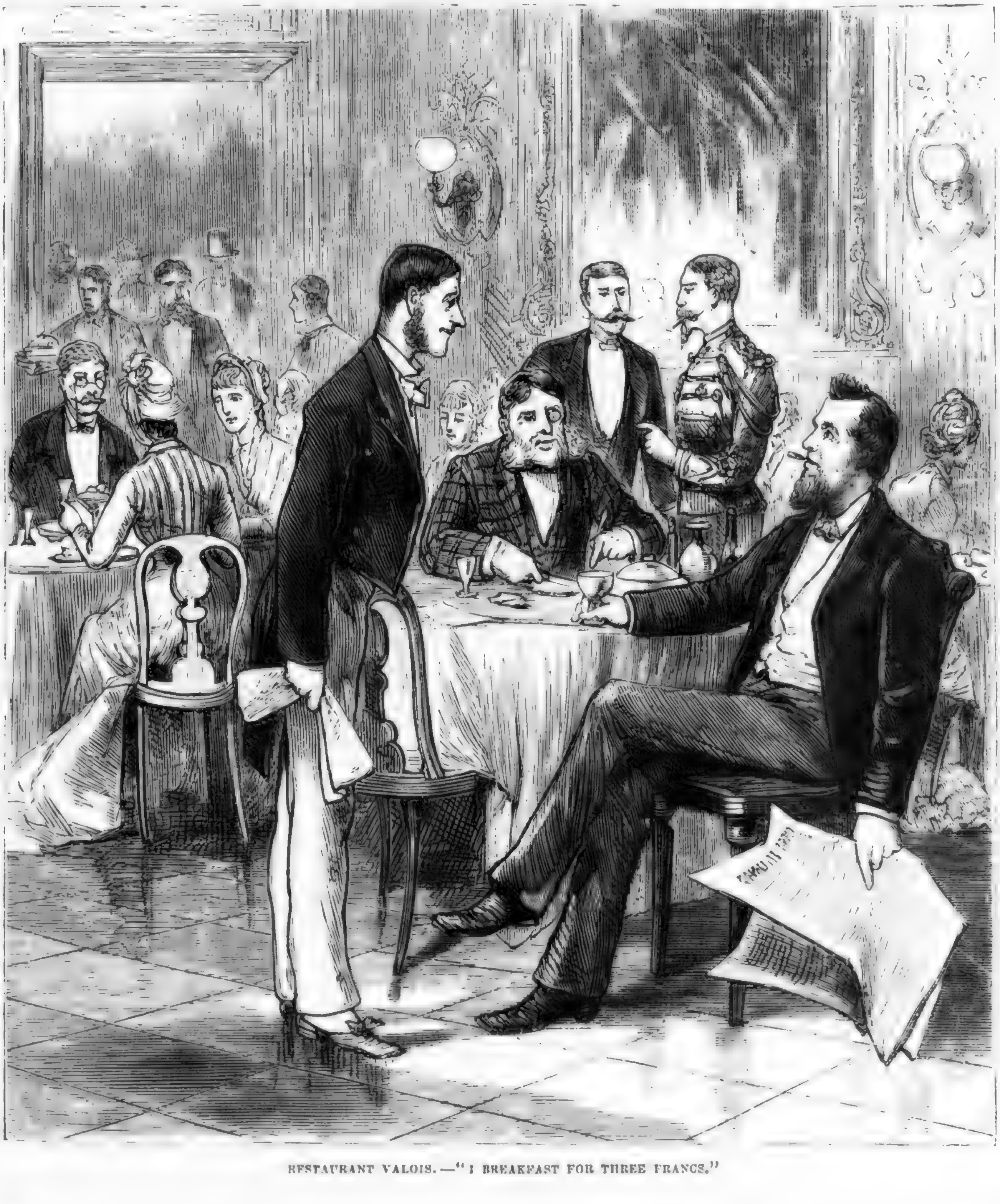
Without jotting down what I *might* have had for my two francs, I will state what I *did* have. Of the *hors d'œuvre*, I chose a sardine with bread-and-butter. I followed this up with a goodly-sized cut of fillet-of-beef, garnished with mushrooms. For a second *plat*, I ordered *choufleur au gratin*—cauliflower with grated cheese over it—and my dessert consisted of green almonds. I polished off the small bottle of wine, and a cup of very excellent coffee.

The company was of the bourgeoise class, and whole families breakfasted here, from the grandmother to the three-year-old. The waiters seemed to be on the best of terms with the *habitués*, and, though frigidly polite to me, were eager with their accustomed guests.

I dined that evening at Brébant's, on Ostend oysters, a thick soup, a brill, a *filet au Madère*, a truffled partridge with St. Germain peas, and a *bombe à la Vanille*. We had Chateau Margeaux and Grau Lazore.

I shall mention no more of these dinners, lest I should *now* experience some of the pangs endured by the notable Dr. Tanner.

The third morning beheld me in the Palais Royal, casting about with a view to improving my *déjeuner* of the previous noon. I resolved upon expending three francs, and the Restaurant Valois marked me for its own. Here I



RESTAURANT VALOIS.—"I BREAKFAST FOR THREE FRANCS."

XUM

got the value of my money in gilding alone, while shrubs placed at convenient distances lent a finished, if not a banqueting, appearance to the tables. Two ladies of faultless toilet and imposing mien presided at a railed-in desk, while a third took charge of the fruits for the dessert and the distribution of cognac and sugar.

Here was the middle-class Parisian, with his wife and child and mother-in-law; here was the subaltern officer, with his *innamorata;* here was the *flâneur*, the idler, dawdling over his ten-centime paper and his abominably tobaccoed cigarette. The English element was not wanting, and the Stars and Stripes flaunted vigorously.

I had choice of three *plats*, in addition to two *hors d'œuvres* and two desserts. I selected the following *menu*, and I may add that every dish was good of its kind:

Shrimps. Radishes.
Poulet St. Croix.
Omelette aux Truffes.
Artichokes. Asparagus.
Strawberries. Cherries.

The wine was a perceptible shade better.

"Once more unto the breach!" I cried, as I strolled, on the fourth morning, into the Palais Royal. There was a swagger about me—I felt it—I couldn't help it. No one can enter the arcades of the Palais, intent upon breakfasting at Véfour's, without, as billiard-players say, "putting on side." I took a turn right round the garden, casting glances of contempt upon all the notices announcing cheap breakfasts. I stopped at Chevet's to gloat over the delicacies exhibited in the window; I passed down the Galerie, and entered that, at the end of which the magic word "Véfour," in gold letters upon a single sheet of plate glass, backed by the daintiest of lace curtains, greets you with a smile. I approached it gleefully, paused for one half-second, in order to permit a couple of cheap swells who were engaged in the violent use of toothpicks, after, perhaps, a one-twenty-five *déjeuner*, to see me enter, and then I plunged in.

I elected to breakfast on the ground floor, in a charming little apartment prinked out in white-and-gold, and all lace and flowers, and ferns and mirrors. The furniture was upholstered in ruby velvet, and the service was silver. Waiters, noiseless and agile as panthers, flitted gently about. A superintendent who might, on account of his superb appearance, have claimed kinsmanship with a Condé, approached me as if I was a sovereign seated upon a throne. All around were ladies in toilets by Worth, and cavaliers who, later on, would adorn the Bois in "shrieking" turnouts, and, still later, the windows of the Jockey Club on the Mouton. Everything breathed of voluptuous refinement, from the *menu*-card in its æsthetic silver case, to the perfumed water, served in glasses of the iridescence of Idalium.

"This is *your* element, old man," I said, approvingly, to myself. "Here, *indeed*, you are at home."

This was my *déjeuner chez* Véfour:

Truite Sautée Meunière.
Pigeon à la Crapaudière.
Filet Braisé, with Stuffed Tomatoes and Mushrooms.
Omelette aux Parmesan.
Œufs Brouillés aux Truffes
Asparagus.
Crème Moussenière.
Cherries. Green Almonds.

My wine was Mouton-Rothschild.

My *déjeuner* cost me twenty-seven francs, without wine—but it was worth the money. I would do it again. Was I not at peace with all mankind, as, after this *déjeuner*, cooked to the apple of the eye of perfection, I strolled for a "good hour by Shrewsbury clock" in the arcades of the Palais Royal?

INSTABILITY.

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead:
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what is once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

MINNIE'S TRIUMPH.

Chapter I.

REALLY, Minnie, I do wish you would try to be a little more sociable—you are so quiet that every one remarks upon it. People will soon really believe that you are unhappy—that I abuse you, perhaps."

And George Marshall frowned as he spoke these words to his young wife.

"What nonsense, George! I was always quiet."

"I am sure you are always lively and full of fun when we spend a quiet evening at your mother's, or when we remain at home—that is to say, if we have no visitors."

"Because I am happy then." And she laid her head upon his shoulder. "You know I never did care to go out. I never enjoy all these balls and parties."

"Don't, Minnie—it is undignified." And he pushed her away. "I should like to know what you do enjoy. You must not allow these morbid and gloomy feelings to grow upon you. It will sour and embitter our lives."

"I do not think it just to call me morbid or gloomy, or *any one* who can take such real comfort, such perfect happiness in her home—in the company of her husband. I have always heard it was the sign of a healthy mind."

"Well, I repeat, when I take you out, I should like to see you try to make yourself agreeable, and not go off in a corner. Look at Mrs. Winsome. Why can't you be a little more like her? She always looks bright and happy. In fact, she is the life of the company."

"I will beg to remind you that it is well known Mrs. Winsome keeps her smiles, and all that gayety which charms you so, for the world. At home she is die-away and ill-tempered. But I suppose you would appreciate a wife like that."

"There is moderation in everything. I certainly do not appreciate one who acts as though she had not got two ideas in her head. With all Mrs. Winsome's faults, her husband has no reason to be ashamed of her."

"Am I to understand from that, you are ashamed of me?" and Minnie's face flushed crimson.

"Well, I must confess, it is not very gratifying to know my friends think I have married little better than an idiot; and what makes me more angry is the knowledge that you are in every way superior to her, if you would only try to make yourself agreeable. Another thing is rather annoying—to see Mrs. Winsome always dressed so handsomely—always in the latest style, while you have worn that one dress at least half a dozen times; and yet I know her husband does not make as much money as I do. The fact is, she is a good manager."

"If I am so stupid, it is a pity you married me. I wish I was home with mamma."

And Minnie could restrain herself no longer. She covered her face with her hands, and cried as though her heart was broken.

George felt he had been unkind, and putting his arm around her, he tried to soothe her; but his words had made too deep an impression upon Minnie's sensitive nature to be so soon forgotten. She did not tell him, as many would, to go away; but she did not return his fond caresses.

The truth was, although George Marshall loved his wife fondly, he was too gay and thoughtless to fully appreciate her virtues. He, like many others, labored under the delusion that we were placed in this world for the express purpose of enjoying ourselves, and believed in doing so to the fullest extent, while he was still young. Being a great favorite, there was rarely an evening but what he had an invitation for himself and wife to either a ball, party or some amusement. This kind of life he enjoyed. He thought *one quiet evening a week*, passed at home, was enough.

Minnie took a very different view of things. She thought pleasure in moderation was decidedly good; but her idea was one evening a week for excitement, and the others spent quietly at home. She thought it was really wicked, at least for persons in their circumstances, to carry it to a greater excess—not only a waste of time, but an utter disregard of health. Besides, she felt they could not afford it; and she had made up her mind, if possible, to awaken her husband to the fact ere it was too late, for she saw the love of excitement was growing upon him.

The next morning she was cold and indifferent; although she saw he was rather irritable, she took no notice whatever of it. When he arose from the table to go, she took up the paper and began to read.

In a moment he returned with his hat and coat on, ready to start. He was annoyed at her strange conduct. He had been accustomed to have her stand by his side every morning and kiss him half a dozen times before he went. This new freak was anything but pleasant, and he could not understand it. So he said, in rather a sharp tone: "Well, how much longer am I to be kept waiting this morning?"

"Why, I am not detaining you, George!"

"Don't you intend kissing me good-by, then?"

"I have no objections; but I really do not think Mrs. Winsome wastes kisses upon her husband."

He felt the rebuke, but did not answer; but stooping, kissed her. She returned it, though not in her usual affectionate way. This was not lost upon her husband; but he thought it best to take no notice, hoping the cloud would pass away before dinner-time.

When George Marshall had gone, the affectionate little wife arose, and clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, it was hard to let him go with that one cold kiss; but still he deserved it. I must teach him a lesson, and one he shall not forget, for our future happiness is at stake."

Minnie then went up-stairs and took the baby from the girl; it was as much as she could do to keep from having a good fit of crying; but she had made up her mind to be brave, so she pressed her little darling to her heart, and tried to forget, by rattling all sorts of pretty baby-talk, as all fond mothers do.

She dressed the baby, then herself, and left word with Mary to have dinner at the usual time, and to tell Mr. Marshall she should not be home until evening.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Marshall was astonished when the message was delivered, and scarcely worth saying that he was decidedly angry; still, he was determined she should not know it. He would appear to take it as a matter of course.

So when he returned in the evening, he tried to act as usual, but it was not as easy as he supposed; and Minnie, who understood human nature well, and could read her husband like a book, saw plainly that he was anything but pleased.

As for Minnie, she was too busy to greet him with her usual kiss, and when he sat down and rested his head upon his hands, instead of going and putting her arms around his neck, and, with loving words, frightening the ugly blues away, she merely said:

"Come, George—supper is ready, and we must hurry, for I promised Mrs. Winsome we would go to the theatre to-night."

Minnie could scarcely help laughing at the look of astonishment which her husband gave her Then he said:

"Indeed! you seem to be improving."

"I am. I have been taking a few lessons from your charming friend, Mrs. Winsome. She is a delightful companion. I knew you would be delighted to go with her this evening."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather tired to-night; but as you promised, I will go."

"Oh, no! don't go on my account. If you feel tired you had better remain at home. Mrs. Winsome said if you did not care about going I could go with her."

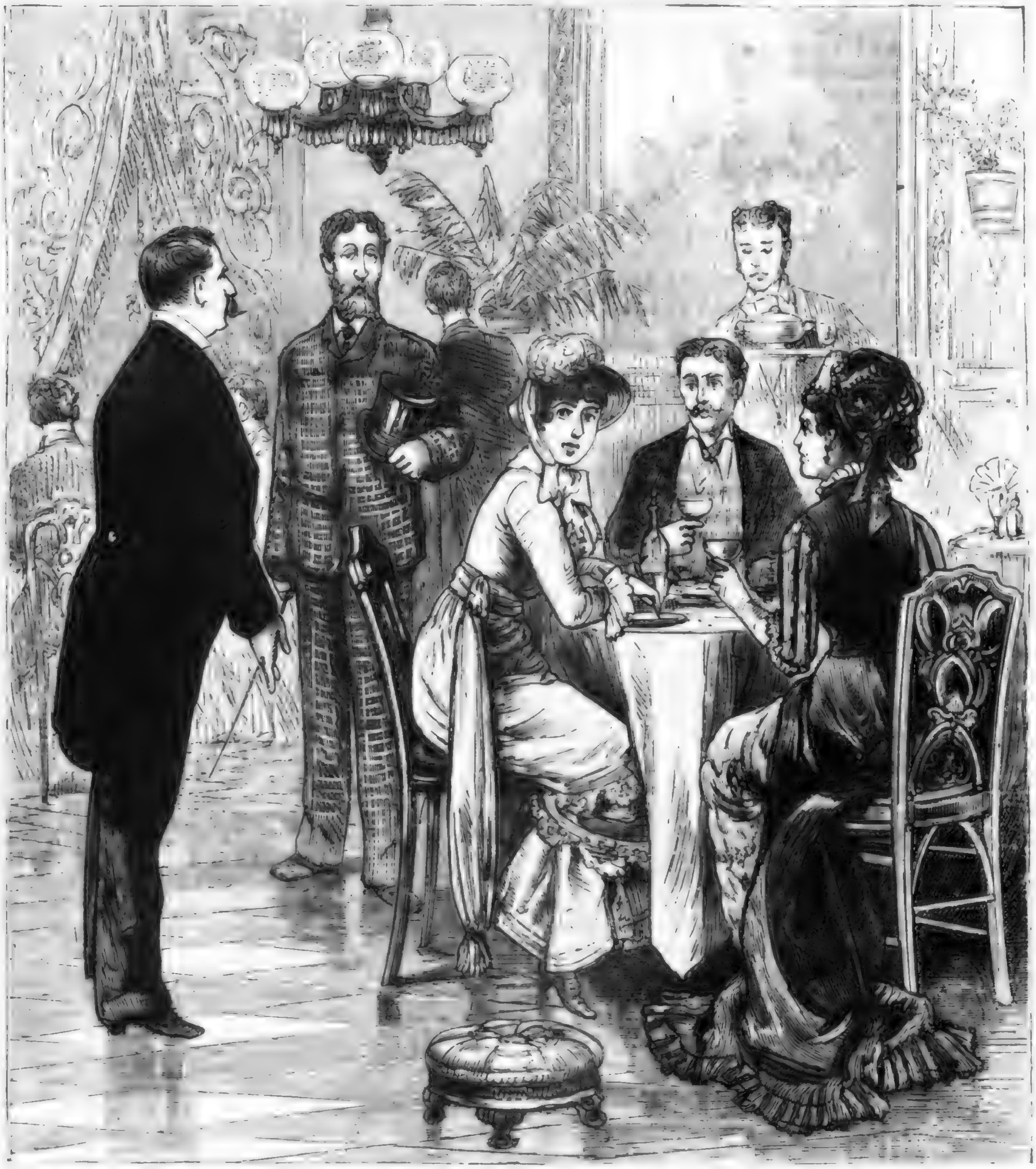
You might have knocked him over with a feather at that speech from the lips of his loving Minnie. It is needless to say he went.

She dressed herself with the greatest care, and looked as pretty as a picture.

Just as they were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Winsome came; and before he knew what he was about he found Mrs. Winsome waiting for him to offer her his arm. Minnie and Mr. Winsome had gone off together.

At one time he would have been pleased, but now he was actually annoyed, and before he arrived at the theatre he was disgusted at the frivolous tone of Mrs. Winsome's conversation.

XUM



MY FOUR BREAKFASTS AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—AT VÉFOUR'S—"I BREAKFAST FOR TWENTY-SEVEN FRANCS.—SEE PAGE 401."

CHAPTER II.

IT was a difficult part for our tender-hearted little heroine; nevertheless, she played it well. She was not very strong, and, therefore, it was no wonder she felt tired after spending the two last evenings out. At one time she would have got up to see her dear George off, no matter how tired she felt, but now, as she was taking the character of a Mrs. Winsome, she thought she would play it thoroughly; so she told her husband she felt tired, and, therefore, would not get up yet—that Mary would attend to him. Then she added:

"You know that Mrs. Winsome never gets up until about ten. She thinks it is nonsense to see her husband off; she says they do not appreciate it, and I think she is right."

So saying, Minnie turned over leisurely, as though to take another snooze.

Mr. Marshall did not like this indifference at all; but, as he had so often said he wished she was a little more like the charming Mrs. Winsome, what could he say? He was obliged to swallow the mortification and his breakfast in silence.

No sooner had he gone than Minnie jumped up, and hurried, so as to make up for lost time. All the morning she was as busy as a little bee; but as the time drew near for her husband to come home she took a novel and began to read. This was another surprise for our friend George Marshall; but he was still silent.

Just as he was going out again, Minnie called him back.

"George, I want to see you about something very important."

His heart was up in his throat. He hoped she wanted a good-by kiss, and, perhaps, to lay her head upon his breast and ask him to call her his loving little wife again.

"Well ?" he said, in a faltering voice.

"I wanted to remind you to be home early to-night; for I have made up my mind to go to that surprise party."

"But, my dear, it is fancy dress."

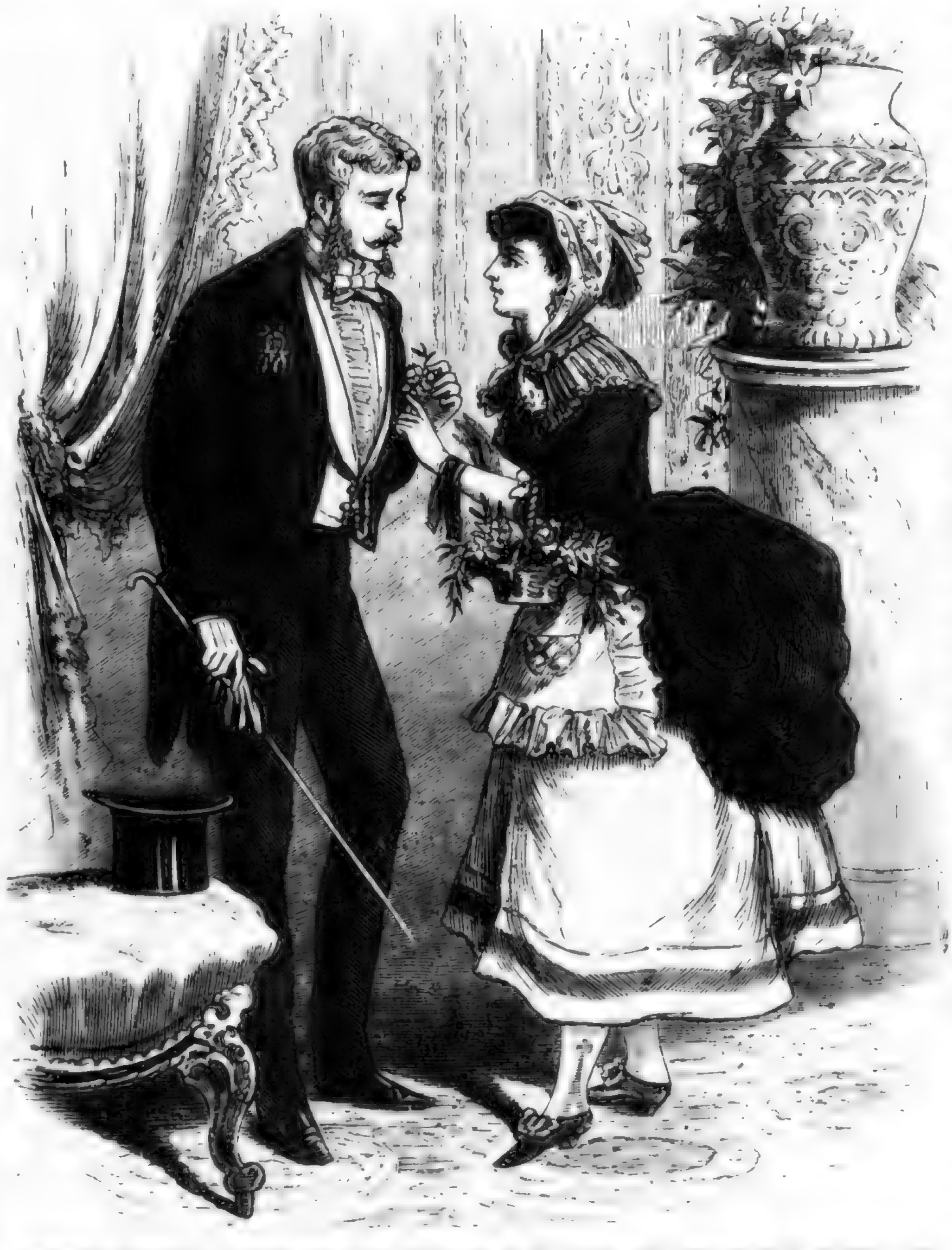
"I am well aware of that, and what is more, well prepared; for I went with Mrs. Winsome yesterday and selected my dress."

Minnie did look lovely as the pretty flower-girl, and when she came into the room where her husband was waiting, and looked up saucily into his face, and said, "Buy some flowers, sir ?" he could not help giving her a kiss.

But still he wished she was his affectionate little wife again, and he was just going to tell her so, when she very coldly said:

"Be careful! There, that will do; you will disarrange my hair."

It was evident there were many others besides her husband who admired her that evening, by the undivided attention she received; in fact, she was so continually surrounded, that at last Mr. Marshall was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he felt actually jealous; and the best part of the joke was, that Minnie, though apparently almost unconscious of her husband's presence, was, nevertheless, watching him narrowly; therefore, the fact was not lost upon her.



MINNIE'S TRIUMPH.—"WHEN SHE CAME INTO THE ROOM WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS WAITING, AND SAID, 'BUY SOME FLOWERS, SIR?' HE COULD NOT HELP GIVING HER A KISS."

It would be impossible to tell the many things Minnie did, and the many surprises our poor friend Marshall had.

One evening, when he returned home, he found her lying upon a sofa, and naturally asked what was the matter.

"Oh, I am half dead, I am so tired! Mrs. Winsome and I have been out shopping all day; and, oh, George! I have bought the most lovely new silk dresses, and hat and cloak and ribbons and laces!"

"But, my dear, where did you get the money from ?"

"Why, I told them to send the bill in to you—that is the way Mrs. Winsome does. They are all in the latest style, too—so superb!"

"Dash that woman!" thought Mr. Marshall, and turned upon his heel, not in the best temper possible.

Minnie did not look as neat and tidy as she used to do, but after supper she went up to dress, and when he asked her why she dressed then, she said:

"As we were not going out this evening I thought I would get Mr. and Mrs. Winsome to come, it is so dull and stupid alone; anything to kill time, you know."

This was too much—they had not spent a quiet evening together for so long, that he would have given the world for a few of those hours when she sat upon her little stool at his feet, and her head on his knee. Alas, could this be his Minnie? So changed!

The next morning he put on a clean shirt, and found there was no button on the neck; he took another — there was one off the wrist.

"Why, my dear, how is this ? There are no buttons on my shirts; it is the first time such a thing has happened since our marriage."

"There, now, George, do not be unreasonable; I can't do everything; I have no time to see to your shirts."

When our hero went to his drawer for a clean pair of socks, he found about half a dozen pairs with large holes in. Almost exasperated, he exclaimed:

"Really, Minnie, this is going a little too far. There was a time when you were not above mending my clothes; then you thought it a pleasure."

XUM

"Yes, that was when I was foolish. Mrs. Winsome never mends her husband's clothes; she says it is not a wife's place."

"I wish you would never mention that woman's name in my presence. I hate and despise her!"

And George Marshall ground his teeth in rage.

"Times have changed. You were once one of the loudest in her praise."

"For heaven's sake, don't remind me of the time when I was a fool!"

"And don't you remember when you wished I was like her? I think I have been a very apt scholar, George—don't you?"

"A little too apt to please me."

And with something like an oath, George Marshall left the room.

Minnie buried her head under the bedclothes to keep from laughing.

Marshall did not feel very happy all day; he could not help thinking of the great change in his wife, and he felt he had himself to thank for it. When she had been as good and affectionate as it was possible to be, he had not appreciated her—in fact, had only found fault. Now, he would have given the world for some of those loving kisses and fond caresses which at one time she lavished upon him; now she never condescended to give him one.

He returned in the evening, weary and low-spirited. He longed for her sympathy, for a quiet evening with her, and he made up his mind he would remain at home and enjoy one, for the first time since that fatal quarrel; but, alas! the first words that greeted his ears were:

"Oh, George, we shall not be obliged to mope home this evening, after all; for I have bought two tickets for a concert!"

Poor fellow! he was so disappointed, he could make no answer.

"You do not seem over-pleased?"

"No; I do not care about going out this evening; I do not feel well enough."

"That is provoking! But I suppose you will go to bed early, and I can go with Mr. and Mrs. Winsome; I would not have you go out on my account."

Marshall did not say anything, for he hoped Minnie would change her mind; but he was mistaken, for after tea she went up to dress, and when they called for her, she merely came in and told him she was sorry he could not go, and started off in the best spirits.

Then it was George Marshall felt the treasure he had lost; how weary, how lonely, how miserable he was! He could have cried, as he thought how he had taught her to love pleasure and frivolity; and now—oh, what would he not give to have his quiet little Minnie back! He was so depressed in spirits, so sick at heart, that he laid his head upon his hands and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, forgive me!—love me, once more!"

A gentle hand smoothed his hair back, and a fond kiss was pressed upon his brow. He raised his head, and there stood Minnie, with the old, loving smile upon her face.

"Minnie, my own darling! do you still love me?" And he clasped her in his arms.

But she drew back, and in a cold tone that chilled him, said:

"Stop, stop! this is going a little too far—it is *undignified!* Mrs. Winsome would not allow it."

"For God's sake, Minnie, trifle with me no longer, unless you wish to break my heart! Oh, darling, if you knew how I have suffered, you would forgive me—you would feel you had had your revenge. Can't you forget and forgive, darling, and be once more the loving little wife you were?"

And he looked up so imploringly at her, that Minnie's heart could withstand it no longer, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, George! do you really love your silly little Minnie best?"

"You were not silly, darling. I was the foolish one, not to appreciate your virtues; I was blind, but I am wiser now, and love you ten thousand times more. Only say that you forgive me, Minnie."

"I do forgive you, with all my heart, dearest; but tell me, where are you the happiest—at a ball, a party, the theatre or opera?"

"Ah, Minnie, I have found the truth of what you have so often said—real happiness is found only at home!"

"Then you will not be angry if I do say I do not enjoy parties, and want to stay at home with you—will you, George?"

"Angry, darling? No; you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Be once more my loving wife, and I shall never want to leave our home."

"And will you promise never to ask me to take lessons from Mrs. Winsome again?" And Minnie looked up with a mischievous smile.

"Oh, Minnie, if you knew how I despise that woman, and how I hate myself for ever insulting my dear, good little wife by asking her to be more like her! How could I ever be such a blind fool? But, thanks to you, my eyes are at last open!" And George drew her closer to him.

George had never felt happier than at that moment, as he looked down upon that sweet face, and saw those pretty blue eyes beaming so full of love.

He kept his word; from that time they passed their evenings at home. He often told Minnie he had never before known what real happiness was; and he never ceased to thank her for having played her part so well.

Five years have passed, and it would be hard to find a happier family. George Marshall's chief delight is in the company of his dear Minnie, and sporting with the three little rosy-cheeked children who make up their family.

THE CEDAR-BIRD.

The cedar-bird is sometimes called the "waxwing," on account of the secondary quills being tipped with small, wax-like appendages of a bright vermilion color. This particularity it shares in common with the Bohemian chatterer, a larger bird, found both in Europe and America, whereas the cedar-bird is found only in North America.

These appendages are considered by Wilson as useful to the bird, in preventing the feathers from being worn out in the continual fluttering indulged in by their owners among the thick branches and stiff foliage of the cedar, and are sometimes found on the tail as well as the wings. The plumage is extremely soft and fine in texture. A pointed, upright crest, rising from the head, gives character and expression, which are wanting in the sober though pleasing color and somewhat heavy shape.

This bird can scarcely be called a song-bird, for, although by a strange misnomer the name chatterer is applied to it, the *Ampelis Americana* is almost voiceless. Neither is it remarkable for any great power of wing or swiftness of flight, nor has it any special brilliancy of plumage, or particular intelligence; one, and only one, accomplishment distinguishes it from the "common herd" of feathered bipeds: it can eat more strawberries, cherries, persimmons, whortleberries, blackberries, raspberries and berries of any and every kind, than any bird of its size on the continent.

So intent is the cedar-bird in pursuit of a livelihood, so enterprising in his efforts to satisfy the demands of an insatiable appetite, that, as has been intimated, the dreadful scarecrow itself, in all the terrors of fluttering rags and outstretched arms, is entirely disregarded.

Only the cruel shotgun is an effectual defense against his ravages, and as the cedar-birds during the cherry season are only good to eat and be eaten, there is, perhaps, more to be said in favor of using such defense in their case than in that of most of their feathered brethren.

The gullet is capable of great distension, and, "indeed," says Wilson, "it is no wonder that this gluttonous bird, with such a mass of food almost continually in its throat, should want both the inclination and powers for vocal melody, that which would seem to belong to those only of less gross and voracious habits."

The cedar-bird is the most dilatory of our native birds in nesting; not until the last of the first or the commencement of the second week in June does it begin to build, and the young are not hatched until the end of that month. The nest is roomy, built of dry grass, in a cedar or fruit-tree, generally at about twice the height of a tall man from the ground, and contains, at the proper season, three or four bluish-gray eggs, marked with dark spots. The young are first fed on spiders, larvæ and small insects, and afterward on fruit. Indeed, it may be said of this bird, that the amount of fruit it destroys is out of all proportion to the small number of insects it rids us of.

Being of comparatively insignificant use to mankind, and a selfish, greedy, silent bird at best, it meets small mercy at the hands of the farmers.

Its very uselessness is, however, in a measure, its protection, since few would think it worth their while to pursue it, and a real sportsman seldom wastes powder and shot upon birds that do not amply repay him for his time and exertions.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

CLEOPATRA! one of the most bewitching of the sex—a lady who ruled rulers with a nod; who made her *début* in a roll of carpet, and who ended life's fitful fever through the assistance of an asp.

> "——In her we read
> Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
> And left upon the mountain-tops of death
> A light that made them lovely."

More like the glittering pageantry of romance than the record of actual existence; more resembling the magnificent scenery of a theatrical representation than a distinct historical picture—the life of Cleopatra, a vision short, but grandly consistent from its beginning to its end, passes before the mind's eye. Transitory, indeed, as splendid, leaving behind it no grand results, no improvement nor aggrandizement of nations, no substantial memento, it is still more like the pictured paraphernalia of an empty drama, or the untasted banquet of a dream, in that, almost mythical—save to the student's eye—it is gone, with scarcely a trace to prove it ever existed. The woman who, in the pursuit of her own unjustifiable policy, is believed to have murdered her own young brother, and who scrupled not to ask, as a final favor of her lover Antony, the death-warrant of her only sister—she who was so devoid of feminine feeling as to have a prisoner (though condemned already) brought into her presence, to test the effects of flowers poisoned by her own hands—would possess no more claim to our interest than she does to our respect, did not the grandeur of the mind which could plan, and the consummate art and tact which turned nature's advantages to execute such schemes of ambitious diplomacy, fill us with amazement and a species of admiration.

Her face was, if not perfectly beautiful, at least so pleasing as to excite the admiration of the most casual beholder; but her manner was the acme of graceful fascination, and constituted her most marvelous gift. She possessed the rare power of adapting herself with innate tact to the sentiments and temper of those with whom she conversed, not alone to the point of influencing them while in her actual company, but to that of leaving upon the mind, when she was no longer present, just the impression she desired. Of excellent natural development, her powers had been sufficiently cultivated to render her, even if deprived of personal attraction, a most agreeable companion. An accomplished linguist, speaking to perfection ten different tongues—she is said to have been the only sovereign of Egypt who could understand the languages of all her subjects—she was no novice in Greek literature, and studied the philosophy of that country with success; a voice combining power with sweetness, and brilliantly fitted for song, completed her qualifications.

She never appeared in public without the most gorgeous retinue, nor wore other than the most brilliant costumes. So far did she carry her arrogance, as to assume the habiliments and head-dress of the sacred Egyptian deity, Isis, and was thus represented by her coins and statues. After subduing Cæsar by her charms, she resolved upon subjugating Marc Antony. No expense nor consideration was spared to render her appearance before him as effective as possible. Attended by a retinue gorgeously appareled, and having with her a profusion of splendid presents, she set out to meet him, proceeding through Syria toward Asia Minor. She reached the Cydnus, to launch a freight upon its liquid bosom unrivaled in the annals of magnificence and triumph. The galley which bore the beautiful Egyptian Princess was a marvel of superb ornament, radiant with gold, the cordage of silk, the sails purple. Meanwhile, surrounded by her attendants, their mistress reclined upon deck beneath an awning, and boys, dressed as cupids, "stood fanning with their painted wings the winds that played about her face."

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
> The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water which they beat to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes."

Cleopatra was at this time twenty-five—the very acme of her loveliness. History tells us how Antony fell—how

> "Marc Antony,
> With a fine scorn, did toss the world away
> For Cleopatra's eyes."

It was at one of the feasts subsequent to this meeting, that the Queen presented Antony with the "beverage of pearl"—so celebrated by poet and painter. This act of Cleopatra's reckless improvising was the result of a wager between herself and Antony, that she would preside at a banquet of which the cost of one single dish should exceed the whole outlay of his series of *fêtes*. The wager was accepted. This done, Cleopatra ordered a single cup of vinegar to be placed before her; and, when the curiosity of those around her was excited to the highest point, she took from her ears two pearls, the smallest of which was valued at what would be about $250,000 of our money, and, dissolving it in the acid, drank it to the health of Antony. The second was about to follow its companion, when Plancus, the umpire, saved its sacrifice by declaring that Antony had lost the wager. This pearl, afterward divided, formed the earrings for the celebrated statue of Venus, placed by Agrippa in the Pantheon at Rome.

With his last breath, Marc Antony called for a cup of wine, wherein he pledged his over-worshiped idol. And Cleopatra, in but a little while, received the poisoned asp in a basket of figs.

And this was Cleopatra, who gave her name to the obelisk which is now part of the assets of Uncle Sam, and will probably remain in the schedule until Macaulay's New Zealander, after having had his fill of the ruins of St. Paul's, will come over here, to find everything "booming."

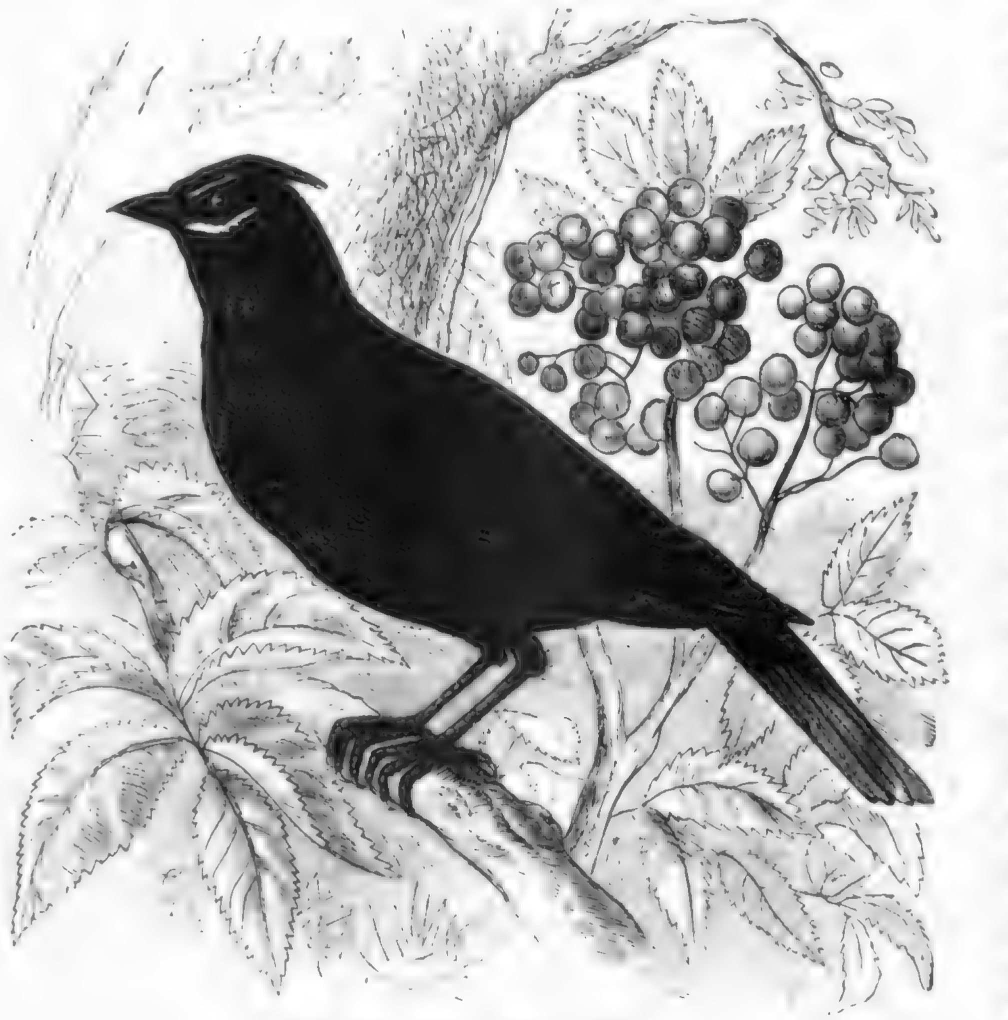
And now for the obelisk.

At one period of his reign, probably toward the close, Thothmes III., the great monarch of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, whose power extended from the confines of India to the islands of the Mediterranean and to the limits of equatorial Africa, erected several obelisks, to evince the greatness of his power or the depth of his piety, at Thebes and Heliopolis. Heliopolis is known in the Egyptian texts as the city *par excellence* of obelisks, and the sole survivor still erect, which dates from the twelfth dynasty, shows they adorned the shrine of the god Tum. With the series of obelisks of Thothmes III., it is not within the limits of this article to deal; and it now becomes the question of the obelisks of Alexandria, two of which—one erect, the other fallen—formerly remained on the site of the ancient port. The fallen one was removed to England in 1877, and erected on the Thames Embankment.

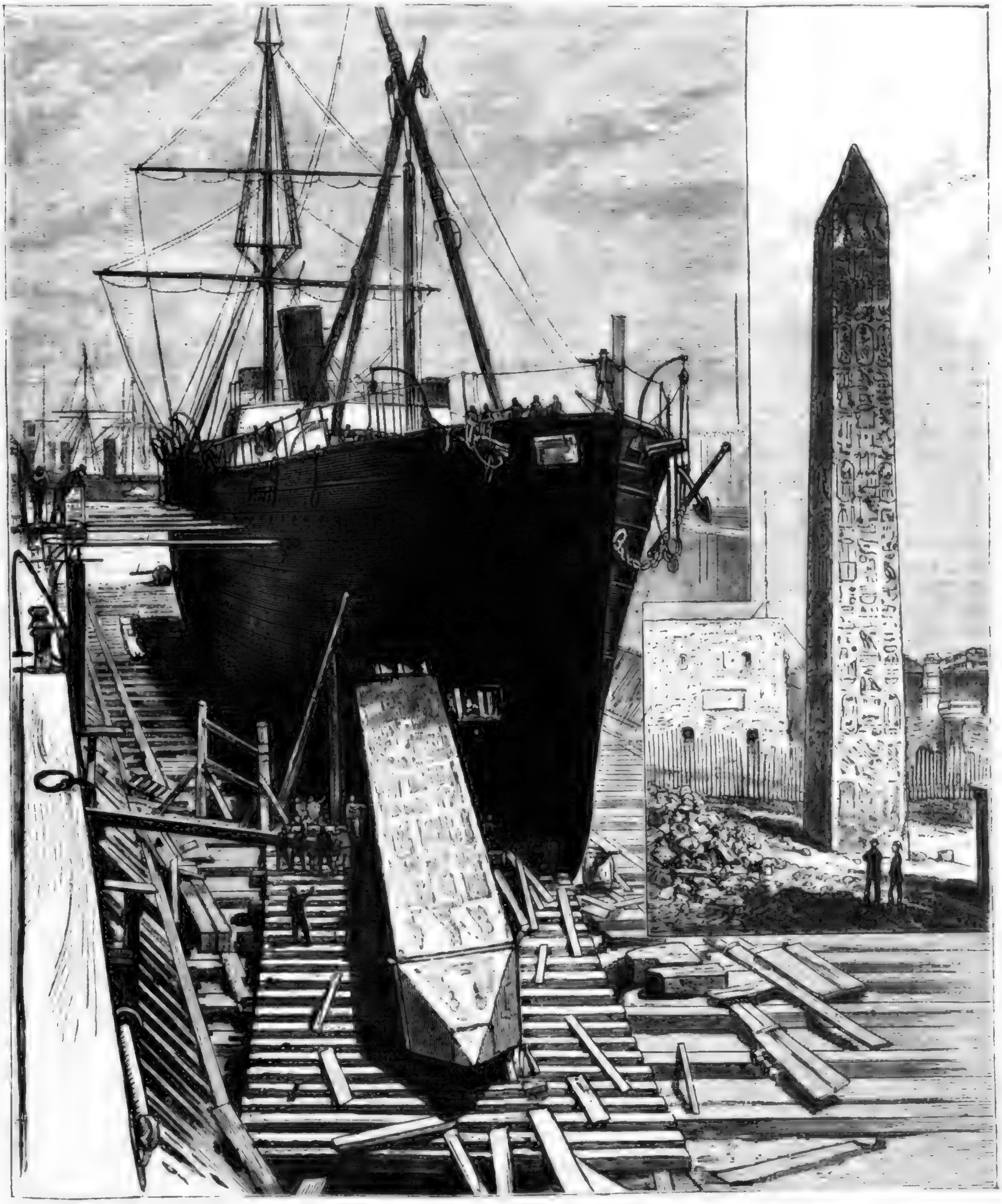
Since the date of the revival of learning, the obelisks of Alexandria had attracted the notice of students and travelers. During the sixteenth century, Pierre du Balon, Thevenot, Le Brun, Radzivil, Evesham, Sandys and Pietro de la Valle mention these obelisks, as the Arab Edrizi had done in the middle of the twelfth century. At the commencement of the eighteenth century Paul Lucas saw these obelisks; Le Maire, Dominique Jauna, the Baron de Tott, Van Egmont, Hevman, Pococke and Savary had visited them; but the traveler who best described them was Norden, who gave a minute description. They existed then amid the ruins of an edifice made of marble, granite and verd antique, supposed to be either the palace of Alexander, an edifice erected by the Ptolemies, or the palace of Cæsar. The obelisks popularly attributed to Cleopatra, and called her needles, were, however, not erected by Cleopatra, but in the reign of Augustus, in his seventh year, B.C. 24–23, reckoning the first Egyptian year, B.C. 30, in which Cleopatra died. This appears from the inscription found by Mr. Dixon on the bronze cap or scorpion placed under the erect obelisk, four of which supported it upon its base. They had been already seen, but not perfectly recognized, by the Baron de Tott. The four sides of the obelisk nearly faced to the points of the compass, and, from the construction of the pavement, the lines discovered by Mr. Dixon show that they have been used as gnomons.

A concave dial, also, with Greek ciphers, not earlier than Augustus, was found at the base of one of the Alexandria obelisks, and presented, in 1852, by Mr. J. Scott Tucker, to the British Museum. There is some discrepancy between the inscriptions on the north and west sides as given by Norden and others. It seems that these two sides, which are turned toward the Mediterranean, have suffered considerably by sea air. The inscriptions on the most perfect sides have been repeatedly published by Kircher in the "Description de l'Egypte," and Champollion in his "Monuments." The most complete copy, however, is that supplied in Burton's "Experts," pl. lif., which gives the four sides, and has been collated with the others.

The pyramidion on the first side has the following representation: On the right side is Thothmes III., represented as a sphinx, seated on a pylon or pedestal, the same as forms the so-called standard, facing to the right. In both hands he holds a jar of wine, and the inscription on


THE CEDAR-BIRD.—SEE PAGE 410.

the pedestal calls him "the powerful bull crowned in the City of Western Thebes, the son of the Sun, Tahutimes" (Thothmes), and in the area is "makes a gift of wine." Before him is the god Ra, Helios, or the Sun, hawk-headed, wearing a disk, seated on a throne, holding a dog-headed sceptre in his right hand and an emblem of life in his left. Ra faces to the left hand. Above their heads is "Haremakhu (Harmachis, a form of Horus, or the sun on the horizon), the great god, lord of the heaven," which is followed by, "He (Harmachis) gives all life to the good god, the lord of the two countries, Mekpheperra (Thothmes III)."



THE "DESSOUG" DISCHARGING HER CARGO.

THE OBELISK AT ALEXANDRIA.

Each side of this obelisk is decorated with three perpendicular lines of hieroglyphs, the central one on each side being that of Thothmes III., who first set up the obelisk at Heliopolis. The side lines, those to the right and left, were added by Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty, the supposed Sesostris, but how or when does not appear—probably they were placed upon it before it was erected; and the monument may have been left unfinished at the death of Thothmes III., and completed long after by his successor, or the lateral lines may have been placed on the monument long after its erection, and when upright, by placing a scaffolding round it on which the masons stood

XUM

and worked. "The Horus, the powerful bull, crowned in Western Thebes, the lord of the diadems, whose kingdom is as extensive as the Sun's in heaven. Tum, the lord of Heliopolis, the sun of his race, he has caused him to be born. Tahutimes (Thothmes III). They (the gods) made him a great abode in their own beauty, knowing what should be, that he should make his dominion extend as the Sun for ages, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Men-kheper-ra (Thothmes III.), beloved of Tum, the great god, and his circle of the gods, giver of all life, stability and power like the Sun for ever."

"The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Kheper (a form of Ra), the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, the golden hawk, rich in years, greatest of the powerful, son of the Sun, Remessu (II.), beloved of Amen, he has proceeded from the body (of the Sun) to take the diadems, to be the sole lord, the lord of the two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, glory of Tum, like the Sun."

"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of Ra, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermar, approved of the Sun, Sun produced by the gods holding the world, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved . . . never was done the like . . . Heliopolis, he has set up his memorial before Azum, lord of the two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, son (of the Sun, Ramessu II., beloved of Amen), giver of life."

The history of how the obelisk came to our shores shall be briefly narrated: The steamer *Dessoug* sailed from Alexandria June 12th, and left Gibraltar on the 25th. Early in the month of October, 1877, the first practical steps were taken toward bringing to America the great historic obelisk of Alexandria, known as "Cleopatra's Needle." Mr. John Dixon, of London, was then transporting to London the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria, which now stands on the new Thames Embankment in that city. Through his friend, Mr. Louis Sterne—an American engineer long resident in England, and then on a visit to this country—Mr. Dixon, about the end of September, 1877, informed the editor of the *World* that the then Khédive of Egypt, Ismaïl Pasha, had intimated to Mr. Dixon his wish to present the United States the standing obelisk of Alexandria, and Mr. Dixon expressed a desire to ascertain whether the authorities of New York would defray the expense of conveying it to America. That expense Mr. Dixon roughly estimated at about £20,000 sterling, or $100,000.

The suggestion was at once taken up by the editor of the *World*, and by him communicated to Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, then a member of the Park Commission, who promised his co-operation in the work of giving effect to it. On the 7th of October, 1877, the *World* announced the fact that upon proper application the obelisk could doubtless be secured for New York, and on the morning of October 8th, Mr. Charles Storrs offered, through the *Tribune*, to be one of fifty persons who should contribute $2,000 each to secure the monument.

But the project was too important to be left at the mercy of a protracted financial negotiation, through the press, with the public in general; and the editor of the *World*, therefore, after communicating by cable with Mr. Dixon, called upon Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who promptly agreed to defray the estimated expense of taking the obelisk down and bringing it to the New World. After some further negotiations, the sum of £15,000, or $75,000, was finally fixed upon as adequate, and an agreement was entered into by the gentlemen referred to with Mr. Dixon on that basis. The project was then laid before the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who at once directed Mr. Farman, Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, to take the necessary steps for securing the obelisk from the Khédive.

Meanwhile, the sister obelisk, during its voyage to England, had met with serious misadventures. The float containing it had been cut adrift by the convoying steamer during a gale in the Bay of Biscay, recovered by another vessel, and taken into a Spanish port. Mr. Dixon in this way was put to serious, and by him unexpected, expenses, as a claim for salvage upon the obelisk was made by the vessel which had recovered it, and a lawsuit had to be conducted before the subject was finally disposed of.

In view of these mishaps, Mr. Dixon became a little disturbed as to the possibilities involved in his still more serious undertaking in connection with the obelisk intended for America. He finally asked for a reconsideration of the agreement entered into, and proposed to the editor of the *World* that a new undertaking should be made, for a sum sufficient to cover what he regarded, no doubt justly, as the additional risks developed by his experience with the London obelisk.

After mature consideration the proposition was declined, and the editor of the *World* was empowered by the liberal citizen who had assumed the cost of the operation to make any arrangement he might see fit with any American engineer who could be found to undertake it.

Several propositions were made and considered for doing this; but, while the subject was still under deliberation, Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringe, in command of the United States steamer *Gettysburg*, returned to this country from a long surveying service in the waters of the Levant, having made a special personal study of the position of the obelisk. Immediately upon his return, he sought an interview with the Secretary of State, who, becoming satisfied that he had mastered the question of the removal in all its details, referred him, with the strongest recommendations, to the editor of the *World*.

After a careful examination of the plans and drawings submitted by him, the work of removing the obelisk was formally committed to Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, and an agreement made with him on the same basis with that originally accepted by Mr. Dixon. He set about his enterprise at once, and on the 24th of August, 1879, sailed in the *Britannic* for Liverpool and Alexandria, having previously superintended the construction, at Trenton, N. J., of some new and extremely ingenious machinery, devised by himself, to be used in taking down and shipping the monolith. At the request of the Secretary of State, the Naval Department granted a special leave of absence to Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe and to Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder, who accompanied him, to navigate the vessel in which the obelisk should be shipped.

Thanks to the unfortunate condition of our own steam marine, it was found by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe to be impossible to obtain an American vessel for the service, excepting at ruinous rates, and the obelisk comes to us, therefore, on a steamer of English build, the *Dessoug*, which was purchased by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe in Egypt, and altered and modified there to suit his views. In this vessel he sailed from Alexandria at 2 P.M., on Saturday, June 12th.

The gigantic framework to be used to raise the obelisk from its vertical position, throw it into a horizontal position, and carry it down to the vessel which was to bring it to its new site, was shipped for Liverpool on board the Guion steamer *Nevada*, October 7th, 1879. The total weight of the construction is 128,000 pounds. When the *Nevada* reached Liverpool, the construction material was transhipped to Alexandria.

The machinery was constructed by the general contractors in Trenton. Mr. Charles Roebling drew all the designs and arranged all the details of the construction.

The first thing to be done on reaching the site, was to incase the monolith in a case made of two-inch oak planking, which was bound at intervals of three feet with strong iron bands. This done, the obelisk was guyed at the top from four points, like the mast of a vessel, so that there should be no possibility of its falling over. The centre of gravity had been calculated to be at a point twenty-six feet above the base ; here were placed trunnions on either side, which were bolted across the sides by eight one-and-three-quarters-inch iron and four two-inch steel bolts. The weight of each trunnion and plate is 1,250 pounds, making them together one and one-quarter tons. The metal used in the casting is of the best quality, a sample taken from the same heat having broken at a tensile strength of 2,900 pounds to the square inch. It is seldom that such excellent metal has been obtained. The next operation was to quarry out four six-inch channel-ways through the base of the obelisk and to insert "I" beams, which were to assist in raising it from the foundation.

The foundations for the tower were next constructed. They consisted of two platforms, one on each side, of three-inch oak planking, each six feet wide and twenty-four feet long. On top of these were set four oak sticks, twelve by eighteen, firmly bolted together. The iron work of the towers was built on top of the preliminary foundation. This consisted of one wrought-iron tower placed on either side of the monolith. Each tower was made of six twelve-inch heavy wrought-iron "I" beams, spreading out at the base to a distance of twenty-one feet, and converging at the top to within five feet. The beams at their base rested on four heavy "I" beams, and were securely riveted to the platform by means of plates and knees. Placed on top of these posts were caps, each five feet long and thirty inches wide, which were also secured by means of plates and knees. The posts were braced from top to bottom by angle and channel irons, making the towers perfectly rigid. Placed on the top of the caps and securely bolted to the tower proper, were cast-iron journals, which weigh 3,700 pounds each, forming the grooves for the trunnions to work in. A six-inch rib is cast on the bottom of each of the trunnions, and in these ribs there are four two-inch holes. Through each of these holes one-and-three-quarter-inch iron rods were inserted, connecting with similar rods from the six-inch "I" beams running through the base by means of right and left thread turn-buckles, which were used to raise the obelisk from its foundation and throw the weight on the trunnions. The foundation was then removed, and the obelisk was left hanging free. On account of the stone having an unknown factor of safety when supported at its centre of gravity or at either end, it was deemed advisable to strengthen the stone by means of one-and-three-quarter-inch wire-rope stays, which were run over a frame nine feet high, resting on the trunnion which was intended to be uppermost when the stone was in a horizontal position, to either end of the obelisk. The stays relieved each end by some twenty-five tons, thus preventing any possibility of the stone cracking at its centre of gravity. Having taken every precaution, and the obelisk having been brought into a free position, it was easily turned.

When the obelisk was placed in a horizontal position, Captain Gorringe next proceeded to build two piles of beams placed crosswise. As soon as they reached the requisite height, jacks were used to lift the obelisk out of its trunnion bearings and block it up. All the construction was then taken away, and foot by foot the obelisk was lowered to the ground by reducing the piles, first from one side and then from the other. Once on the ground, the obelisk was incased in an iron cradle, which consists of a parabolic truss on each side, connected by means of heavy channel floor-beams and braces. To the floor-beams two heavy channel bars were riveted, and corresponding channels were laid on the ground to form the train for the obelisk to move on, which was accomplished by inserting eight-inch cannon-balls into the grooves formed by the channel bars. The track was laid sixty feet ahead of the cradles, so that, as the stone was pushed along, the track behind was taken up and placed in the front. The castings of the iron work were made by the Phœnix Iron-works Company, of Trenton, and the carpentering work was done abroad.

The description of the obelisk, as used by Mr. Roebling to make his calculation, is as follows: Sixty-seven feet two inches high, eight feet two and a half inches by six feet nine and three-quarter inches wide at base, five feet two inches by five feet wide at the top. Substance, granite; centre of gravity distant from base, twenty-six feet; surrounding (character of) soil—sand. The same structure, with very little difference in the manipulation, will be used to erect the obelisk in New York.

The obelisk was slowly and successfully lowered nearly to the level of the sea, by removing one at a time the planks that supported it. The gigantic iron framework used in raising the obelisk and carrying it down to the vessel was constructed by Roebling Sons, of Trenton, N. J. The total weight of the machinery was 128,000 pounds.

The obelisk was twenty feet from the shore. Digging in the sand to the level of the water, the workmen constructed a pontoon, and lowered the obelisk upon a cribwork built upon the boat. Meanwhile the *Dessoug* had been placed in a dry-dock. The pontoon was launched on ways, and floated to the dry-dock opposite the bow of the steamship. Then a hole was cut in the starboard bow of the *Dessoug*, thirty feet in length and twelve in height, and somewhat below the water-line. The cribwork on which the obelisk rested was just high enough to bring the obelisk level with the line on which it was intended to be moved into the ship. A track was then constructed of channel iron bars. The obelisk rested on the flat side of two lines of channel iron, and two corresponding lines were laid from the pontoon to the ship. Between these bars, in the grooves, iron cannon-balls were placed, and when all things were ready it was an easy matter to roll the great shaft into the hull of the steamer, swing it into its place, and shore it securely in position.

The voyage of the *Dessoug* was interrupted only by one accident—a broken shaft. This, fortunately, was easily replaced.

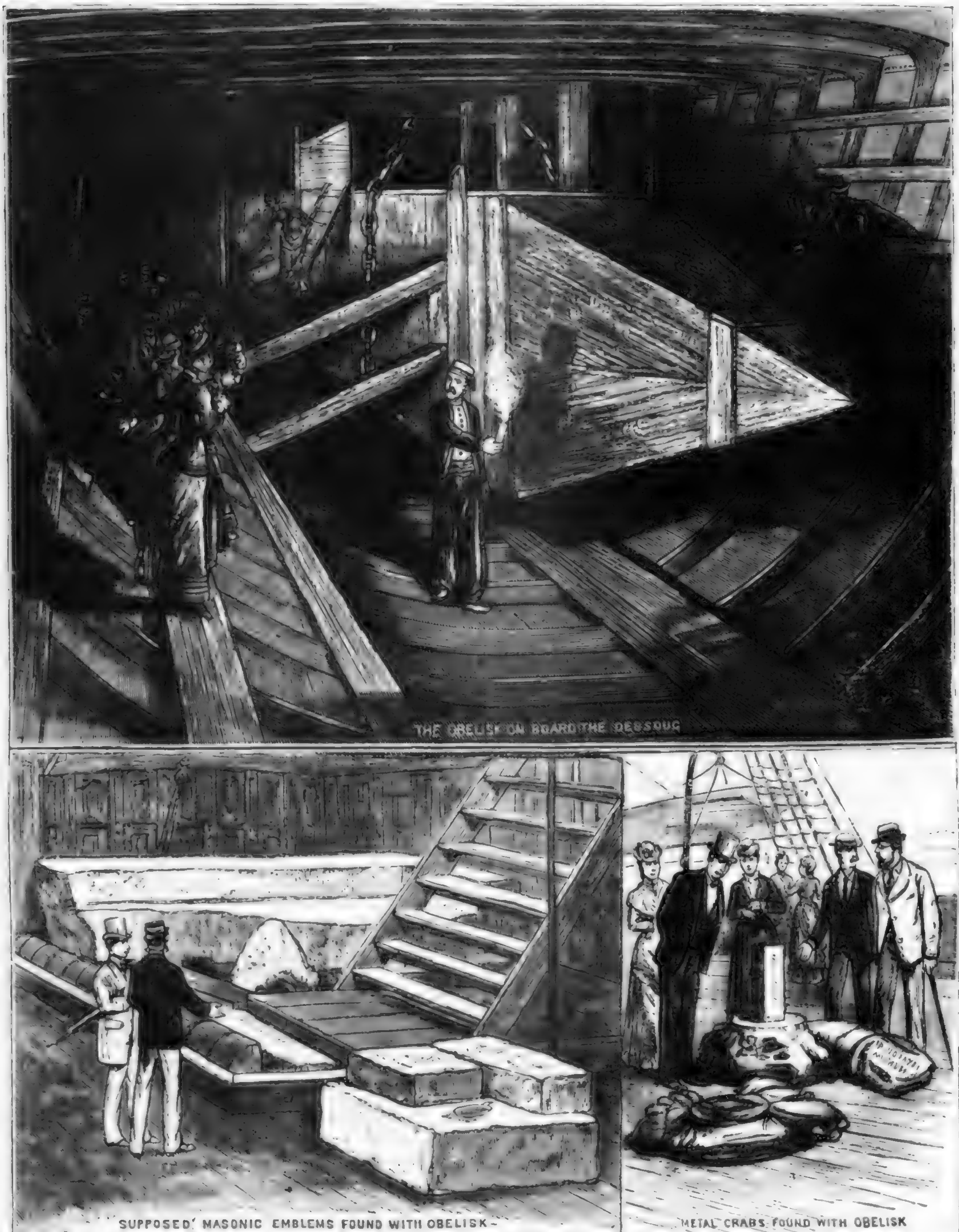
While at Gibraltar, the vessel was visited by persons of all classes. Commander Gorringe says: "Lord Napier, the Governor-General of Gibraltar, and his staff, and nearly all the ladies of the garrison, came on board. They all went down into the hold—not a very easy task for the ladies—and examined the obelisk. Lord Ripon, who was at Gibraltar on his way home from India, also called on us. They all seemed surprised that we had been so successful, and were very hearty in their congratulations."

The obelisk will be set up in Central Park, near the new Museum. A dry-dock will be located as near the point where the obelisk is to be raised as possible—somewhere about Eightieth Street. The bow of the *Dessoug* will be opened as it was opened before, the channel irons and cannon-balls will be brought into use, and the obelisk rolled from its place upon a pontoon or dock. Then a roadway will be prepared of heavy planks placed lengthwise on sleepers, and it can be drawn gradually, by the use of a steam-winch, to its place in the Central Park. The same

XUM

machinery used in raising it at Alexandria will be brought into requisition here.

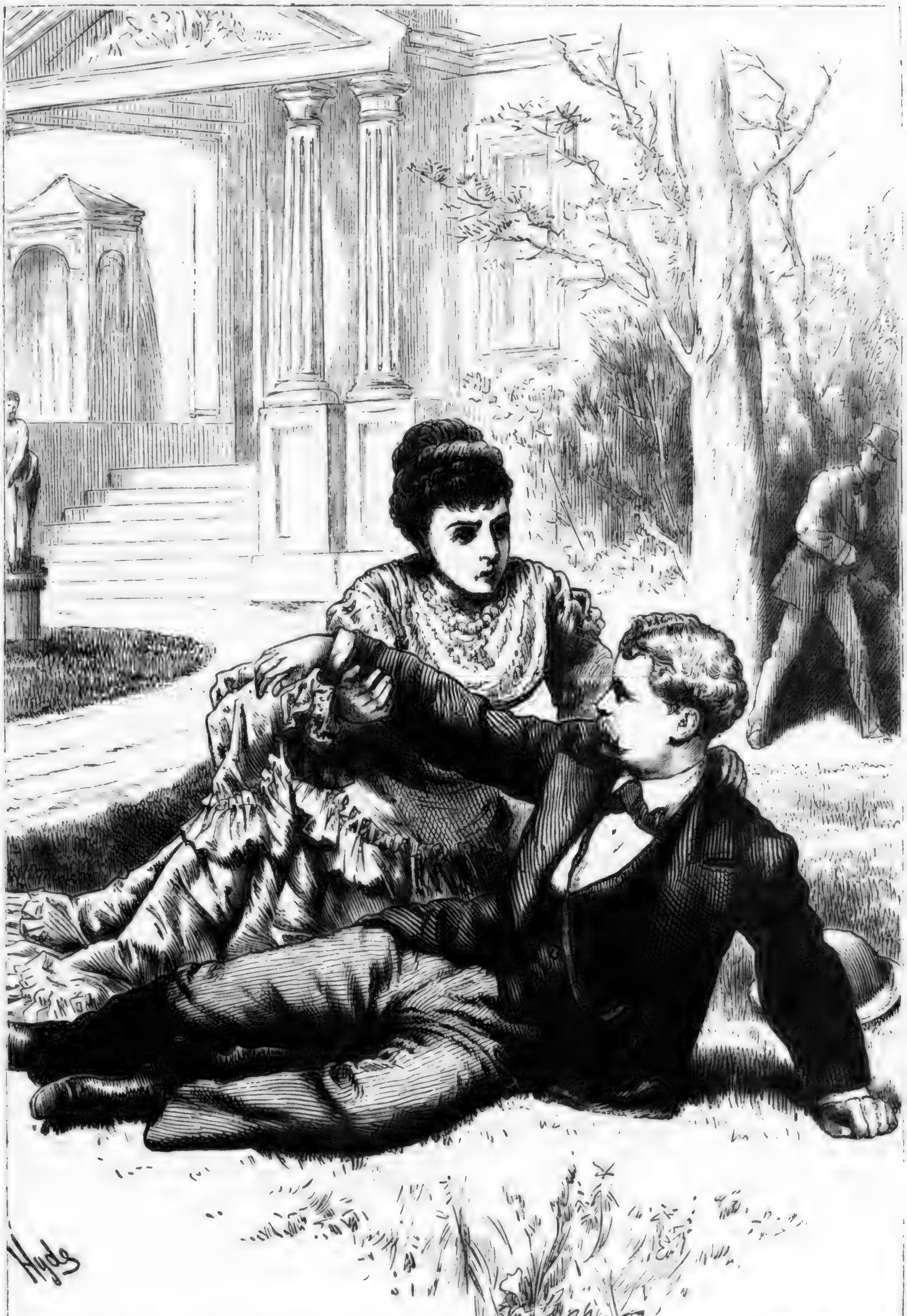
We may congratulate ourselves upon the acquisition of the obelisk. It will prove the Mecca of many a pilgrimage from our far distant colleges, and the incentive to riper scholarship. No earnest student can stand before Cleopatra's Needle without inwardly reverting to the period when Egypt was a centre of refined civilization, and when the Ptolemies and Pharaohs represented the æstheticism and culture of the world. The student will pause and think, and return to his college full of the yearning thirst begotten of the mere tasting at the fountain. The hieroglyphics, now a sealed book save to a few, will become open to the many, and Egyptology will take a first rank.


THE OBELISK ON BOARD THE DESSOUG

SUPPOSED MASONIC EMBLEMS FOUND WITH OBELISK

METAL CRABS FOUND WITH OBELISK

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—THE OBELISK ON BOARD THE "DESSOUG." SUPPOSED MASONIC EMBLEMS FOUND WITH OBELISK. METAL CRABS FOUND WITH OBELISK.



THE TUTOR'S STORY.—"SOMETHING FLASHED; A BULLET HISSED; I SCREAMED AND RAN OUT; BUT WHEN I REACHED THE SPOT, THE DUKE HAD FLED, AND DOCTOR JORGENSEN LAY BLEEDING, PALE, BUT A SMILE ON HIS LIPS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PERJURED TRYST.

Sweet the hour when lovers meet;
Sweet—since love itself is sweet—
In the starlit silence deep,
When the well-known tryst they keep.
Summer breezes o'er them sweep,
Throbs the earth beneath their tread:
Flowers, that since sundown have lain
Languid, petal-closed and dead,
Blossom into life again;
Scarce the ghost of any sound
Stirs the aromatic air;
Heaven above and love around –
Love abounding everywhere;
But that love must true love be,
Nature's benison to see.

A festal blaze in yon windows glows,
The clash of music awakes the night,
And the glare of a myriad torches throws
On the lake outside a glimmer of light.
Faster and faster the hours speed by;
Swifter and swifter the dance whirls on:
She thinks, "Oh, when shall I see him nigh?
Oh, when will he come, my own, my own!"
Little she heeds the festival,
Held in her father's lofty hall;
As one who dreams she takes her part
In revelry, from which her heart
A thousand anxious thoughts remove,
Fix'd upon him, her love, her love.
Clear to her mental eye his face,
Yet vacant still that long-kept place.

Unseen she steals from the hall away,
Down the terraced walk she bends her feet,
To where she met him but yesterday—
To where they long have been wont to meet.
Her tale of love to the night she pours,
To the night she breathes her prayer:
"Why tarries my darling these weary hours?"
But hark! what murmur that stirs the air?
A rustle of robes, a footfall near;
A sound, a voice; "What is it I hear?
Great heaven! 'tis he! Can I see aright?"
She shrinks back into the gloom of night,
Like a wounded life, and stifles the cry
Of her fond heart's deep agony,
Listing the while the passionate oath
Foresworn of her lover's perjured troth.

That false fair woman, the thief of her love
Low-brow'd with the locks of gold,
She sees close prest in his fond caress,
His treacherous arms enfold.
Though her eyes with grief are dim,
Still she sees, hears, only him.
But within that bosom fair
Reign stern anguish and despair.
"Still, my heart!" she whispers; "still
For a moment!" Soon she will
To the hall wend back her way,
Nor will those who see her say
That her woman's heart is broken
By the sight of treachery's token.
But her love: soon may prove
Woman's hate and woman's love
Briefest intervals remove.

THE TUTOR'S STORY.

It was Nathalie who found him, and she was as proud of it as if she had discovered a new planet swimming about in the blue ether.

Mamma had advertised, once in Paris, again at Geneva, and still again at Heidelberg. They came in crowds, poor souls, plethoric with accomplishments, impecunious, in worn garments, and with an air of gentlemanhood which smote us to our hearts; for when did gentility and poverty sort well together?

It was a mercy mamma was not alone—she would assuredly have engaged them all, it so hurt her gentle heart to say "No," and even the Van Arman fortune could not have supported a regiment of tutors.

"What shall I do?" cried the little mother, the color flitting in and out her fair cheeks.

"Tell them, one and all, you will write," cried Nathalie. "Pen and ink mediate so feelingly between one's feelings and hard necessity. And let me select him. I fancy I shall know him when I see him."

So mamma waited serenely, and Nathalie's blue eyes dwelt steadily upon the applicants, and each poor fellow bowed himself out, with a little bud of hope warm at his heart, which, alas! was destined to perish unopened. For Nathalie was hard to suit.

Meantime the boys ran wild.

"Really, Nathalie, you are unreasonable!" I said, in vexed remonstrance.

"Our boys have peculiar characters," replied Nathalie.

"Nonsense! They're just a pair of hoydenish youngsters, who need a little wholesome curbing and hard work. Captain Warwick says——"

"When Captain Warwick has boys of his own," interrupted Nathalie, serenely, "it will be quite proper for him to consult you as to managing them. In the meantime, *I* am not engaged, and when the boys trouble you, send them to me."

And all unconsciously she turned her handsome head to look at her drawing in a good light, and the *pose* was so superb that I forgot my vexation.

"I wonder when you will be engaged?" I cried, impulsively.

Nathalie smiled. Then a sweet, dreamy look grew in her eyes, and in five minutes I was completely forgotten.

"What hero will she choose?" I said to myself, softly going away. "The man doesn't live who is good enough for her."

The days went on and on, as the days do go when one is happy in foreign travel. To be young, and to have a lover, are conditions fit for as much bliss as our weak mortal hearts can bear; but to go about sight-seeing with one's lover, to explore all manner of picturesque places in company, to see with the eyes and feel with the hearts of both—ah! you stay-at-home maidens, there is nothing so divine under heaven as this!

At last, one morning came when we must again strike our tents. The boys were uproarious with joy.

"It's so slow at Heidelberg!" quoth Tom.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed mamma, her delicate ear offended; and then she sighed. I knew she was sighing for the tutor.

"Captain Warwick says——" I began.

Our *garçon* interrupted:

"If madame pleases, there is a gentleman in waiting."

Just then Nathalie came running in. Her cheeks were as rose-colored as her ribbons, her blue eyes more luminous.

"He is come!" she cried, in an excited whisper. "I have been looking at him from the conservatory. Oh, mamma, engage him at once!"

"Indeed I will!" said mamma, with a look of relief, and she passed with alacrity into the reception-room.

"Who is he? How did he look? Describe him!"

"Describe Apollo!" echoed Nathalie, indignantly. "Wait till you see him."

We had not to wait long. In about twenty minutes mamma sent for us all to the parlor. I remember a man of noble figure, fair, hazel-eyed, a face framed in a cloud of blonde hair and beard, which matched each other, tint for tint.

Of course he was a gentleman, and he knew—heavens! what was there he did not know? Not that he paraded or asserted himself—he was charmingly modest; but it came out in answer to mamma's questions. He knew Latin and Greek, and spoke all the European languages—I dare say Congo and Sanscrit, also. He was an enthusiastic student of the natural sciences, and rode, fenced, swam, shot—in short, was such a model of manly accomplishments, that mamma's eyes shone with pleasure at securing him.

When he took leave, it was under an engagement to accompany us the next day to Vienna.

"A Dane!" said Louis, when he was gone.

"Name of Jorgensen," said Tom—"Dr. Jorgensen."

"He's a pearl among tutors," said Nathalie, sweetly.

I meditated.

"I don't doubt he is wonderfully accomplished," I said, at last; "but I don't call him an Apollo. Captain Warwick——"

Nathalie turned, and walked out of the room as stately as a queen.

"I only hope he will prove to be all he appears," said mamma, fervently.

Let me hasten to say that he did. In a month, mamma would have mortgaged her fortune to keep him. The boys adored him. Captain Warwick declared him a good fellow, and I loved him like a brother. Indeed, my noble captain was pleased to be jealous. Very absurd, too.

"He is as insensible to women as if we were all marble statues," I declared, vehemently.

"I knew a fellow once who fell in love with a marble statue," said Captain Warwick, with a melancholy air.

I ignored this totally irrelevant suggestion.

"He is even indifferent to Nathalie's wonderful attractions; and of course if he can't fall in love with her, he can't with anybody."

"I don't quite see that," said my captain. "I'm not spoony on Nathalie myself. She's cold."

"But so sweet! Don't you think so, Basil?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"So is ice-cream."

"And that's precisely Dr. Jorgensen's style. I wonder if he *is* a bachelor? But mamma says as long as he treats all ladies with that superb indifference, we have no right to speculate, much less inquire."

But, privately, mamma said to me:

"I *should* like to know a little more about our charming doctor. For you know I look on Nathalie as engaged, and if I knew there were even a microscopic chance of his falling in love with Nathalie, I might give him a hint."

"Oh, mamma!" I cried, alarmed, "pray do nothing of the kind. He is ice and iron where women are concerned. I am sure of it."

I was sure of it. Dr. Jorgensen did not act in the least like Captain Warwick. If I asked him to mend my pencil, he did it like a machine. Once, as we admired a sunset, Nathalie's light muslin swept across his knees. He frowned, and brushed it away impatiently. The air and action were unmistakable. If he had felt the slightest tenderness for her, I reasoned, he could not so have treated the smallest of her dainty belongings.

It angered me. Did not Nathalie yearly send away lovers by the score? What right had this man to go about with a petrified heart? I longed to punish him. It came about *à propos* of a novel we were discussing.

"Allow me to know," I said, saucily. "Your knowledge of love must be purely speculative, Dr. Jorgensen?"

"Purely speculative!" he repeated, dryly.

What a singular pallor had crept over his face! I was seized with a devouring curiosity.

"Is it, or is it not?" I cried. "You are a most tantalizing riddle, Mr. Tutor."

A ghost of a smile dawned on his face.

"You would know more of the poor teacher? Very well. You shall, and that soon. It will be best," he murmured, with such a pitiful look that I stole away, remorseful and awed.

I dared not tell what I had done. Mamma would have thought the Van Arman name for ever disgraced by the display of such a vulgar curiosity, and Nathalie—I should not have liked to encounter the blaze of scorn in those limpid azure eyes.

So I waited in fear and trembling, and with a half-defined apprehension that something astounding was about to happen.

At last, one evening mamma had entertained a few friends, and when the carriages had rolled away, we sat together in the balcony, and talked over our departed guests.

Some of the most accomplished foreigners resident in Vienna had graced our *salon*; lovely and charming women had ornamented the scene. Among them had been the Countess Amalia. Now, all the world of Vienna knows the Countess Amalia. Nice people in our dear old Puritan city would lift their patrician eyes in amazement if they knew that Mrs. Van Arman had invited her. But in Vienna what would you? The count was immensely rich, the countess was unspeakably charming. Besides, her friends all say that there were extenuating circumstances. Her first husband is described as a man of iron, hard, inflexible, unlovesome.

"And did that justify the Countess Amalia in dishonoring his name, and abandoning his home and children?"

The tone was low and intense. Turning toward Dr. Jorgensen, we were startled at the pallor of his face.

"Why, no, my dear doctor. Who can justify a woman in such a course?"

But mamma faltered. She could not defend her beautiful acquaintance, and yet her heart was so soft.

"Madame—dear madame!" said the tutor, his voice fairly quivering with excitement, "you know not what a proud, adoring husband suffers in such a case."

"But," said mamma, desperately, "the Countess Amalia's husband was not an adoring one. Duke Drensen himself told me——"

A groan that curdled our blood checked this speech.

"My God! that fiend—that monster here? Oh, God! and yet thy heavens smile!"

We were all terribly startled—mamma was white as death. We all remembered then that Dr. Jorgensen had not met the duke, being by chance out when that gentleman called. And the acquaintance was only three weeks old—old enough, however, for our Vienna friends to smile when the duke made his graceful obeisance to Mrs. Van Arman. A man just past the prime of life, stately, handsome, cordial, with great *bonhomie*, and of a charming gallantry. We liked the duke, and did not everybody fall in love with our pretty mamma?

How white she was now!

"Dr. Jorgensen, you pain me. The duke is my friend."

"Your friend! Pardon me, madame! *Your* friend!"

His face was a sight to behold. Scorn and contempt

XUM

fought there for the mastery. Great drops of sweat broke out on his forehead. He wiped them away with a shaking hand. It was too awful.

Mamma began to cry. Nathalie had stood aside, pale and trembling, but now she went softly up to the tutor, touched his arm gently, and uttered a word or two.

It wrought upon him like a spell. Passion died, and sorrow—hopeless sorrow, succeeded.

"Forgive me, dear friends—forgive me! You think me mad—violent. But you do not know how I have suffered. Hear me, and then pity me—for you will pity me. I know your hearts—so sweet, so good, so tender."

He sank down in a *fauteuil*. His aspect was that of a man worn out by pain. It was Nathalie who sang for him, pressed it upon him, received his look of adoring gratitude, and turned away to hide the tremulous blushes that made her beautiful as Aurora.

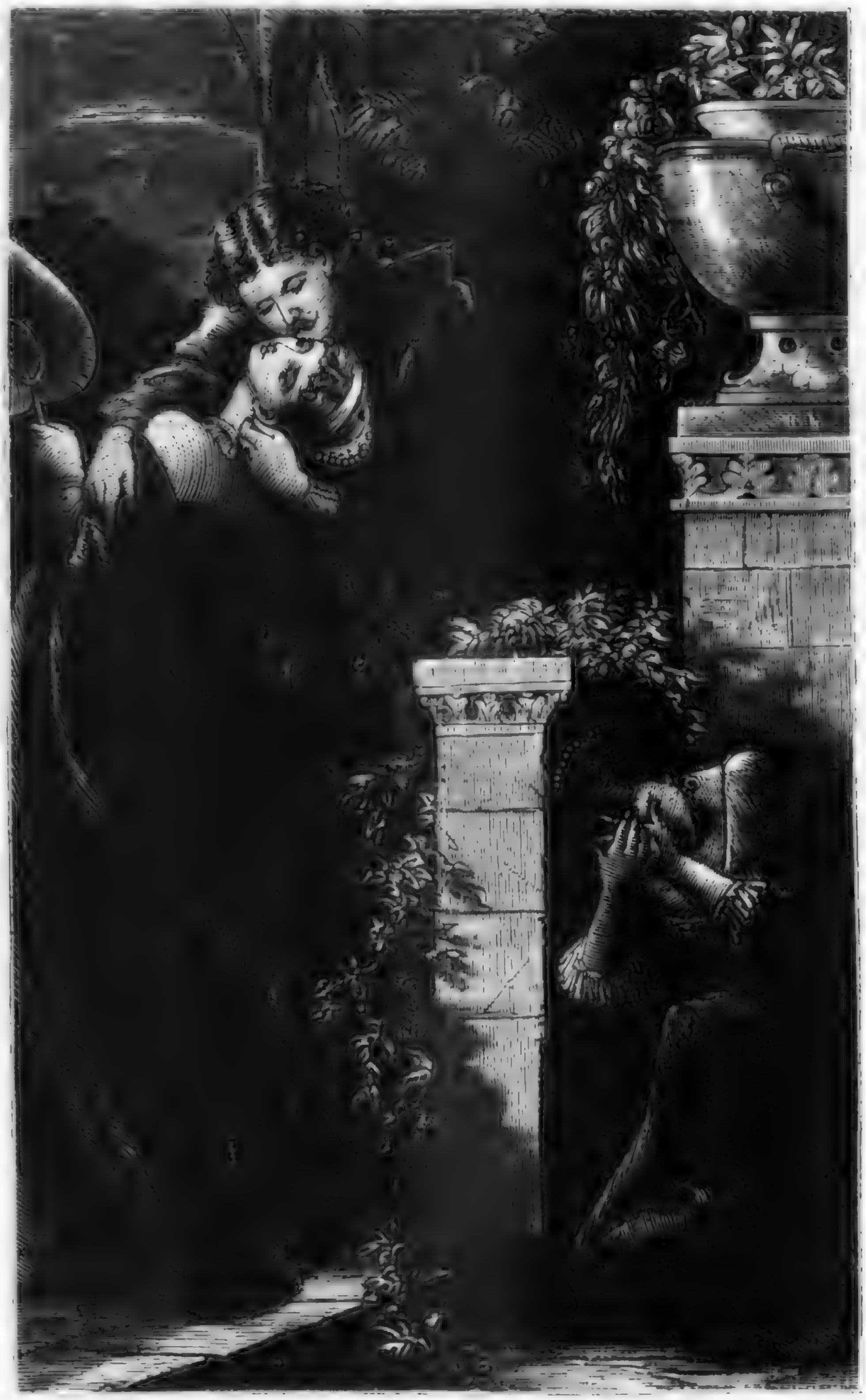
And then, in the hushed night, we heard the tutor's story.

He spoke with pale face and bent head, and in a low, sorrow-worn voice. I saw Nathalie's eyes burning with an intense azure light, and her attitude of absorbed attention had more in it than grace.

"Is it possible she cares for this man?" I thought, and then the foolish fancy fled, abashed, as she looked up and smiled, with her candid sweetness.

"Twelve years ago," said the tutor, "there lived in the village of Toro a doctor named Uhlik Jorgensen."

Just a slight quiver of the eyelids showed how Nathalie was listening to the story of the tutor's life

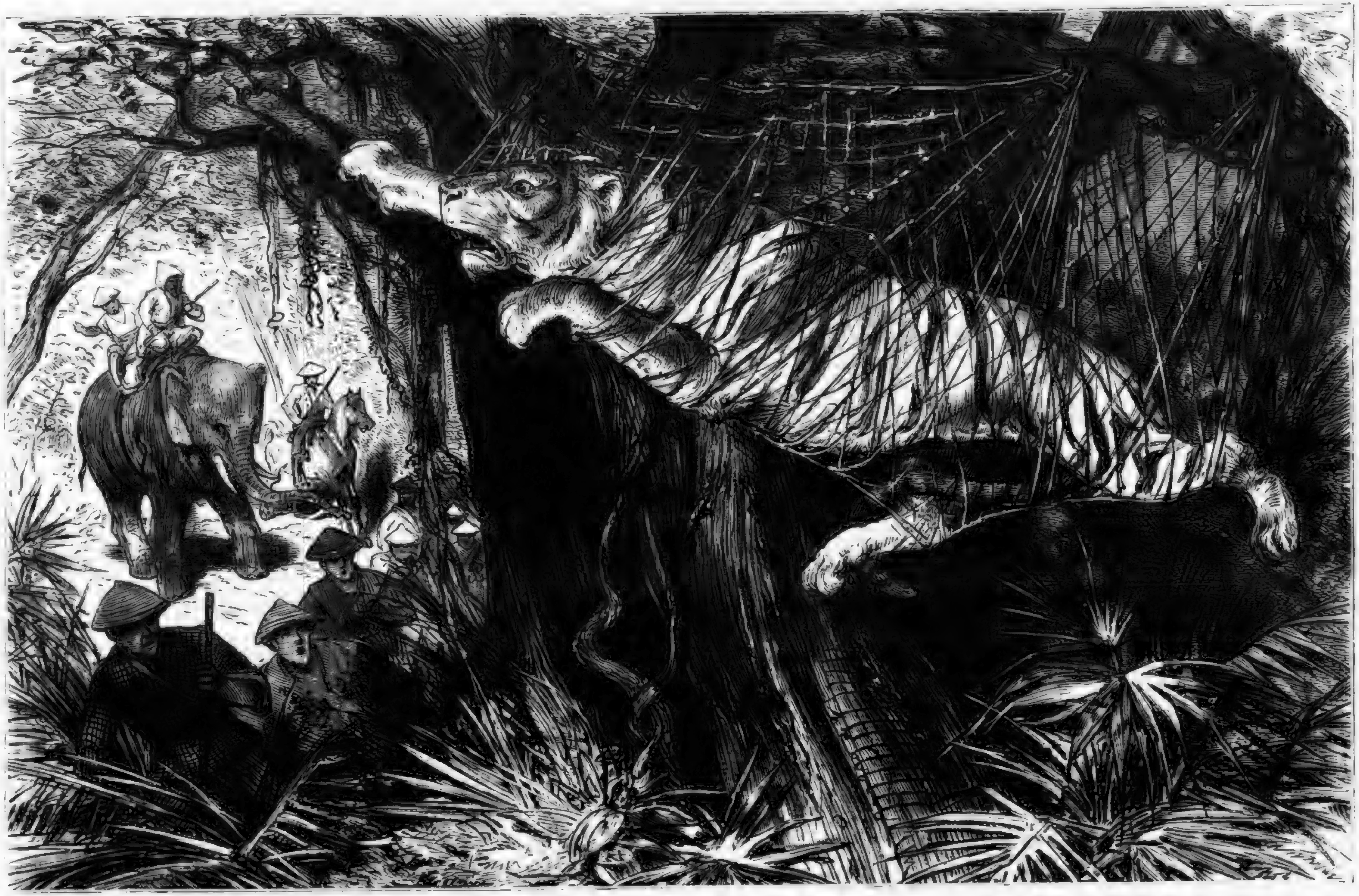


THE PERJURED TRYST.—SEE PAGE 418.

"He was the son of honest, poor parents, who, however, were well-born, and who, with that divine parental love which God puts into the hearts of good men and women, had worked hard and fared meagrely to give their son an education that should place him above the necessity of grinding manual toil. The lad had a taste for study. He applied himself diligently, and cherished no expensive habits, so that when the time came to lay his good parents under the green hillocks, where they should rest in holy sleep, he was the owner of a neat house in Toro, and earning an income which sufficed for the modest wants of his wife—whom he adored—and himself.

"To be sure, he must work hard—rise at midnight and fight his way through blinding snows to the sick-bed, watch vigilantly all the chill, white night, and struggle home in the gray morning. But his wife met him there. The simple breakfast was sweet to him, because she had prepared it. He never could be grateful enough to her for coming to his humble home, for she was lovely and fair enough to shine and reign in palaces.

"But the good Lutheran pastor, her father, had taught her that true happiness does not consist in wealth or rank, and the simple Dr. Jorgensen believed she had learned the lesson well. Did not her soft eyes smile up at him when he came home from a long night's work? Did she not come and put her tender hands in his, and lean her slight weight upon his strong arms? Poor fool! he did not know the heart of woman.



THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM.—A TIGER HUNT.—SEE PAGE 423.

"A few years sped away. A child was born to them, and died. Times grew hard. When the doctor took his wife out in his little pony-cart, he saw her gaze longingly at the silk dresses and elegant furs of some ladies who dashed past them. He scowled, and cursed the fate that made him poor.

"They took another turn, and came again face to face with the lordly wealth. A gentleman lolling among the cushions gazed at the doctor's beautiful wife with a bold stare of admiration.

"'That is Duke Drensen and the ladies of his family,' she said, with pink, blushing cheeks.

"'A coarse-looking man,' he said.

"'Ah! but the daughter is pretty, and the poor countess—how pale she looks! I heard that he had come home to the Castle Damebrog for her health. Will they ask us to come and see them, do you think?'

"'It is altogether unlikely,' said Dr. Jorgensen.

"The face of the beautiful creature at his side clouded, and his heart grew tender. After all, poor child, she was young enough to enjoy society and the admiration she was sure to attract. Why should he wrap himself up in his pride, and hold aloof?

"'I will pay my respects to the duke, my dear Elise, if you desire it.'

"'Oh, will you! Dear Uhlik, you are so good. There will be dinners and balls at the castle, and—it is so dull at home.'

"So dull at home! He went about with an aching heart that day, but he called on the duke. The duke returned the call, curbed his admiration in the doctor's presence, was respectful and courteous, and urged them to visit the castle. Led by the longing in his wife's eyes, Dr. Jorgensen accepted.

"The first visit led on to more, till it became almost a daily habit for Dr. Jorgensen and his wife to dine at the castle. If they failed to go, the duke's carriage came for them, and when they presented themselves, they were met by affectionate reproaches.

"What irked the doctor most was the fact that this hospitality eked out the miserable living which was all he could earn. But how could he see his beautiful wife sit down to black bread while game and a hundred delicacies waited for her on the duke's table? And Elise was so happy all that Summer, and more beautiful than ever. And as for him, he worshiped her more wildly than before. For the sickness that impended might take her from him, and this awful responsibility made her tenfold more dear.

"But the sickness came, and left her safe, and the proud mother of two lovely twin boys. Now they petted her more than ever at the castle. The duke declared that he should charge himself with the education of the twins.

"That Autumn the duke's daughter married, and went to reside at Copenhagen. In the early Winter the countess died. Now more than ever the duke claimed their society. They almost lived at the castle—going thither every morning, and returning late in the evening. Sometimes when they returned to their small cottage, Elise would look around, and sigh.

"'Do you covet the castle and its splendor?' the doctor would say, with a pang.

"'No, for I have you. But I do wish, Uhlik, you could get rich!'

"It got to haunt him day and night—how to achieve this wish of his wife's. At last, one day in Spring, a letter came to him. It offered him a professorship in a medical college in Hamburg.

"Elise's beautiful eyes glowed.

"'Now, my husband, is the golden opportunity! You must go at once to the examination.'

"So in haste he got himself ready, embraced Elise, and started. He had never been separated from her before since their marriage, and he will carry down into the darkness of the grave the picture of her as she stood, her baby boys clinging to her hands, the Spring sun shining on her hair, and on her fair, pink cheeks.

"Let me hasten to the end.

"He went to Hamburg, was examined, accepted, promised a salary that was wealth to him, and hurried back to Toro with the news. He found his house shut up. His wife was then at the castle. He hastened thither. On the way he met Waldemar, the overseer of the estate. The fellow leered at him.

"'So my lord and your lady are off pleasuring.'

"In a minute the doctor had him by the throat.

"'What do you mean?' he shouted.

"'Mean? Why, that Duke Drensen and Mrs. Jorgensen went up to Copenhagen three days since!'

"'Great God!'

"The man stared at him compassionately.

"'Don't take it to heart so, doctor. We all thought 'twould turn out so; but a light woman is best got rid of.'

"The doctor staggered back. He did not know what he did. They brought out his boys, and he took them home.

"Three days more of agony he waited. The children cried for mamma and bread. The night of the third day he saw the splendid carriage of the duke flash by. He hurried to the castle. The servants had orders not to admit him. He demanded his wife. A note was brought from the duke saying that his wife would not return to him, that she was weary of poverty and work, and would remain at the castle.

"Then his reason broke down. He fell ill of a raging fever. When, after weeks of illness, he came to himself, the duke had gone, and taken Elise with him, to Italy.

"The miserable man lived on in a torpid, half-conscious state. That Autumn a pestilence swept away his two boys. He broke up his home, and became a world-wanderer. At last he sat down by your happy fireside, sweet madame—at last he thought he could forget his woes. But the duke's name is spoken, and all the old ghosts start up and gibber at him."

A silence fell.

"The woman—the unhappy woman?" whispered mamma.

"She died in Italy, too late repentant, and praying for the husband and children she had forsaken."

His head was dropped forward. He was worn out with the recital. We all stole softly out, and left him with his grief. Nathalie spoke first.

"Mamma!" with blazing eyes, "you must never receive the duke here again!"

"Oh, but, my dear, I must," cried mamma, perplexed and distressed; "for, do you know, he proposed to me today, and he is coming to-morrow for an answer!"

A blank amazement kept us all silent.

Duke Drensen came the next morning. What he thought of his rejection—where success had seemed so hopeful—I do not know. Mamma said afterward that there was an awful scene.

I peeped through the Venetian blind, and saw him stride angrily across the garden. Then I almost cried out, for who should step from one of the arbors but Dr. Jorgensen!

The duke whitened. His hand went to his breast-pocket.

"Fool!" said the doctor, with a smile of scorn. "Keep your wretched life, but swear to me to leave Vienna, or I will brand you as a coward and a villain in all the club-houses of the city."

The duke's face crimsoned with anger. He swore a bitter oath, and then the two men grappled. I saw Dr. Jorgensen snatch the duke's cane, and then the blows fell sharp and fast for the space of three minutes, till the pliant stick dropped from his hand in shreds.

"There! coward! bully! seducer! Though you have royal blood in your veins, I have beaten you like a dog—go!"

Oh, the unutterable contempt and loathing in the tone!

Something flashed—a bullet hissed! I screamed and ran out; but when I reached the spot, the duke had fled, and Dr. Jorgensen lay bleeding, pale, but a smile on his lips.

Where did Nathalie come from? Here she was on the ground, stanching the blood with her white handkerchief, and crying through her tears:

"Not unto death, oh God! not unto death!"

He put up one arm, and drew her face down to his lips. "For the first time in many years I have desired to live, oh, my darling! Please God, I will."

They came and carried him in. He did live; and when next he came out, it was only to go to the nearest church, where Nathalie, looking almost too beautiful, gave herself to him for ever.

And so his sad life had a compensation. Such perfect wedded happiness may well sometimes round a youth of sorrow.

THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM,

AND THE FRENCH COLONY OF COCHIN CHINA.

While England has been building up her power in Hindostan, France has secured a foothold in Further India, and has been steadily increasing her influence, although little notice is taken of it, and in our current news of the day there is seldom allusion made to it.

Annam lies between 8° 45′ and 23° 22′ north latitude, and 105° to 109° east longitude. It consists of a strip of country 965 miles in length, and varying from 415 to 60 miles in width; area about 98,000 square miles, or a little more than half the size of France.

The kingdom is divided into two principal parts—the fifteen provinces of Tonquin in the northern and ten other provinces in the southern latitudes, with a population of some twelve or thirteen million, ten million of whom belong to the Tonquin provinces.

In 234 B.C., this territory was conquered by the Chinese, who held possession of it for about five hundred years, when they ceased to govern it. It was infested, rather than governed, by wild hordes until 1406. China reconquered the country in 1406, but abandoned it again in 1428. In 1471 Cochin China was completely subjected by Tonquin, but in 1553 threw off the yoke, and until 1748 was governed by both a nominal and real sovereign, the latter of whom was a military commander and a regent. The nominal sovereigns then obtained the mastery, and ruled in the midst of anarchy till 1774, when, in the reign of Caungshung, the revolution of Yinyac and his brothers overturned their power. Bishop Adran, a French missionary, the tutor of the late King's son, obtained for him the alliance of Louis XVI.; and, with the aid of a few of his countrymen, was the main cause of the restoration of his pupil Gia-long to the ancestral throne, which he mounted in 1802.

Civilization then made a great stride. Public improvements were commenced; the coasts were surveyed, and trade promoted. But Gia-long died in 1819, and an illegitimate son was invested in 1821 by the Court of Pekin with the Empire of Tonquin and Cochin China.

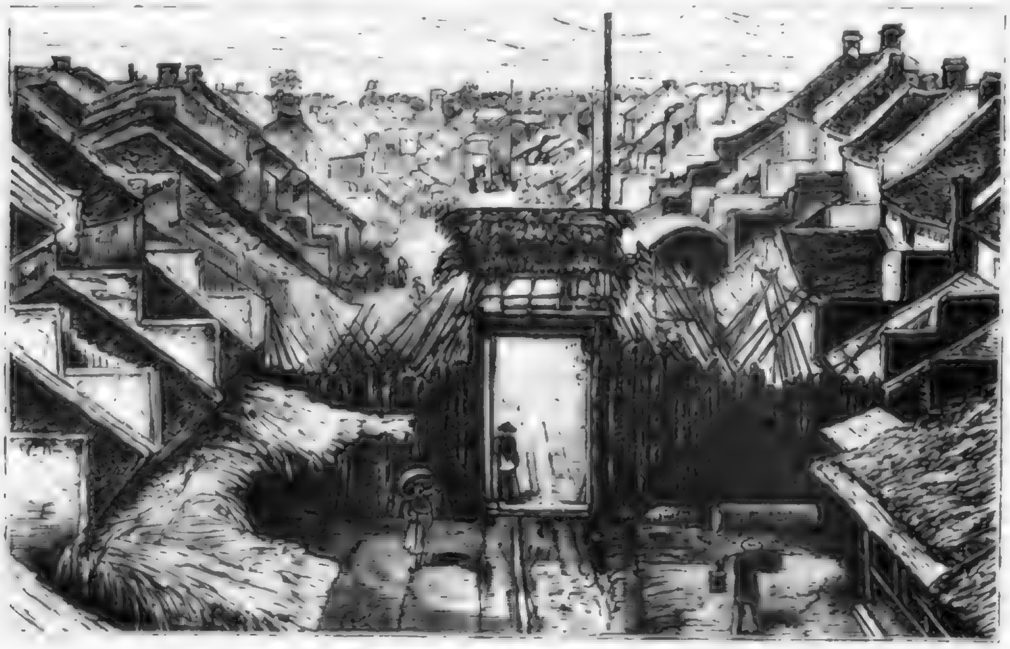
French influence was not confined to missionary work. Just before the French Revolution, the Government of Louis XVI. occupied and fortified some of the coast towns of Lower Cochin China, which were more or less successful in extending their power, until they finally, in 1860, entirely conquered Saigon, which was made the capital of a new French colony. The territory of this colony comprises the three provinces of Dongnai, Bien-hoa and Saigon—equal in size to about a tenth part of France. It includes the lower portion of Cambodia. The French were primarily moved to this occupation by the persecutions which existed against the Christians, of whom there were in Cochin China about 400,000.

The present King of Annam received his crown through the intrigues of the mandarins, who wrested it from his elder brother. His Majesty Tu Duc is a miserable nonentity. He lives among his wives and certain grand mandarins. The chief aims of his useless life are the chase, attending sacrifices, and shutting himself up at certain seasons in the palace which contains the monuments of his ancestors. Although from long custom all the common people hide themselves from the presence of royalty and the great kneel in his path with downcast eyes, Tu Duc knows nothing of the government of his country, whose etiquette has rendered him at once the most slavish and ignorant person in his dominions. Still he is master of the lives of all his subjects, and his first minister trembles before him, giving way to his every caprice. Nevertheless, he is politically but the instrument of his mandarins—a very different monarch from Gia-long. He is not at all stately in his bearing, and does not put on half the airs of his mandarins, who assume the most ridiculous attitudes while moving among the common people. These scatter on the approach of their superiors, with a pretense of great respect; but no sooner have their excellencies disappeared, than a laugh is raised at their expense. The Annamites are a nation of sycophants. They are obsequious to strangers, but make merry at their expense behind their backs.

The language and dress of these people are derived from China. The language is monosyllabic, with no inflexions. They can sound the *b*, *d* and *r*, which the Chinese cannot pronounce. Their literature is Chinese, but their only books appear to be on medicine and the works of Confucius. They are an extremely superstitious people, are Buddhists, and perpetually offer sacrifices for relief from the cholera and other scourges. At such times the poorer classes, who live principally on rice, have an opportunity to get a good meal, for the food offerings are consumed by them at the close of the mummeries.

King Tu Duc has an army at Hué of about six thousand men, and there are probably altogether no more than fifty thousand men-at-arms in the entire kingdom. There are also about eight hundred elephants. All the men are liable to serve, and the age at which they are chosen is about eighteen. They must then serve until age or infirmity compels them to quit the army. At the end of the first three years they are furloughed for a like period, and receive grants of land to till for the support of their families. They are described as strong, hardy-looking men, clothed in scarlet woolens, sometimes trimmed with blue or yellow, wearing a conical helmet of wicker-work. During the latter part of the last century the French supplied them with 10,000 stand of arms, and their discipline and mode

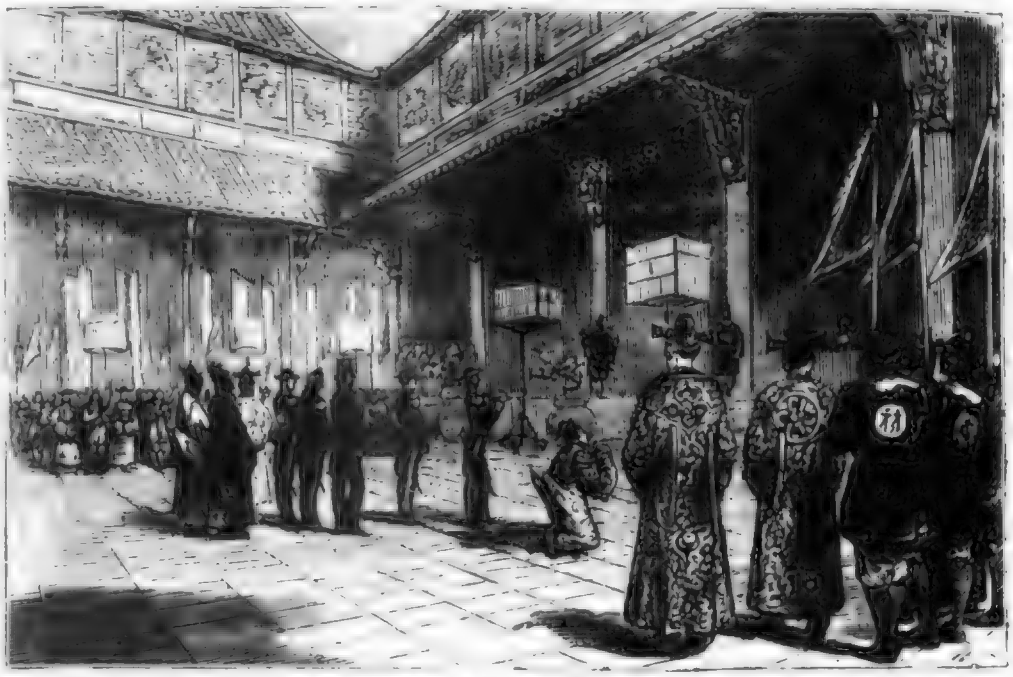
XUM



STREET AND GATE, SAIGON.

of warfare is a close copy of the European.

The navy is insignificant, but Tu Duc has lately been presented by the French Government with some fine vessels, of which the people are not a little proud. Their ideas of navigation are not thorough, and they have been glad to take lessons from the French, of whom, however, they are very jealous, and they would not be disinclined to give them a great deal of trouble if they dared. The mandarins are especially jealous and two-faced. As for the King, he is too indolent and apathetic, and too much governed by his ministers, to have much feeling in the matter.



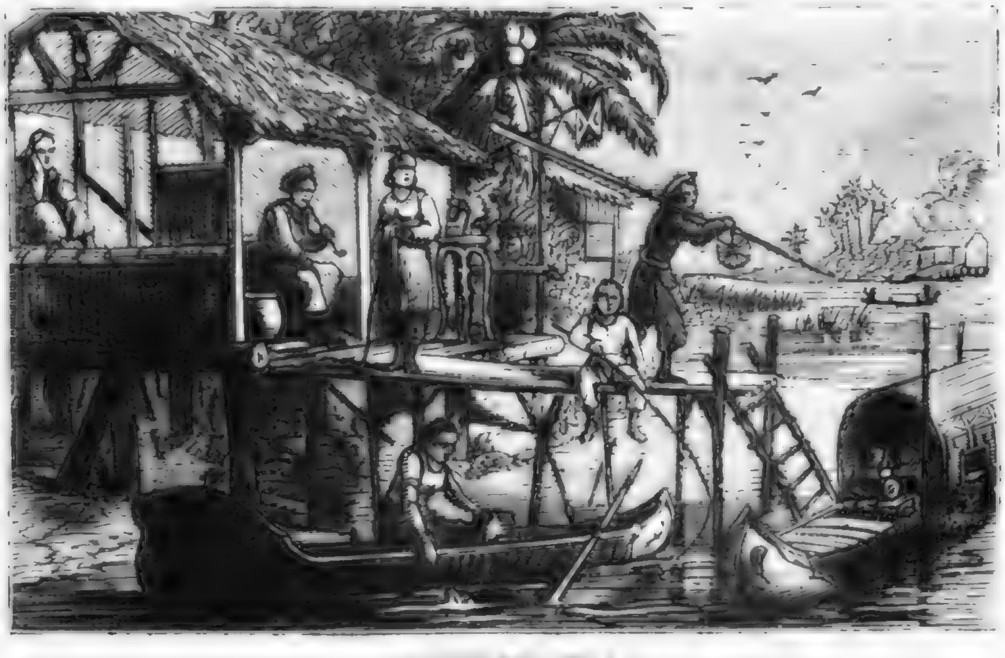
AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM.

The climate of Annam is not healthy, but although the ordinary European would probably not be equal to field labor, he might safely direct agricultural pursuits; and it is to be regretted that European enterprise should not already be more active in a field which promises remunerative results. The rivers and canals are safe, and being navigable, produce can be carried cheaply and easily. Rice is the principal article of culture in Annam, and there are six different sorts grown. Maize, cotton, yams, sweet potatoes, pulse and fruit are the other chief objects of cultivation.

The coast is sometimes visited by violent tempests, which in one way are beneficial to the people. The air is purged of its malarial properties, and the deluge of rain which accompanies the windstorm washes away impurities which the apathy of the people permits to accumulate. However, they dread these visitations, and are so alarmed that they can scarcely find courage to save themselves and their goods.

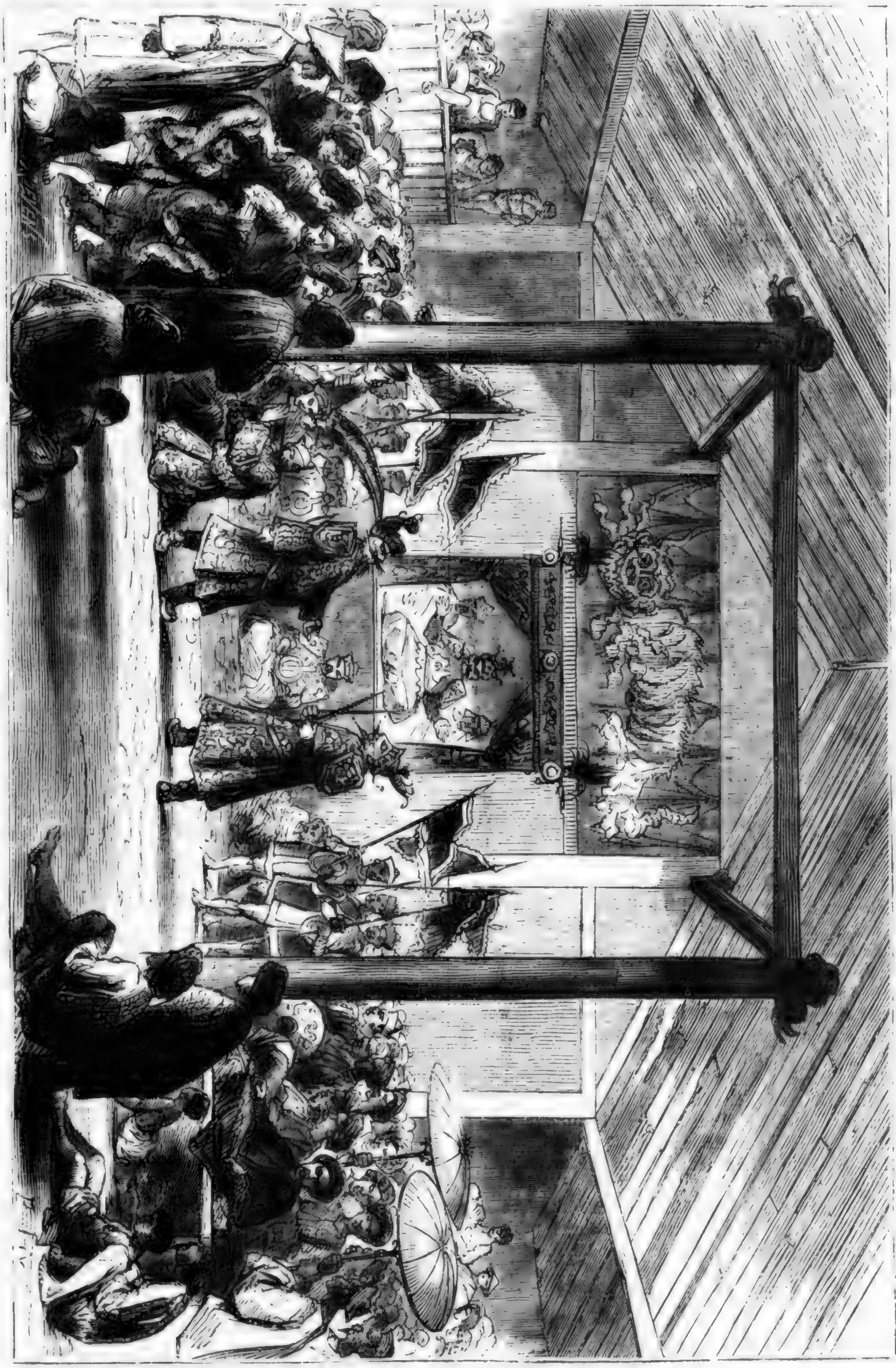
Raw silk is largely produced in Tonquin, but European skill is needed in properly tilling the ground. Women are the principal field-laborers, and are very poorly paid, wretched creatures.

The buffalo is domesticated,



A NATIVE HUT, ANNAM.

and useful in agriculture; the ox is small, and of a reddish-brown hue, but beef is not a popular food. Sheep are scarce, and of poor kind. Goats abound. The hog (Chinese breed) is a favorite animal, and of a very fine kind. At Hué (the capital) hogs are generally stall fed, and are not allowed to roam at large. Poultry is abundant, and game-cocks are trained for fighting. The horses are poor and few in number.



A THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION IN ANNAM TO OBTAIN RAIN.

The diet of the people would disgust European taste, for, although rice and fish with vegetables are their chief food, rats, mice, worms, putrid meats and entrails frequently form a pot-pourri. The King and nobility are addicted to elephant's flesh, of which none others are permitted to partake.

A European traveler amusingly describes a *tête-à-tête* dinner with a mandarin whose dishes were as doubtful as his manners, although in a most ludicrous way he attempted to copy his guest's actions. His hair (*chignon*) and forehead were enveloped in a gorgeous turban fresh from Tonquin; his feet had no covering but immense red sandals, and over his ordinary blouse he wore a blue tunic. The cuffs and collar of his shirt were filthy, and his nails vied with them in dirt and length.

The Annamites are divided into two grand classes—the mandarins and the people. The latter are registered and unregistered. The unregistered are the very poor who can pay no tithes—those who are without habitation. The registered nominate and elect the members of the municipal council. The mandarins are those who hold the higher offices, and actually govern the council. The principal mandarins are the mayor, the chief magistrate and the comptrollers. But mayor, magistrate, councilmen and the people have one thing in common—dirt. His honor the mayor scratches his body furiously with nails longer and dirtier than those which belong to the people.

Skin diseases are universal; but rarely do the Annamites resort to the remedies which are furnished by indigenous plants and herbs. Marshy plains, heating foods, bad water, insufficient clothing in Winter, wretched habitations where men and beasts herd in common, and little regard to cleanliness—together tend to produce the disease, which gives the population a most unsavory appearance. Soap is not unknown, but is never used for purposes of personal ablution. In seacoast villages they dare not bathe for fear of the sharks, and avoid the rivers, which they claim are poisonous. Their ablutions are therefore limited; and their chief occupation is in the chase of parasites, which cover their bodies and swarm in their long and handsome hair.

Although these people are by no means nice with regard to their food, the resources of the country for good living are excellent. Both river and sea-fish are very good and abundant, costing but a mere trifle. Eggs are always to be had, and vegetables of all kinds are procurable.

A stranger would note but little difference in the dress of the sexes. The costume is not unlike that of a priest, the tunic and pantaloons of the men being shorter than those of the women.

On the turban which covers the head, not unlike a *toupé*, is placed the conical headgear. The women, however, generally wear a round hat, not unlike a *gryère* cheese in form.

Their walk is peculiar. They go barefooted, and they strut without bending the knee, with chest and stomach pompously projected. From this gait results a certain balancing of the body and a movement of the hips which gives to the women a lascivious, and to the men a pretentious, air.

The Annamites are short, with a lozenze-like face of a dirty-yellow hue, angular features, jaws large, projecting cheek-bones, nose short, mouth large and red, disclosing teeth black with the stains of *betel arec* and tobacco. This *tout ensemble,* to which may be added the most utter disregard of cleanliness of dress or person, presents a pretty sorry picture.

The women carry their children on their hips. The heads of these little ones are kept shaved until they arrive at adolescence. The young men seldom show signs of a beard until they are thirty, and their faces are sad and ghastly. Their eyes are rounder and smaller than those of the Chinese. The men seldom exceed five feet three inches in stature, which is below the ordinary standard of the Malays and Siamese. They are quite muscular. Some travelers have reported many of the women handsome, and with rather fair complexions.

Opinions vary as to the intelligence of the Annamites, but they have been generally described as rather bright, without possessing originality or invention, yet exhibiting a great aptitude for imitation. Finlaysen declares them to be sprightly, animated, good-natured, and altogether destitute of the solemn reserve of the Chinese; always laughing and chattering, volatile, capricious and changeable, vain, and endowed with considerable national pride. They have never been accused of ferocity, and are affable, kind and attentive to strangers. And the lower orders are not rapacious, although a despotic, illiberal and avaricious Government has unquestionably made all within the influence of the Court the most arrant thieves. In their manners and behavior they are polite, but ceremonious.

The people are made up of several races: 1, the Cochin Chinese and Tonquinese, who are similar in person, and most of their habits and customs, to the Chinese; 2, the Cambodians, in physical qualities, manners, etc., more resembling the Siamese; 3, the Moi race, inhabiting the mountainous country between Cochin China and Cambodia, believed by some to have been the aborigines, said to be black like the Caffres, and in a savage state. Besides the native races, there are 25,000 Chinese who work the mines and trade in metals in Tonquin, and many others who are settled in the commercial towns, but mostly in the northern provinces. The other strangers are chiefly Malays.

The mandarins are full of intrigue, and are ever on the watch to share spoils. In the Bay of Tourane floats an old steamship, once the property of an intelligent native, who became interpreter to the French Government. He is now ruined, imprisoned—perhaps he has been murdered. He quitted the French service and obtained a commission to purchase at Hong Kong ships for his Majesty Tu Duc. Although he returned with a hideous assortment of hulks, the experiment was a success; he filled his coffers, and turned his attention to pastures new, finally obtaining a valuable mining territory at Tonquin. He bought a small steamship, and in time became very wealthy. The European tastes which he had acquired forbade his intimate association with the mandarins, and since he made no offer to share his spoils with any of them, he was denounced by them and condemned to death. If he was not at once deprived of life, it was for political reasons.

The Cochin Chinese are said to understand the art of shipbuilding better than any others. The construction would not disgrace European manufacturers, but the material is rude. They are built from five to one hundred tons burden, but principally between sixteen and thirty tons, sharp at either end, and the deck one-third longer than the keel. Their bottoms mostly consist of wickerwork, covered on the outside by a coating, one-half inch thick, of *galgal,* a close and durable mixture of pitch, oil, lime, etc. The sides and deck are bound together with cross-bulkheads, and as the larger vessels usually belong to a joint stock company of merchants, there are as many separate holds as owners. The fishing-boats and others, fifty feet in length, are made of five long planks, extending from stem to stern, their edges mortised, tightened with wooden pins, and bound together by twisted bamboo fibres. At each end they are raised much higher, and painted, gilded and ornamented with figures of dragons and serpents. They often carry a covered cabin, built like a house upon the deck; from one to three sails of matting, which, in the northern provinces, are often square, and more like those of Europe; a wooden anchor with one fluke; shrouds and cables of rattan.

A visit to the main street of a principal village is thus described: As the stranger entered, the children fled from him in alarm, uttering piercing cries. The dogs barked, the women sought hiding-places, and soon not one was to be seen. As for the men, they stared with curious eyes at the stranger, and became convulsed with laughter as soon as he had passed on. Even the buffaloes bellowed as they fixed their large eyes on him, and seemed as if they, also, were about to tramp away in alarm, although these very animals had the reputation of being ferocious.

Arrived at the market-place, the visitor saw about a hundred men and women surrounded by wicker-baskets containing provisions. As he stopped before a booth, some of those individuals who are found all over the world, and who act as touters, mediums and interpreters, gesticulating, proffered their services, and when the question of price arose they became noisy and disputative with the merchants. He was glad to pay them a trifle and get away. The young women fled from their stalls or booths as he drew near; the matrons hid their faces, being jealous of disclosing their features to the stranger. As for the old dames, they threw "Billingsgate" at the guides and ignored the would-be purchaser.

When we have seen one Annamite dwelling—if we except the very poor ones—we have seen all. It is not unlike a pagoda, wooden, with a veranda, and more or less ornamented in quaint fashion, according to the means of the owner, in some instances faïence being used to embellish the outer walls; and from a distance the effect is quite pretty.

The traveler was permitted to inspect the principal dwelling, which he found comfortable and unique. He was not permitted to enter the apartments assigned to the women.

It must not, however, be imagined that the women of Annam are all modest or retiring, or that they are guarded with anything like the strictness and jealousy which characterize most Eastern nations. Bigamy is common amongst them. Young girls and women yield their persons indiscriminately to men until they are married. Before that time they are at liberty to do as they please, and do not lose the respect of their fellows.

The mandarins are surprised when the traveler refuses to accept a temporary wife, and they consider that they are only hospitable in introducing him to young girls who are not remarkable for bashfulness; indeed, according to some travelers, the advances of the fair sex are positively embarrassing.

Hué, which is the residence of the King, is also the abiding-place of the ambassadors from other countries. A visit to Hué is thus described: "There is only one great way through the province—that of Tourane—to Hué, and it always presents an animated aspect. In the middle of the road is a footway, paved with bricks. Here there is a busy march of merchants, carrying bales suspended from long bamboos which rest on their shoulders. Fine elephants move along with majestic gait; babies—fine ones, too—in plenty are met, riding on their mothers' hips. They cry loudly as the barbarian approaches, and the politeness with which the mandarins and storekeepers make way, proves that a foreigner is quite a novelty in the streets of Hué."

A house at Hué, the best to be found there, can be bought for $600; but the natives are rapacious enough, and by one year's rental to a foreigner, frequently get back the price they originally paid for the dwelling.

Women are bought and sold at Hué, and over parts of Annam. The ordinary price paid is about $30, while a beauty may be had for $60. However, these fair dames are pretty expensive acquisitions.

There are gardens at Hué which are delightful retreats; here flourish the orange and the lemon-trees. The *cay-ban*, or umbrella-tree, affords a delightful shade to the weary wayfarer. In these gardens many of the rich natives have placed little monuments in memory of their ancestors, in the form, many of them, of small pagodas, wherein are placed tables on which objects of silver and cardboard are arranged, many of them like children's toys. For instance, a mandarin will be represented with his horse, or his boat and his umbrellas; and the vanity of the people causes them to augment the number of their ancestors' possessions. The poor are content to place a little wooden altar beneath one of the beautiful trees.

It is amusing to note the manner in which the Chinese portion of the population treat the Annamites, to whom they consider themselves vastly superior. Even an ordinary Chinese cook will address a mandarin in tones most supercilious. "In fact," says a traveler, "I would not have dared to address the mandarin in tones as rough and abrupt as did my own Chinese hired man." So much for caste. On the other hand, the mandarins are sometimes very insolent to foreigners, one of whom tells us how he was refused justice by two men acting as magistrates. It seems that a servant of the traveler had been abused by an Annamite, a sturdy fellow, who also threatened any who interfered. On the arrival of the mandarins who had been sent for, they made light of the crime, and refused to have the rascal punished. Losing all patience, the foreigner turned on the principal mandarin and cried, "Look you here, sir! I have long enough put up with your insolence, and I could cause your punishment by writing to my minister, or your superiors. However, I shall do neither of these things; I intend to handle you fellows myself." Then he added, with assumed ferocity, "Have you a sword?" Then he turned to his servant and bade him bring his own. At the sight of this weapon, the mandarin turned all colors. The others seized him by the arm, and held the point of the sword in close proximity to the mandarin's nose, saying, "You will find it a little more uncomfortable very soon, my friend."

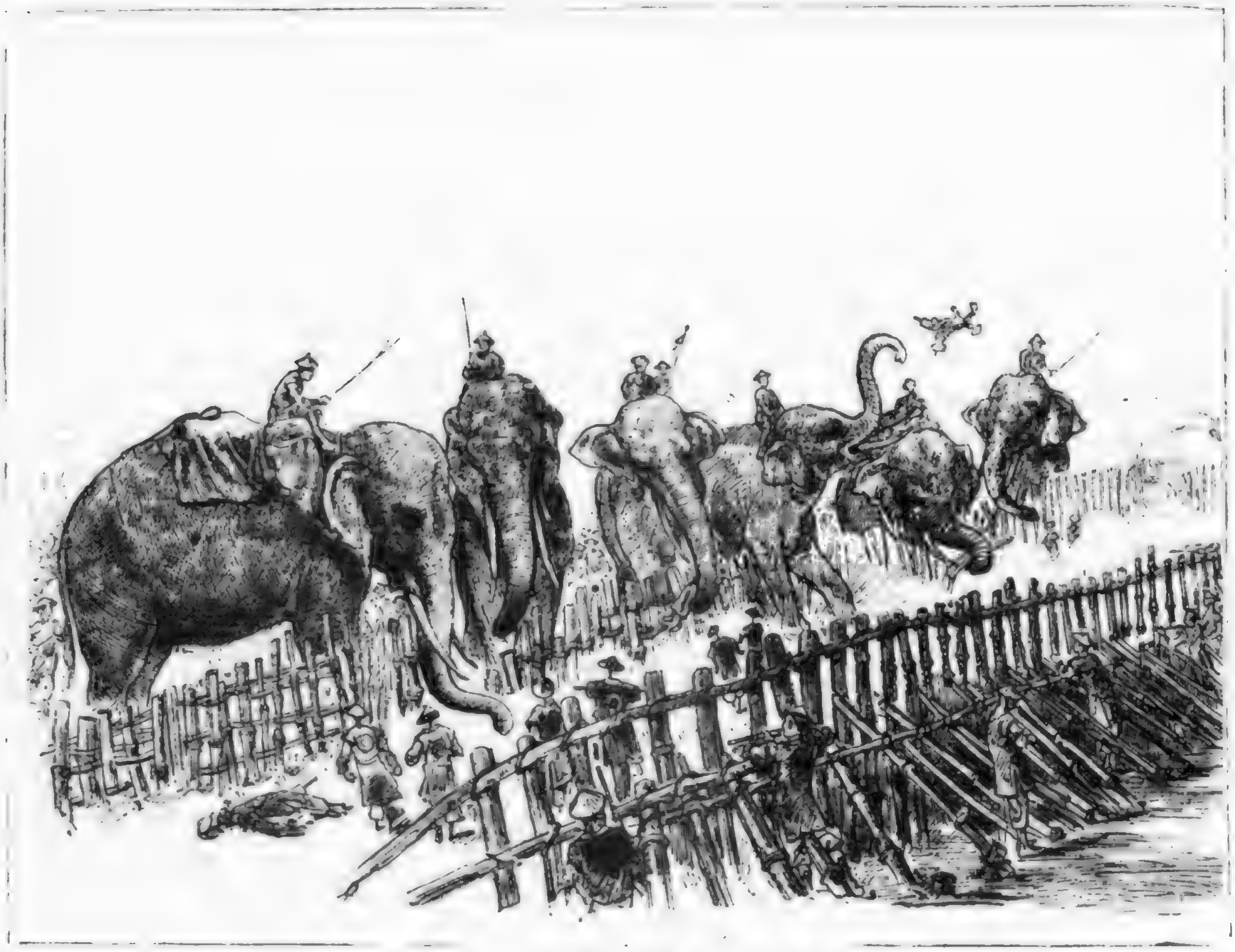
At this the terrified mandarin exclaimed that he had no sword—that he did not like such a settlement of the difficulty; and ended by promising to give the culprit a proper punishment for his criminal assault.

The witty Frenchman who tells this story adds: "They are a bad lot, these mandarins: but, *parbleu! 'le sabre de mon père'* is by no means a bad instrument with which to compel them to be reasonable and well-behaved."

Distinguished persons, military and others, in Annam, are not decorated with the medal or the ribbon; but they carry on their dress certain embroidered Chinese characters. But medals are given to strangers, of gold or silver, according to their rank.

The audience-chamber of the First Minister at Hué is as plain and unpretending as the simplest New England schoolhouse. He sits, tailor-fashion, on a plain wooden bench, and administers justice. He has his pipe and his coffee, and beside him, at a polite distance, sit the interpreters. Opposite him, on an equally plain bench, sits the individual who is admitted to audience. On each side are about a hundred well-armed guards, powerful and fierce-visaged. The minister wore a plain garment of fine silk. He is of middle age, tall, very thin, and his features

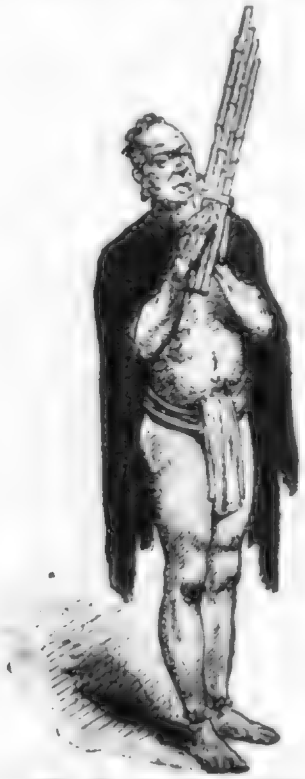
XUM



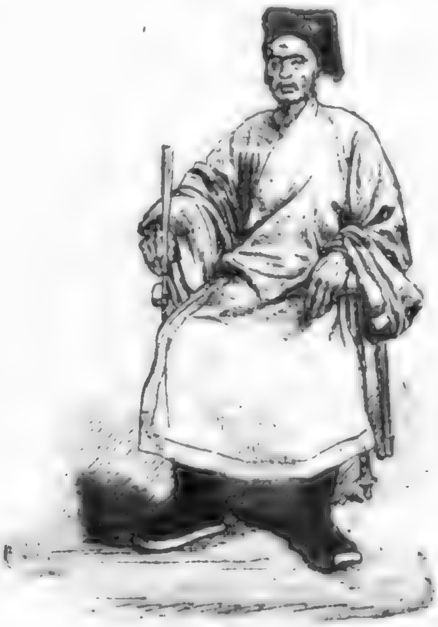
ELEPHANT MILITARY DRILL UNDER THE WALLS OF HUÉ.

are not at all agreeable. His hair and beard are rough and sparse. When he is not laughing vulgarly and boisterously, he always wears an unpleasant, mocking smile. His manners, like those of all Annamites, are disgustingly coarse. Having taken off his shoes, he sits on his dirty feet, with their nails over an inch in length, which grate unpleasantly against each other. It is not, it may well be imagined, a pleasant thing to accept from his filthy fingers the cigar which he habitually offers.

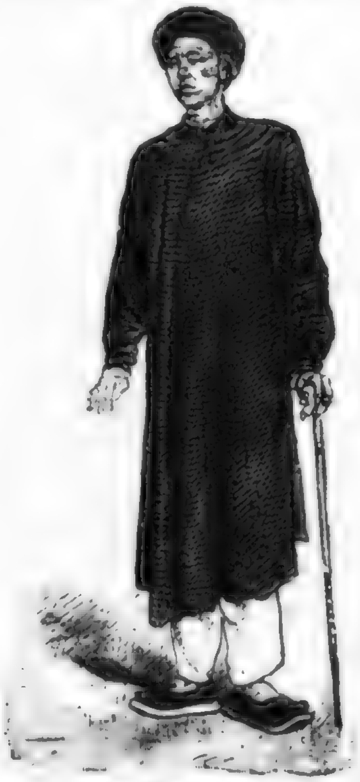
One of the greatest public demonstrations, and most de-



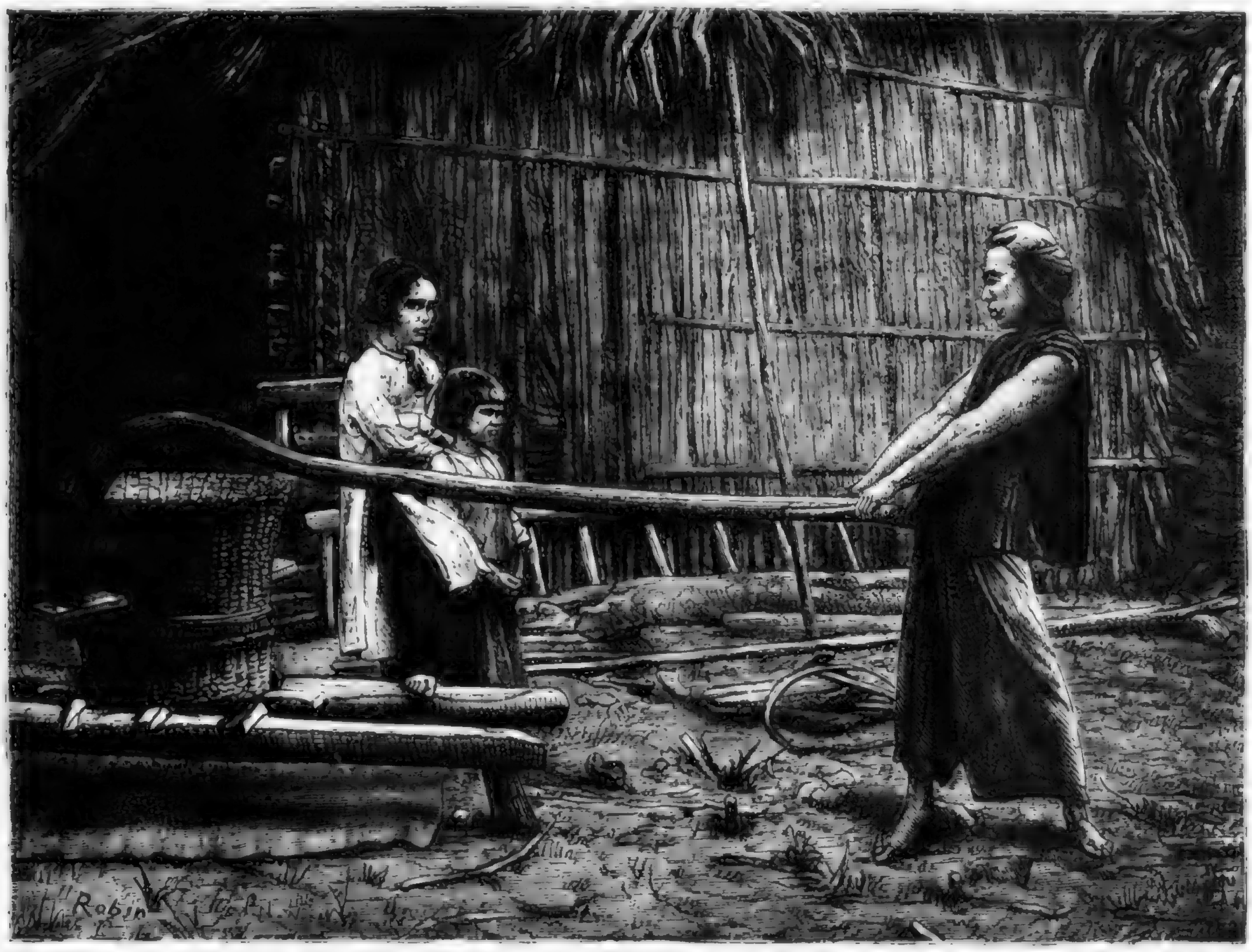
A MOI, OR SAVAGE OF BATRUC.



A MANDARIN.

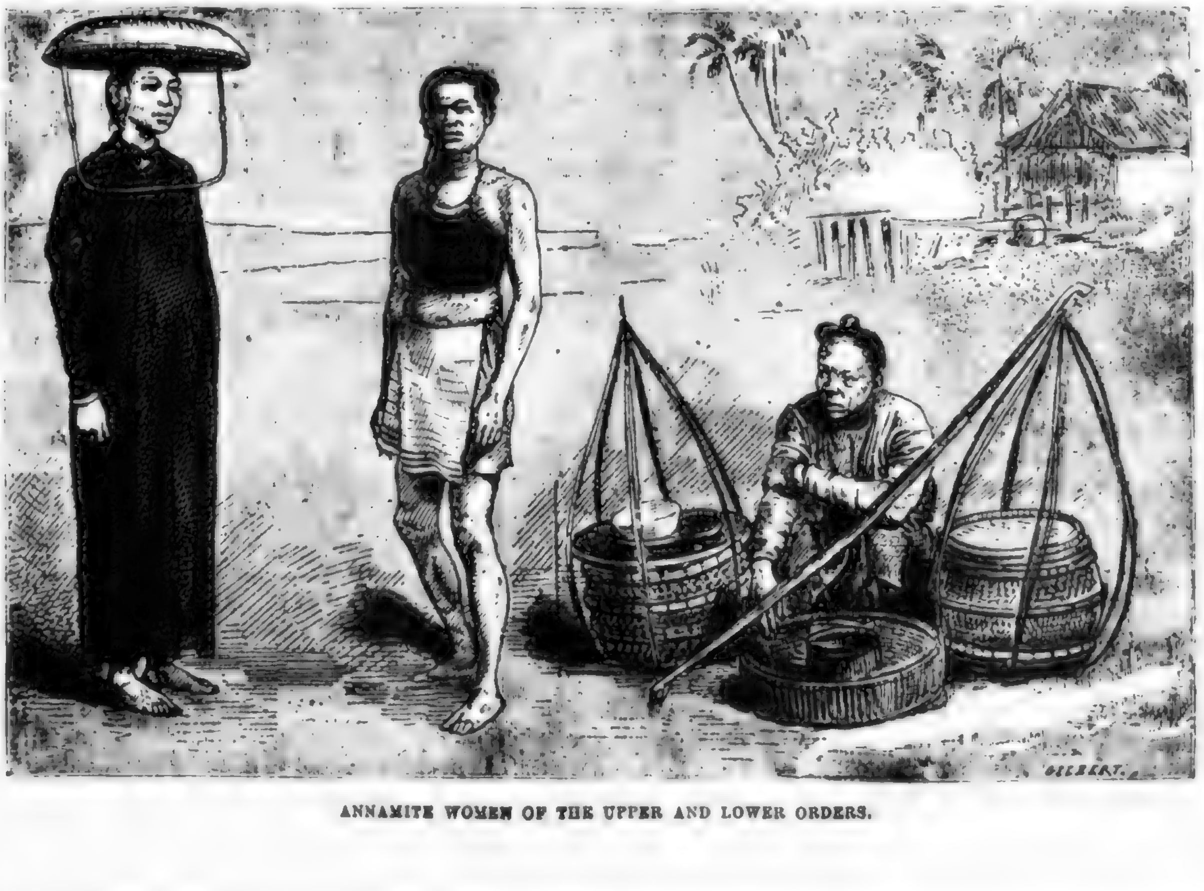


A WELL-TO-DO CITIZEN.



AN ANNAMITE RICE MILL.

lighting royalty, is the exercises of the elephants (useful in war times) under the walls of Hué, the capital. From the guns of the citadel proceeds a deafening roar, and the plain beneath the walls, which is the field of manœuvre, is enveloped in clouds of smoke. Suddenly the noise ceases, and as the smoke curls away, huge forms stand out in bold relief. They are the elephants, twenty in number. A few are of gigantic size, and ferocious. One in particular is so wicked and dreaded, that he is secured by chains as strong as those which are used to anchor a



ANNAMITE WOMEN OF THE UPPER AND LOWER ORDERS.

XUM

man-of-war. Mounted on their backs are soldiers of Annam, who carry lances and small flags. Troops of soldiers, in stage costume, follow at the heels of the animals and excite them. They advance in two lines against immense palisades, defended by manikins, life-size, armed with pikes and wooden guns. Behind these immense dolls stand real soldiers, who fire real guns into the air, and then hasten to a place of safety; for the elephants are rushing forward, making the ground tremble beneath their heavy tread. On they come, tearing down the palisades and with fury casting the manikins into the air. What with the smoke, the fusilade, and the cries and shouts, it is almost overpowering, though intensely ludicrous. As soon as the fun is over, they pick up the killed and wounded—manikins.

In the Province of Hué, beyond a place called Batruc, the *Mois*, savage or wild men, exist in large numbers. They go almost nude, and always carry with them long pipes and poisoned arrows; some have rough musical instruments, with which they produce monotonous airs. Batouc is not a pleasant country, winds and rains prevailing, but there is excellent sport to be had in hunting the wild bulls, which are of large size. Their heads are small, and surmounted by gigantic horns, not infrequently nine feet in length. They do not attack man until they are interfered with, and are more furious when alone than when in company with the herd. But the greatest danger to be found in hunting these wild bulls is an attack by the tigers, which abound, and great care is needful, or the hunter will fall a victim to his love of sport.

It is a very difficult operation to kill one of these wild bulls. They sometimes escape altogether, literally riddled with large bullets.

The burial ceremonies of persons of distinction at Hué are very imposing. At every few steps the cortège stops at a signal given by the priest. The *palanquin* containing the body is borne by a large number of men, some thirty or forty. The priest strikes a couple of small sticks together, and the action is repeated by some of the attendants; then the pall-bearers set down the coffin, the priest recites a prayer, and the gongs and tom-toms are vigorously beaten, although scarcely drowning by their noise the cries of those who are hired to "weep at the ceremony." They are arrayed in white, and surround the relatives of the deceased; others are engaged to carry the mementoes which are to be left at the grave. The journey by land is very short, since the dead are ordered to be conveyed to their last resting-place in the water. This is owing to the prevalence of cholera at certain seasons, and such sanitary precautions are quite necessary.

The pleasure barges of the King are, externally, rather plain, but are fitted up handsomely within. They have a heavy stern and a long narrow prow. The barges are propelled by rowers, who use an oar not very unlike that of the Turkish boatmen.

The people of Annam are fond of music, theatrical performances and all kinds of sport and amusement. The instruments in vogue are gongs, drums, violins, flutes, and guitars. But their tones are noisy and harsh. The more discordant the sounds the greater is the applause which the musicians receive.

They are fond of the games of shuttlecock and football. They train cocks and quails to fight, and are great jugglers.

The upper classes delight in elephant, tiger and buffalo hunting. They are passionately fond of fireworks, and spend a large portion of their time at cards and dice.

The ordinary theatres are very plain, being mere sheds, built by the soldiers, and hung around with cotton stuff; the interior is divided into three compartments, raised two or three feet from the ground. The musicians crouch on one side of the stage. The ordinary public are admitted to a sort of pit, while the better class have reserved seats on an elevated platform. The performers are of both sexes. There is no entrance price, but gratuities are thrown on the stage, and are received by the actors with great delight. The music which accompanies a ridiculous performance is deafening and inharmonious, and the monotony of the entire performance is not relieved by the graceful movements of female dancers.

According to the French official budget in 1877, the King of Annam does not draw from Annam (the French colony) over 1,000,000 francs per annum, yet it has a budget of about 14,000,000 francs.

The principal importations are metals, tea, textile fabrics (especially English cottons), wines, spirits, refined sugars, opium, porcelain, faïence, and European and Chinese pottery, oil, flour, charcoal, Chinese medicines, preserves, tobacco, perfumery, clothing of all kinds, books and Parisian novelties.

The exports comprise rice, fish, dried and salted, dried vegetables, cotton, raw sugar, skins, raw silk, pepper, oil, lard, areca-nuts, cocoanuts, tobacco, indigo, feathers, wax and honey, cardamom, ivory, tortoise-shell, etc. Rice is the chief export; 350,000 tons were exported in 1876, principally to Hong Kong.

The imports and exports are pretty equally balanced, but the value of the first somewhat exceeds that of the last named, representing a total of 160,000,000 francs (about $30,000,000).

Annam will doubtless become a very important colony, and is to-day attracting thousands of Frenchmen to its shores. In some quarters of India some little anxiety is expressed, owing to the position now held by the French, especially since they have recognized the sovereign of Cambodia as independent, while he is really dependent on Siam, which is at enmity with the Burmese provinces of India.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

HIS LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY—CURIOSITIES OF BONAPARTE PARK.

Joseph Bonaparte was known in this country as the Count de Survelliers, taking his title from the name of one of his estates in France. It was in 1816 that he bought the property about Bordentown, N. J., one tract of which is now known as Bonaparte Park. Evidently he came to this country with full pockets. It is within the memory of living witnesses how he made the money fly during his fifteen or sixteen years' residence at Bordentown—the elegance of his furniture and surroundings, the abundance of costly wines, the splendor of the banquets he was constantly giving to distinguished personages, his fine equipages, his magnificent collection of costly pictures and statuary, the extensive improvements he made to his lands, and the large retinue of servants he always kept on hand, in addition to the extensive force of laborers he had constantly employed on his grounds.

The park alone contained about one thousand acres, and, in addition to this, he had ten farms, all in the immediate neighborhood of Bordentown. He had a number of fine yachts and pleasure boats that always lay at anchor out on the Delaware, immediately underneath the bluff that marks the terminus of the north side of the park. Not content with his nearness to the river, he had a large and beautiful lake made in the lower end of his park, where in Summer there was always on hand a number of small pleasure boats. In Winter, when the lake would freeze over, he would throw his gates open and invite the young folks of Bordentown to come in and skate. When the sport would be at its height, Joseph and his family would come down and amuse themselves by looking on. A favorite pastime of the ex-King on these occasions would be to roll oranges and coins down on the ice and watch the skaters scamper for them.

For a long time the only immediate member of Joseph Bonaparte's family who was with him in his exile was his daughter, Princess Zenaide, who married her cousin, Charles Bonaparte, a son of Lucien. A residence for this daughter and her husband was built on the lower end of the park, some hundred rods from the residence of Joseph himself. It is still standing, as it was left by them. After several years, Joseph's second daughter joined her father and sister in America. His wife, Queen Julia, never did, however. Several times she undertook to set out to join him from Italy, where she was living, but ill-health invariably prevented, the physicians counseling her against it.

Joseph was a most popular man with people of all classes. In the Winter his house was always thronged with guests. Among these were many of the most prominent men in the country of that day. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton and many other shining lights in the political firmament were entertained by the ex-King at his Bordentown home at different times. Henry Clay left a cane there, which is in the possession of one of the old inhabitants of Bordentown to this day. Nor was it only among the statesmen and wise men of the country Joseph Bonaparte found his companions. He was intimate with many of the old families up in New Jersey, as well as with Stephen Girard and all the people of prominence in Philadelphia. Before taking possession of his Bordentown property, Joseph had resided in Philadelphia, in a house on the west side of Ninth Street, between Spruce and Locust. Afterward, with his daughter and her husband, he occupied one of Stephen Girard's houses, on the site of which the Bingham House now stands. It was here the Princess Zenaide's first child was born.

An amusing incident is related of Joseph and Stephen Girard. Joseph expressed a desire to purchase the ground between Eleventh and Twelfth and Chestnut and Market Streets, owned by Stephen Girard, and as yet unoccupied by buildings. At a dinner given by Girard to the ex-King one day, Joseph broached the subject, and offered to pay Girard any fair price he would ask.

"What will you give?" said Girard.

"I'll tell you," said Joseph. "I will cover the block from Eleventh to Twelfth and from Chestnut to Market Streets with silver half-dollars."

"Yes, Monsieur le Count," said Girard, after a moment's reflection—"if you will stand them up edgeways."

The bargain was not closed.

Of his manner of receiving and entertaining guests at Bonaparte Park much has been said, and many people are living to this day who were young then and who will always remember the occasion of their visit to Bonaparte.

Joseph's death in Italy, surrounded by his family, is a matter of history. Go to Bonaparte Park now, and you find all the evidences of its former splendor. Here are the crumbling brick walls of the underground passages. As to what these passages were for, there has been some diversity of opinion. Those most in a position to know, however, will tell you that they were constructed by Joseph as so many avenues of escape in case of attempted assassination. Of this he was more fearful than many of his chroniclers have dared to tell. His bedchamber was entered by a door moved by a secret spring. Outside this door, it is said, a watchman was always stationed during the night. The underground passages ran from Joseph's house to the residence of his daughter, and also to the servants' quarters. In addition to these there was a long one running from the daughter's house to the bluff overlooking the river, the entrance to which may be still seen, though the passage itself has fallen in in many places and filled up. There is no account of any attempt to explore these passages.

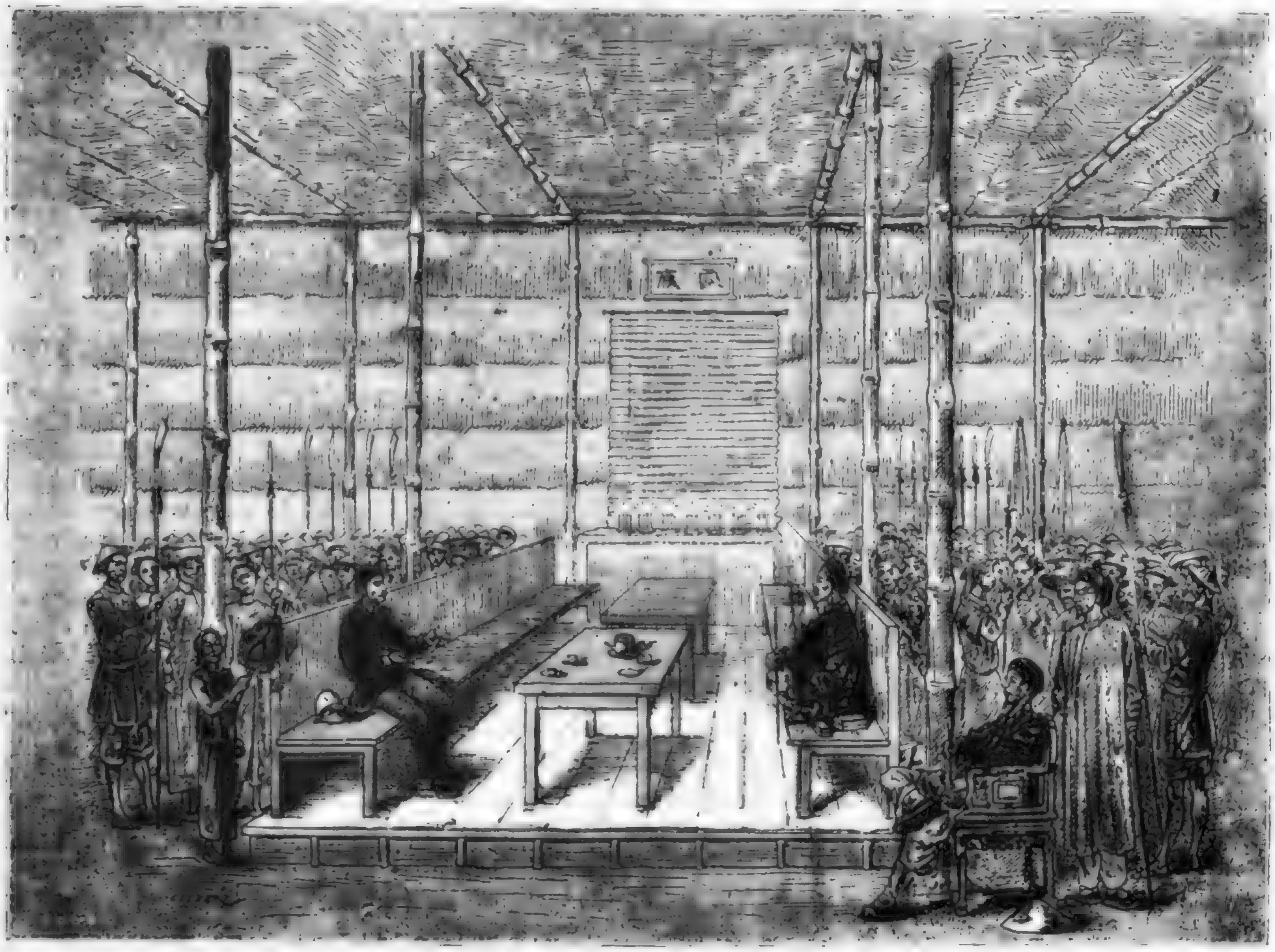
The daughter's house is now unoccupied and closed. The ex-King's house has been razed to the ground, and in its stead a handsome English villa stands, the builder of which was the subsequent owner of the park, Thomas Beckett, an Englishman.

It is said that Joseph always had a fleet of yachts lying out on the Delaware, available for him in case of surprise by the dreaded assassins, whom he always fancied himself in danger of. The long underground passage leading to the river bluff is supposed to have been constructed by him as a means of reaching his boats in case of surprise. The place is full of interesting reminders of the ex-King's residence there. The forest which skirts the edge of the park has been planted with an eye to artistic effect and beauty. As a place of residence no more beautiful spot could be found.

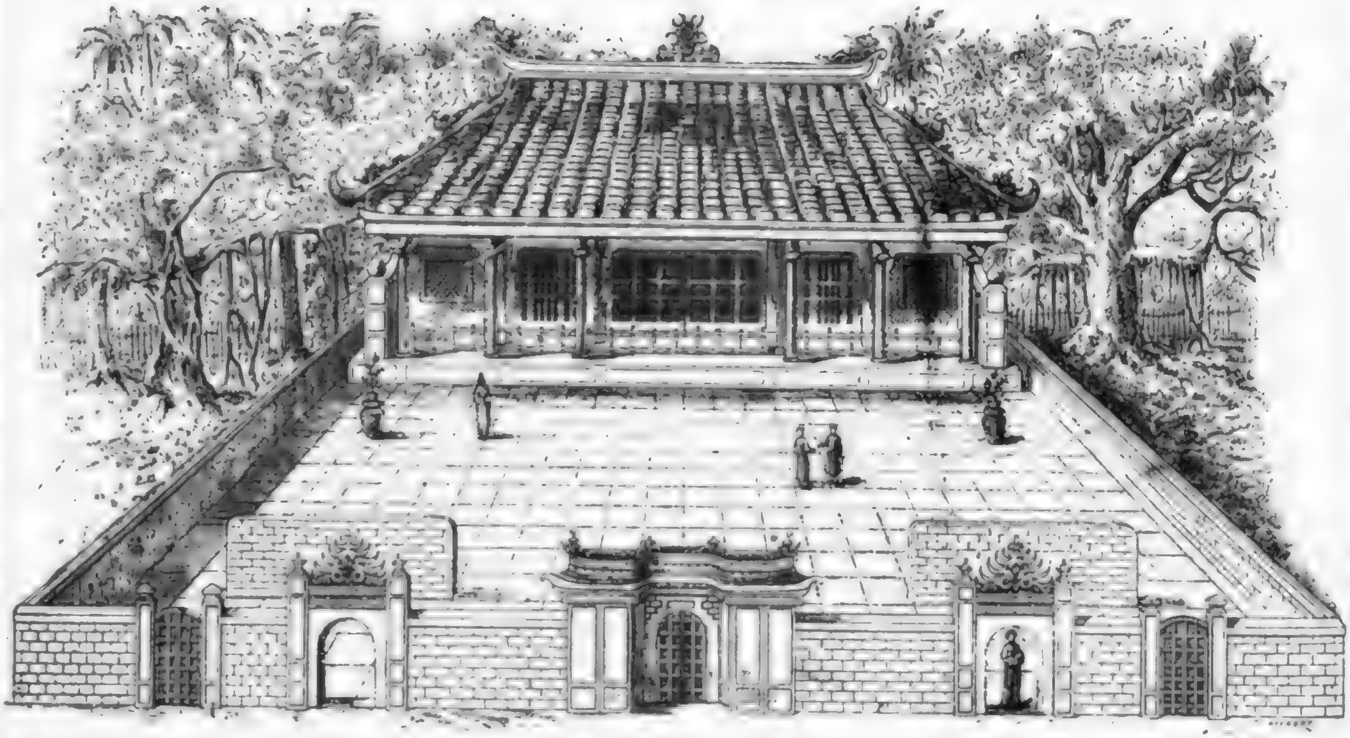
ON SHAKING HANDS.

Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety—significant of extreme condescension and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, semaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still, you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged parsons and other venerable bygones to their parishioners and dependents, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favor, condescension having almost vanished, but not quite. Much, however, depends upon the vitality of the touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, trust it not. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In perfection, the flabby sort consists of all four fingers laid flatly together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting this variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. Two flat four-fingered fins thus meeting each must be thrilling in the extreme. But when this flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality, absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.

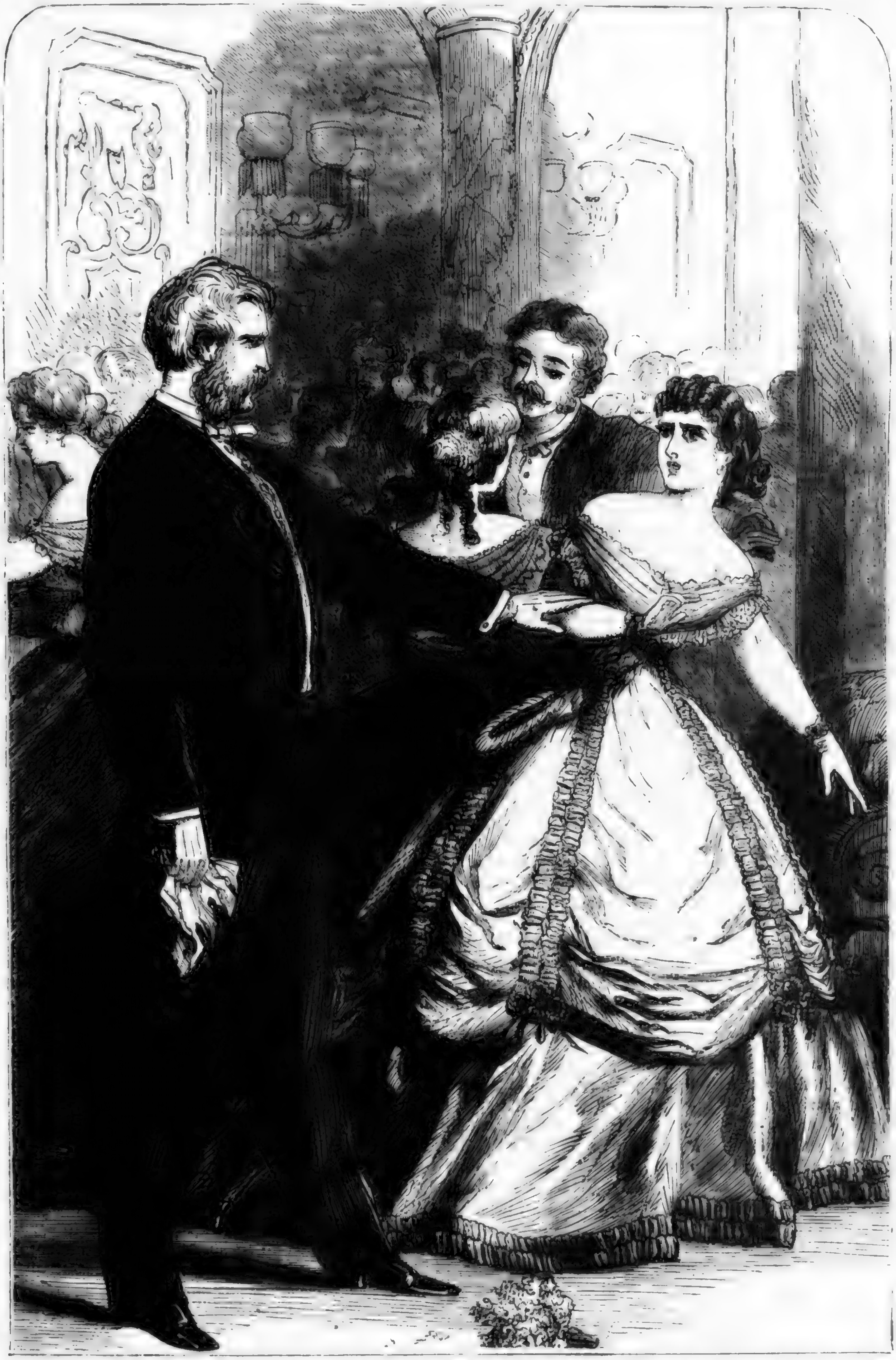
The entire diamond product of the world during the first quarter of this century is estimated at about $20,000,000. Since the discovery of the South African diamond-fields, the market value has been affected to a considerable degree, and these precious gems will be comparatively cheap, if the findings continue to enlarge. In 1878, $15,423,000 worth were taken, and last year nearly $18,500,000



THE EMPIRE OF ANNAM.—AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AT HUÉ.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE PAGODA OF TAGNE-PHEUOC.



LOVING AND BEING LOVED.—"SUDDENLY SOME ONE TOUCHED HER HAND. 'ADELINE!' AT THE TONE SHE STARTED UP IN TERROR." SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,
   Made lovelier by love of the sea
Than thy golden own field-flowers or tree-flowers,
   Like foam of the sea-facing tree!
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles
   On the spike of thine antler-like horns,
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,
   Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters,
   That the lordly North Wind, when his love
On the fairest of many kings' daughters
   Bore down for a spoil from above,
Chose forth of all farthest far islands
   As a haven to harbor her head,
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,
   His bride-worthy bed?

Or, haply, my sea-flower, he found thee
   Made fast as with anchors to land,
And broke, that his waves might be round thee,
   Thy fetters like rivets of sand?
And afar by the blast of him drifted
   Thy blossom of beauty was borne,
As a lark by the heart in her lifted
   To mix with the morn?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision
   Of a heavenlier heaven than above,
Was he moved to devise thy division
   From the land as a rest for his love?
As a nest when his wings would remeasure
   The ways where of old they would be,
As a bride-bed up-built for his pleasure
   By sea-rock and sea?

LOVING AND BEING LOVED.

Chapter I.

"I DON'T think her handsome; there's something peculiar in her style, I admit. That's the charm with all you fellows; but she is decidedly *not* handsome."

There was an outcry from half a dozen different voices:

"What do you object to?"

"First, her eyes; they seem to dare you not to love her. I should never venture within range of them, for all that would remain to speak of my whereabouts would be my empty clothing, with a hat on the top of it."

"A wide-awake?" queried one.

"You all seem to forget," exclaimed a young voice, indignantly, "that you are speaking somewhat lightly of a most virtuous wife."

As might naturally be expected, this speech was greeted by those around with derisive laughter.

One of the fashionable clubs of London!

Reader, just fancy the favorite star of the hour, whether man or woman, being handled there! Tarnished, indeed, must be the brightest reputation after that.

While the conversation still continued in the same bantering tone—for the poor woman was cut up, heart, body, and even the spirit intruded upon, in all its sacred thought—a fresh comer appeared.

Now, this club is in one of the noisiest thoroughfares at the West End, and as the party were at the open window chatting, no one heard his light tread until he stood beside—amongst them.

"Hollo! why, where did you spring from?"

"What, Rus Templar!"

"What, old boy!"

These were the varied exclamations, as all shook the newcomer warmly by the hand.

"I have been ten minutes behind you all, and have heard nothing but 'she—she—she.' May a fellow who has been living out of the world the last year, inquire who the admirable she is?"

The newcomer had the weary look of a man sick of himself and all besides.

"A Mrs. Kenyerd," answered one.

A start, a sudden shiver passed over his strong frame, and then all became still.

"What a deuce of a climate! If a fellow walks fast, and then stands still a moment, he's chilled from head to foot. What was it you said, Middleton?"

"Why, what a *blasé* you are!" exclaimed the one appealed to, smiling. "We are talking of such a creature as the world never before produced, and Nature trampled on the mold when she came forth, so you ne'er will see the like again—Mrs. Kenyerd, the Member's wife."

At this moment the youth who had spoken in defense of the lady hastily left the room.

"Who is that?" inquired Templar, looking after him.

"That's young Laurence; he's in the Guards, and the last entrapment of this same Mrs. Kenyerd; and, very conveniently, a *protégé* of her husband."

"You *must* have met her somewhere, Templar?" surmised one of the listeners. "She's a bride of last year. Kenyerd picked her up when abroad."

"Oh, ay!" responded Templar, as if suddenly aroused to some recollection. "I met her in the Pyramids; I was poor, but Kenyerd was rich; and they went out fishing for crocodiles on the banks of the Nile, and, charmed by his prowess—some ill-natured people said by his wealth—she accepted him, and a crocodile, writhing on his hook, was witness to the contract. It was thought ominous for Kenyerd; he'd caught a troublesome customer!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Middleton, "our tale has an illustration—look!"

There stood, some yards distant, a well-appointed brougham, and from the window looked forth a face. Prejudiced must have been the man who would not have called that face lovely.

The skin was soft and delicately fair, colorless, yet rose-tinted, showing the rich young life within. Hair of the richest, darkest chestnut; black until you saw black beside it, and then the richer tint came forth, waving over a brow of intellect and thought; and then the eyes, those deep-set eyes of the richest, purest hazel, the long-fringed lashes, the small, delicate nose, and lips, full, red and pouting, when the short upper one permitted them to meet. Now they were parted, and a smile, if a little sad, yet one of the sweetest and most witching, played over the lovely face as it leant from that brougham-window to greet young Laurence.

That fair creation was Mrs. Kenyerd, the M. P.'s wife.

"She's a bride, you say?" uttered Templar.

"Why, I thought you knew her?" said one.

"No, I jested; I never saw Mrs. Kenyerd in my life."

Middleton looked up curiously in his friend's face, leaning against the window-frame, out of sight from without, and yet so intently gazing upon the occupant of the brougham and her companion. The small hand peeped from that brougham to shake Laurence's extended palm, and then the owner of it drew back in a corner of her carriage as it drove off.

Half an hour had elapsed, and Rus Templar had left the club. Some one looked behind him and said, mysteriously:

"Who *is* Rus Templar? How did he become so suddenly wealthy? I remember him, some two years since, merely a poor captain in the Lancers, living on his pay, or a trifle more."

"Well, some old fellow named Janson, never heard of out of his country, died suddenly, and left large estates to this Templar; and then this millionaire was an Israelite, so they say, and Templar's odd name, Ahasuerus, makes the link between them, in my opinion, beyond a doubt."

Rus Templar was really the only son of a quiet country gentleman. He entered the army to be a real soldier, and such he was. To the astonishment of all, he one day sold out.

Three years after he reappeared amid his old circle, heir to an immense fortune, left him by a stranger to him—old Janson—so he said. Thus poor Captain Templar became the fashion.

Chapter II.

It was a beautiful boudoir wherein Mrs. Kenyerd sat—now looking across the expanse of park before her, and then dropping her eyes listlessly on the clustering flowers in her balcony, amidst which a soft, white finger strayed, to break off a withering leaf or stem; but her thoughts were not in her acts. The woman was herself naturally and exquisitely beautiful.

The lock of the door stirred; a footman entered with a card; his mistress's small hand trembled as she took it.

"Where is——"

She paused, and the man said:

"The gentleman is here."

Behind him stood Rus Templar.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said, advancing; "but the purport of my visit is important."

Mrs. Kenyerd waved him toward the chair. He was, in outward seeming, perfectly at ease; he drew off his gloves, threw them in his hat, and placing that on a small table beside him, passed a hand through his abundant curls.

"Captain Templar!" she exclaimed, starting up; "in heaven's name, why are you here? What has been the motive of this visit? If Kenyerd should enter!"

And the terrified woman pressed her hands wildly to her brow.

"Don't alarm yourself, madam," he answered, looking at her with a smile of perfect ease; "Mr. Kenyerd is on a committee at his club that will detain him some time, and thence he will go to the House. I have made myself master of these facts; we are safe. Pray be seated. I wish to speak seriously," and he dropped into a chair facing the couch on which she had sunk. "Mrs. Kenyerd," he said, in a clear, sonorous tone, "I have called, simply because I love and honor your sex. I came—just to implore you not to desecrate so fair a creation as yourself by acts unworthy an honest woman. I should not have credited mere scandal; but on my return yesterday from abroad I found you the common talk of the clubs; and I, from the window of one, witnessed your more than friendly meeting with 'the last man entrapped,' as the victim was styled."

"Young Laurence!" she exclaimed. "What! even his name brought in question! and heaven knows how good my thought has been in accepting his friendship!"

There was something painfully deprecating in the tone of her voice.

"Where," she asked, suddenly, "is Gabriella?"

"With me, of course."

"Oh! I so long to see her. Will she not sometimes come to see me?"

"No!" he answered, sternly; "Gabriella would not come."

"God help me!"

"This is a splendid cage," said Rus Templar. "I remember a beautiful picture I saw once, Mrs. Kenyerd. It was only a simple cottage; but in it dwelt a fair young creature. She was, indeed, loved. The one, too, who sat beside her was young—loving—she might have loved him, too! Not one prematurely old, like me, on whose once raven locks sorrow and thought have traced their sign-manual. Well, to complete that sketch: while those two sat there, beneath a chair, to which his back was turned, crept a serpent. They say the timid bird is easily fascinated by that creature's eye; but 'twas not its eye which captivated the attention of that fair young girl—'twas its gold——"

"Hold!" cried Mrs. Kenyerd, rising up and standing before the man; "'tis false! That serpent was not gold—'twas a woman who again destroyed a paradise—the serpent was infidelity!"

"We need not journey to India to find idols; what a god the veriest block of wood becomes when 'tis gilded! What a fool a man must be who flings a creature like yourself on the stream of London life, to minister to his vanity by her notoriety!"

"Captain Templar!" exclaimed the woman, "if you came here to insult me, the act is one which, in another, you would be the first to term cowardly."

"Adeline, I came to save. Listen to me."

There was a strange tenderness in the voice, as if that familiar name had called up gentler thoughts.

"We may not meet soon again. I would——"

At that moment a thundering knock resounded through the house. A short scream burst from Mrs. Kenyerd.

"My husband!" burst from her pale lips.

"No," said Rus Templar, rising, unmoved. "It is some visitor. You must conceal me!"

"You—you!" she cried, losing all self-control. "It is madness; you must go—fly—anywhere!"

At that instant the door hastily opened, and a girl, in the dress of an upper servant, rushed in.

"Captain Templar!" cried the girl, "for God's sake do not stand there; you will ruin my mistress. Some one is coming up-stairs who would proclaim your being here all over London."

"What! you still here?" he exclaimed, gazing at the girl. "You, Lewis, still with your mistress?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the girl, impatiently.

A moment after, Rus Templar coolly entered the next room and closed the door after him.

"My sweet Mrs. Kenyerd!" cried the visitor, hastily running up to that lady, "what *is* the matter? Dear soul, how very pale she is! Mrs. Lewis, what *is* the cause of your lady's illness? Any alarm? No trouble, I hope?"

"My mistress often faints, ma'am," answered Lewis, briefly.

"Oh, my dear young friend!—how very distre——"

"Distressing," Miss Straggles was going to say, but in looking down to try and read Mrs. Kenyerd's eyes, as Lewis had averted hers, she saw a black kid glove on the carpet. It was too large for her. And it couldn't be her husband's, either. *He* was not in sables. Whose could it be?

Miss Straggles was a would-be Dorcas, and this morning she had called ostensibly to engage Mrs. Kenyerd's sympathies in the project of clothing the London poor.

In the roving of Mrs. Kenyerd's beautiful eyes, they at

XUM

last dropped on the floor, and she saw the glove, and, by a glance, warned Lewis, who was then oblivious.

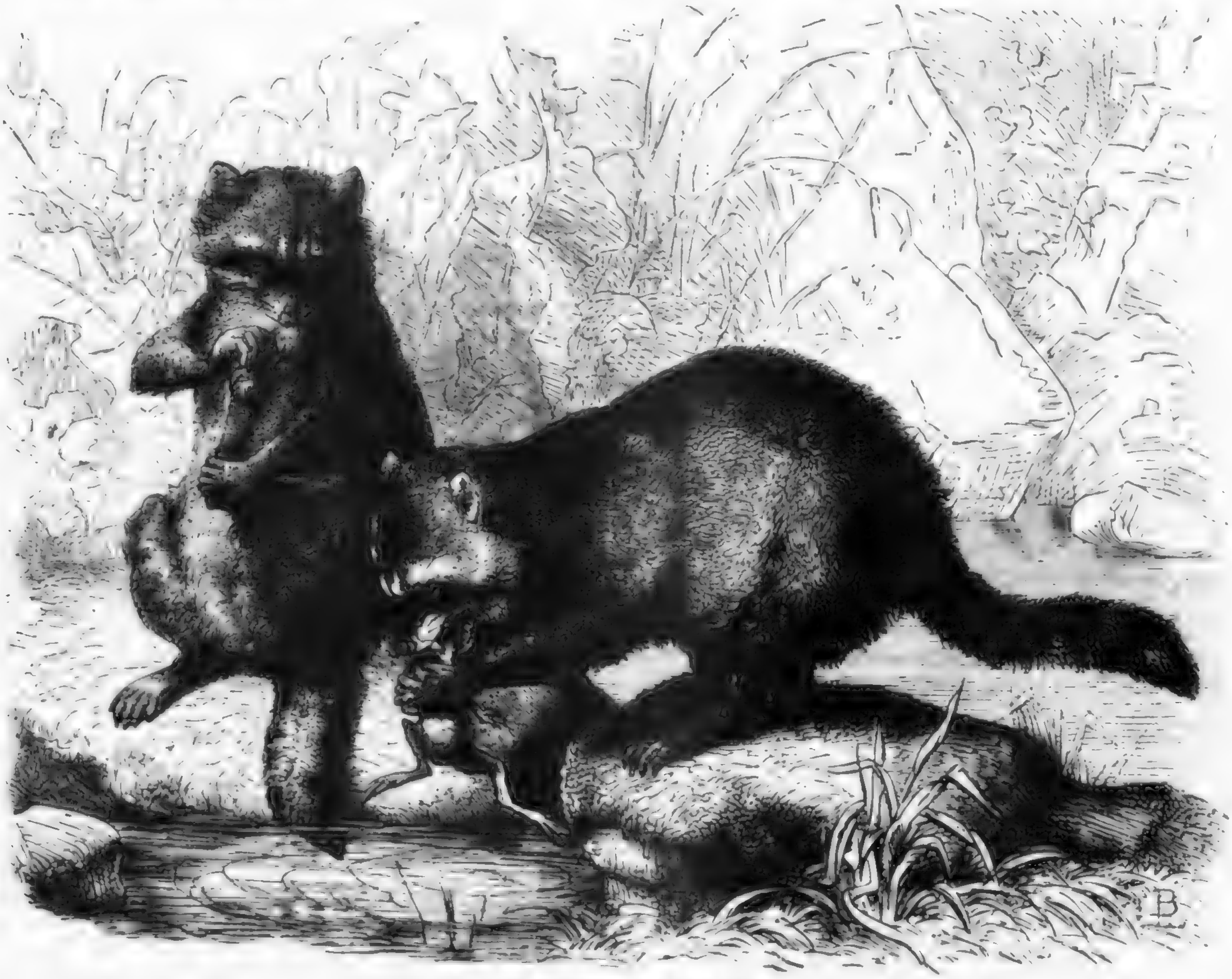
Lewis, with the most innocent manner in the world, exclaimed, as she raised it:

"Law, ma'am, if master hasn't dropped his glove!"

Miss Straggles could not control a little short cough, which perished, cut off by a noise in the adjoining room.

Perhaps she would not have noticed the noise, but for the evident emotion of both mistress and maid. For some moments there was perfect silence in the adjoining apartment, and Mrs. Kenyerd grew calmer—when, lo! at the French window she beheld, with surprise and horror, the tall, commanding form of Rus Templar.

Raising his hat, he said:



THE RACCOON.—SEE PAGE 443.

"I beg pardon, ladies, for this singular and apparently unwarrantable intrusion; but the facts are simply these: The house next door is vacant, and I have some idea of becoming a tenant. Passing out on the balcony, by some unexpected current of air, the window closed upon me, and without shattering the glass, I could not have reentered. I heard voices here, and, I fear, have committed a great breach of etiquette in walking over the separation between the two balconies to ask permission to descend to the street through your house."

Mrs. Kenyerd uttered something perfectly inaudible.

Miss Straggles said not a word, but, with distended eyes, she noticed that this utter stranger had but one glove, and that a black kid one. She wondered who he was, and, as if to gratify her, the odd visitor drew out his card-case and said, smiling:

"Perhaps, ladies, you take me for a burglar."

In vain Lewis stepped forward to take the card and hand it to her mistress. Good-natured Miss Straggles took it, and, handing it to Mrs. Kenyerd, read:

"Captain Templar,
"Lakelands."

"If, sir," said Mrs. Kenyerd, with an appearance of calmness, "you will be good enough to step in, as your appearance thus on my balcony must seem strange to passers-by, my servant will show you out."

Rus Templar stared. A sarcasm rose to his lip; the coolness of that woman amazed him.

"Lewis, ring the bell," Mrs. Kenyerd said at last, in a low tone, to conceal her deep emotion. The footman appeared.

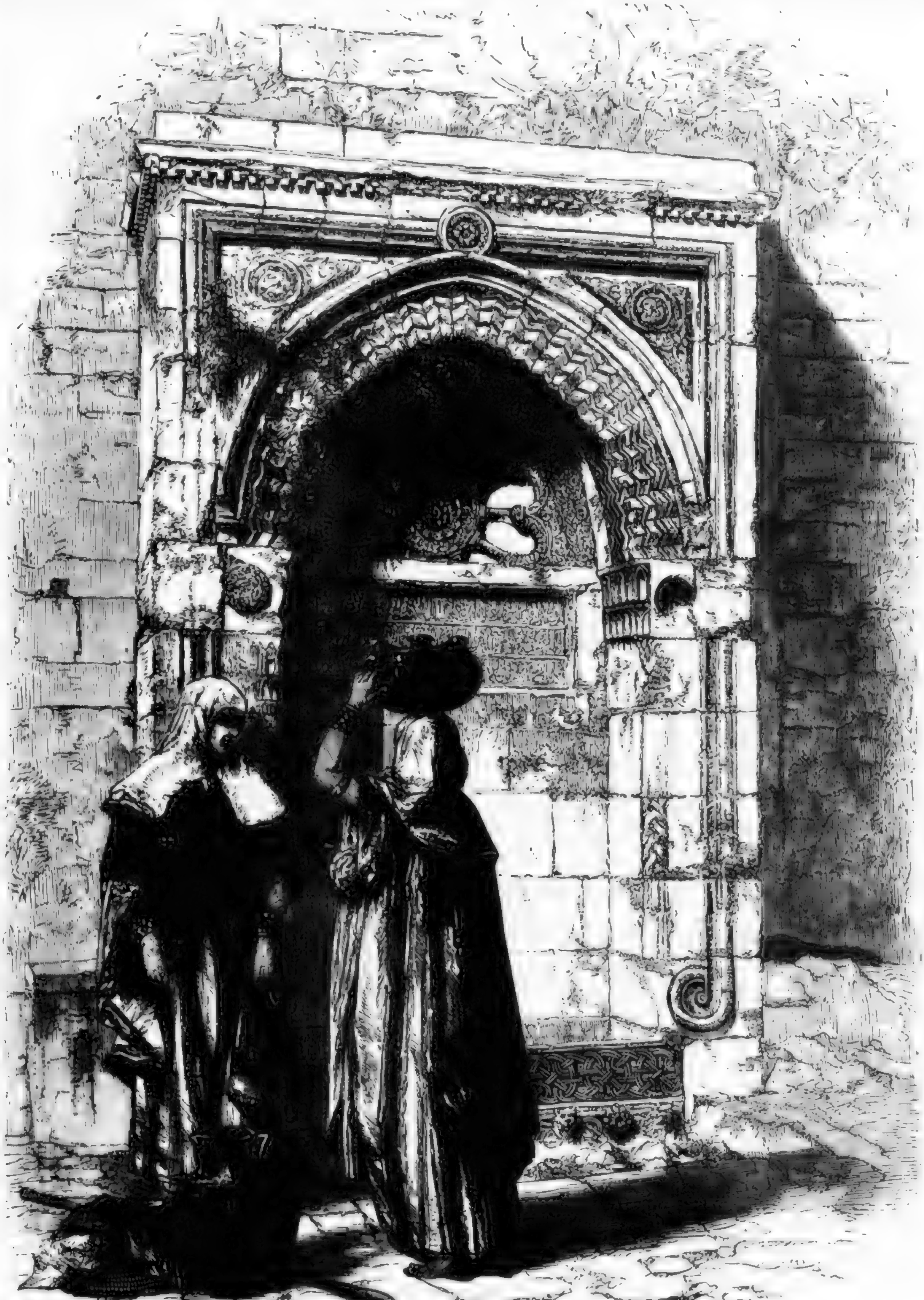
"Open the door for Captain Templar," was her command.

The door closed on Rus Templar, who had merely bowed as he passed out.

"A most extraordinary and impertinent intrusion," uttered Mrs. Kenyerd, with seeming indignation, as the door closed, and mechanically she tore his card into small pieces and flung them into a fancy waste-basket beneath the table.

Chapter III.

There was a ball that night at St. James's Hall, a select ball for the Chinese missions. Miss Straggles was there, and Rus Templar and Mrs. Kenyerd.



WOMEN AT AN ARABIC FOUNTAIN, JERUSALEM.—SEE PAGE 443.

Through the masses Miss Straggles made her way until she discovered Mrs. Kenyerd sitting beside her husband.

"My dear Mrs. Kenyerd, I am indeed charmed to see you looking as lovely as if nothing had alarmed you to-day. And how do *you* do, Mr. Kenyerd?"

"What alarmed you to-day, my love?" asked Kenyerd.

XUM

"A mere trifle; pray don't speak of it."

"But *I* will speak of it," Miss Straggles said, playfully flirting an ivory fan of the year one. "Such another impertinent intrusion from your balcony might have a serious effect."

"Good heavens! you alarm me, madam! Adeline, what was it?"

"Never mind, now," she uttered, in a low, trembling tone; "I will tell you when we return."

"Naughty child!" cried the not-to-be-silenced Miss Straggles, "to conceal your annoyances and insults from so dear a husband as I know yours is. And, my dear, but for your balcony, you never would have been so insulted as you were; and I am much mistaken if that Captain Templar is a man to be so easily beaten."

"Captain Templar!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone as stony as his eye and face. "Do you mean to assert, Miss Straggles, that Captain Templar strode from the adjoining balcony to mine? Pray explain the matter to me, madam?"

"I will explain all when we return," was the reply. "At present," she added, "I am engaged to dance, and here comes my partner."

In the twinkling of an eye Kenyerd was an altered man. With suavity and gentleness he bade "his love" go and amuse herself.

The dance over, Mrs. Kenyerd glided to a quiet corner beneath the galleries, while her cavalier went to bring her an ice.

She sat, leaning back her head, with closed eyes and parted lips. Had not the lip quivered and the nostril dilated, that lovely face would have looked like a statue's. A tear crept from beneath her eyelid, and stole softly down her cheek—only one. Suddenly some one touched her hand.

"Adeline!"

At the tone she started up in terror.

"Pardon me," said Rus Templar, "but I have forgiven you all, and, in forgiving, wish to forget everything but the name I once called you."

"Forgiven!" she uttered, breathlessly, half stretching forth a hand as if to touch his. "You cannot forgive without hating and despising me, Templar; for if you have all to pardon which you deem, I am the most worthless wretch upon earth."

She stood before him as if awaiting one word which would have bowed her to his knee, but he did not speak it.

"Adeline, I forgive you," he repeated. "I came to say that Gabriella fled on discovering that I had met you."

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not know where she is?"

"Oh, no, no!"

Their eyes met.

"For heaven's sake, do not leave me thus in suspense! Let me know where she is; remember all she and I were to each other, and how well I love her still."

"I know not, Adeline. Where can I see you?"

"To-morrow, at twelve, I will be in the Botanical Gardens," she hurriedly whispered.

"I am delighted to see you so much better, Mrs. Kenyerd," said her partner, who returned with an ice.

"Now you are in protecting hands, I wish you a good evening, Mrs. Kenyerd," said Rus, bowing.

An hour afterward, while Rus was leaning against the wall, his head turned toward Mrs. Kenyerd, a hand was gently laid on his arm, as if to attract his attention. He turned quickly, to find, to his utter amazement, young Laurence beside him.

"Captain Templar, I believe?" he said, with something gentle in the tone, as if addressing one unknown, but much respected. "Pardon me," continued young Laurence, "but I have something of importance to communicate. Your ward, Miss Gabriella Lorn, is now at the Knightsbridge Barracks, under my protection. To-night, about nine o'clock, I discovered her on the bridge in Kensington Gardens, about committing suicide. I saw instantly that she was a lady, and persuaded her to abandon her purpose and intrust herself to my care. Knowing neither her name nor her address, I had no alternative but to take her to my room in the barracks, and place her in charge of one of the orderlies' wives. Before I came away I succeeded in learning her name, and I now come to you."

Chapter IV.

Long before twelve o'clock, Rus Templar was in the Botanical Gardens. He still hoped that he might prove her less base than now he thought her. Thus he rambled about, yet never losing sight of the entrance. At last a dress fluttered in the distance.

Mrs. Kenyerd's steps were as slow as usual, and she came direct to the spot. She was far calmer than Rus when they met, and yet her question was uttered with much anxiety.

"Have you discovered her?" she cried.

"Yes," he replied; "I am happy to set your mind at rest, as I fear I sadly troubled it last night."

"You must feel, Captain Templar, how uneasy her disappearance would make me, knowing, as I do, her impetuous temper."

"She certainly possesses that," he said; adding, "but then, she makes much forgiven by her warmth of heart and noble principles."

"May I ask where she is?" Mrs. Kenyerd said, anxiously.

"She had sought the protection of young Laurence, of the Guards."

He was not prepared for the strange effect of this communication upon her.

"With Laurence?—there is but one, is there?—Kenyon Laurence, I mean," she articulated.

"What!" he continued, "will no one affection ever content you? Well, you do not love me—you do not love Kenyerd; *that* was ambition, he was richer than I, then—but now it *is* love, love in all its uncontrollable nature."

"As heaven hears me," she exclaimed, wildly gazing up in his face, "I am an injured woman! I do not love Laurence, as you think. I love Kenyerd from gratitude. I never loved, truly loved, but you, and never shall."

"Then, Adeline, why——"

"Why did I forsake you? Because—the proofs—Eva——"

"You still persist in that folly, Adeline?" he said. Then, with a sudden change of manner, he went on: "I came here resolved to tell you all. I feel that we cannot exist as we have of late. You shall now know what your own impetuosity alone has hitherto made a mystery to you—Eva Falconer was my mother's daughter by a secret marriage!"

Mrs. Kenyerd covered her face with her hands, and bowed herself down, until at last she knelt before that man who was looking down with so much deep pity.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried, clasping her trembling hands together, and raising her streaming eyes to his; "forgive me!—my punishment is great. I may have deserved it, but my affection drove me mad!"

"Let us go," he said, hastily rising, as if in fear of him-

XUM

self. "I have never, by one evil thought, wronged you, You are married to another. We must meet no more, unless chance wills it, for I love you still, Adeline. You have other ties, other affections; I, none but what duty imposes."

She trembled so violently, and appeared so thoroughly overwhelmed by emotion, that instinctively Rus drew her arm beneath his own, and held it there enclasped. Thus they reached the gate in perfect silence—neither had uttered a word.

A moment they hesitated—their eyes met, and when those beseeching ones were raised to his, all resolution vanished.

"Let there be peace between us, Adeline," he said.

She bowed her head to conceal her tears.

"Adeline, may heaven bless you, dearest!"

What a look that was through her streaming tears! and then she bent her head again, and those trembling lips pressed his hand.

Rus stood for some moments with his arms crossed, listening to the rolling wheels of the carriage which bore away one who so much influenced his destiny in all things. He had not gone in sight of the servants, and was, therefore, not aware that, besides them, another was awaiting her return outside the inclosure—a gentleman, who sat quietly in the carriage, and, before they could do so, opened the door. It was Kenyerd!

"I saw your carriage waiting," he said, "and stepped into it. Since when do you leave it at so great a distance and come through the inclosure?'

With perfect coolness he threw up her thick vail.

"You do not usually wear one of these things," he continued, looking in her face. "You will suffocate. You have been weeping, too; pray lean back and compose yourself."

Obedient as an infant, she did as he bade her.

"Most incomprehensible beings all women are, yourself especially so, madam!" he said.

"It is high time that I should now clearly make myself understood by you," he said again. "Do you consider it a pleasant thing for me to bear all the sneers which must necessarily fall upon me from your conduct with Templar? I bear all the world's comments about Laurence, because I know it is at fault; but, by heavens, madam, I will not do so with another!"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, for pity's sake, cease!" she wildly exclaimed, at last. "Now, too late, I know all. That girl, Eva, was his sister!"

There was so much of human agony in this speech, that, involuntarily, a shudder passed over Kenyerd's frame; her horror chilled him.

"Woman!" he cried, "you are now my respected wife—the envy of many in position; but, by heavens, if these sentimental meetings with that fellow do not cease, I will cast you off, and let the world then trample you as it will!"

"But my motive," she uttered—"I only wanted to know something of Gabriella——"

"What is she to me, or you, now?" he replied. "You are my wife, and if that title is not by you respected, not you alone, but another, too, shall feel and understand what a husband's just revenge is!"

Chapter V.

Three months later, one June morning, Mrs. Kenyerd sat alone in her boudoir. The lovely face was very pale, and dark rings encircled the large, soft eyes. It needed not a second glance to tell that this woman's life was unhappy; but the world was no wiser to-day than it was three months ago; the mystery that hung about her was still unsolved, and likely to remain so, to all appearances.

A name was brought up—that of Miss Straggles. For some reason, Mrs. Kenyerd consented to receive this woman. Perhaps she wished to learn something of the movements of the great world, in which she had not mingled for the past two months. She had been ill—very ill, and was as yet unable to receive even the few callers who remained in town so late in the season.

"My dear Mrs. Kenyerd, I was so grieved to hear of your illness! I have called several times. To-day I thought it might cheer you to hear some of the news, so I dropped in for a few minutes."

Miss Straggles had secured the attention she coveted, and took her seat complacently, just where the light would enable her to study Mrs. Kenyerd's face.

"I suppose," she began, "you have heard of the approaching marriage?"

"No, no."

"Then I must tell you all about it. You have met, of course, Captain Templar's beautiful ward, Miss Gabriella Lorn?"

Mrs. Kenyerd bowed, but did not speak, and Miss Straggles continued:

"London was astonished, one morning, by an announcement in the *Court Journal*, that 'Miss Lorn's presentation to her Majesty having occurred by mistake, it would be considered as not having taken place.' There had been plenty of people who before had commented on Miss Lorn's residence with Captain Templar, and now another story was raked up. It appears that the foolish young creature had some quarrel or other with her guardian, and left the house, unknown to him. The next day Mr. Kenyon Laurence brought her back. As she had spent the night at the barracks, she was, of course, compromised when this came out. Mr. Laurence, being a man of honor, offered his hand to Miss Lorn as the only reparation in his power, and they are to be married to-morrow at Lakelands. They are all there now."

Surely Mrs. Kenyerd summoned more than physical power to her aid; for when Miss Straggles pronounced these last words, over her brow, eye, cheek, lip—all, came that gray look which is, in most instances, the certain precursor of syncope. Miss Straggles reached out her hands in affright, but the suffering woman seemed to see them not. She rose slowly to her feet, and walked from the room. In the passage she met Lewis, and then her whole manner changed. She caught her by the arm, and gasped, rather than said:

"Don't lose a moment. It has come! It has come! Order the carriage! Quick, Lewis, and come with me. God grant that I am not too late!"

The woman listened, and without a word of remonstrance followed her mistress into her bedroom.

"You will change your dress, Mrs. Kenyerd?"

"Yes; and while I do so, you order the carriage. I must not lose a moment. I will leave a note for Mr. Kenyerd; and I am strong—yes, very strong. Go, Lewis!"

Half an hour afterward, Mrs. Kenyerd and her maid left her husband's house, without even acquainting Miss Straggles with the fact. They had forgotten to do so.

* * * * * * *

It was the morning of the wedding at Lakelands. They came to dress the bride, but she looked at the clock, and said:

"Not yet; I wish to be alone longer."

She was a girl of peculiar beauty—pale as marble; thick, heavy hair clustered over the dark, strongly-marked brows.

It was thrown back in a mass, simply because the working brain could not have borne the weight on the forehead; for those large, full, dark-gray eyes, with long black fringes, spoke of so much wild passion and excitement! She was unquestionably handsome, but she startled you. She might be loved with passion, never with attachment.

"I wish to be alone," she repeated; and Mrs. Page, the elderly widow of an officer, engaged as her companion, said, smiling:

"You must not keep your lover waiting, my dear."

HYMN TO THE SEA.—"THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS LOOKS ON THEE, OVER A HUNDRED HILLS." SEE PAGE 447.

"Need I again tell you that this is a sacrifice?" cried Gabriella Lorn, impatiently; "that I do not love Mr. Laurence, neither does he love me."

"Strange girl!" muttered Mrs. Page, as she left the room.

Alone, the bride sat down to think.

"She—she," muttered the dark spirit within her—"she is the cause of all! It is she who infatuates him. If it were not for her, he would love me; he would not urge me to this marriage. Oh, Rus, Rus, how little you know how I love you! But you shall grieve for me. I have it here, my best friend," she hoarsely uttered, pressing a hand on her bosom; "that which will lay their *happy* bride dying before them—not too quick a death, for I will speak before I die, and leave them memory!" and she laughed.

What, with thoughts like these—words like these in her mind, must have been her feelings as she laid aside her loose morning-dress, and, with perfect composure, commenced replacing it, unassisted, by the rich one displayed on her bed! Rus Templar stood, pale and haggard, in the drawing-room, already dressed for the ceremony, in which he was to play the part of father.

In a few moments Kenyon Laurence entered, not wearing the aspect of a joyful bridegroom; with him came Mrs. Page, and then Gabriella, calm, pale, yet not more so than was habitual.

"I am ready now," she said, with perfect composure, and she glanced around the room.

There was a complete silence in that strange assembly, broken by a shriek the most wild and piercing that lip ever breathed.

It came from Gabriella, who stared wildly from the window an instant. Then, turning round like one quite mad, she exclaimed:

"She has come—she! Oh! whither shall I fly? Save me!"

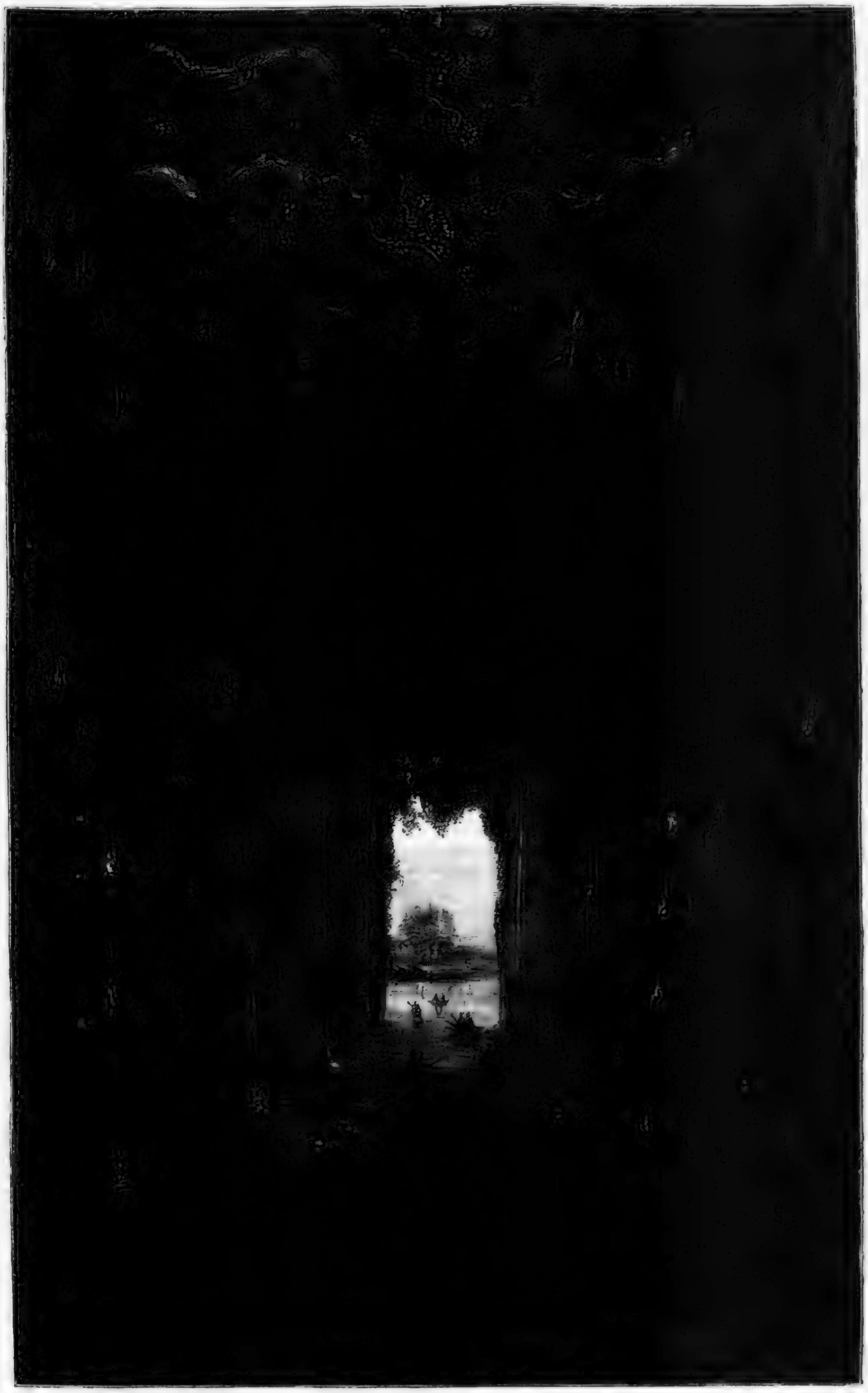
A moment more, and the door was thrown open. Mrs. Kenyerd stood on the threshold.

"I forbid this marriage!" she cried. "Gabriella Marra, Kenyon Laurence is your brother and mine."

"'Tis false!" shrieked Gabriella, seizing Mrs. Kenyerd's arm. "False to him," she pointed to Rus, "false to your husband, you now invent this odious tale to drive me mad! Foster Marra," she continued, hurriedly, "died; you know he did, woman—you yourself told me so—and now you invent this fearful thing, that, looking down the abyss on which I stood, my brain may turn, and my trembling footsteps whirl me down!"

"Gabriella," Mrs. Kenyerd answered, sadly, but solemnly, "bless heaven to-day, which has saved you from

XUM



THE GORGE OF THE TUNKINI, PERU.—SEE PAGE 443.

that fearful, though unwitting, sin; for, by the great heaven which sees us, he is our brother!"

Gabriella saw Rus Templar's look, as his eye never once quitted Mrs. Kenyerd's face. Stricken in the feeling nearest her heart, hopeless as it was, disappointed in the self-sacrifice she had premeditated, her heart, bursting its bounds in bitterness of anguish, sent forth its stream of life from those pale lips.

A shuddering cry broke from Mrs. Kenyerd, as she folded her arms round the girl's sinking form.

"Gabriella," she sobbed, "I love you—I have always loved you!" and she tried to staunch the blood that welled forth with her every breath.

"Back, back! bid her not touch me!" shrieked the dying girl; "she is the cause of all."

Rus gently unwound the arms of the weeping Adeline, who knelt beside her sister. She sank, as he did so, almost in a crouching posture.

Rus looked at her, but he had a first duty to the dying, however erring and vindictive. He turned to Gabriella, and then that head lay calm and tranquil on his bosom.

"Bow low," she whispered—"lower," and his head rested close to her lips; for every fresh gush from the quivering vein weakened her visibly, yet how could he restrain her? "I will tell you. I know I am dying, or I could not say it. I love you. I have loved you ever since you were divorced from her. I had a right, then."

When this sad and most painful confession fell from her lips, Rus, that man so severely tried, laid his head down on the hand he held, and groaned. All the madness of this weak mortal being passed before him—the suicide twice contemplated, and the first time prevented by her own, though unknown, brother.

The dying girl now lay with closed eyes, nestled more closely to Rus Templar's bosom, just articulating "I am so very, very happy!" and thus her spirit passed gently away.

Where were her love and her hate then?—Memories.

Adeline looked on her dead sister. She was too much shocked to weep or move; she seemed frozen by thoughts.

How doubly desolate she felt in that chamber of death! She looked up. Laurence's eyes were sadly fixed upon her working face. Had he read her thoughts? Their eyes met, his arms opened, and Adeline flung herself on his bosom.

"Foster, my brother!" she cried in agony, bursting into passionate weeping.

"My poor sister—my Adeline, I will love you!" was his reply, as he strained her to his breast.

Slowly and sadly the bridal carriages drove away, and there was sadness in that house of mourning.

Chapter VI.

Lakelands was empty, but before the three who met on that wedding-morn separated, Kenyon Laurence, or Foster Marra—for that was his real name—knew the history of his life.

"You do not remember, Foster," said Adeline, "your home before you left it. A month after, a child's body was found in the river, and we thought it was yours, for it was so disfigured that it was impossible to recognize it with any certainty, but the height was yours, and the color of the hair. We mourned for you, and believed you dead. After that, life at home became almost insupportable, for our stepfather's only wish was to drive us from it. When Captain Templar came into the neighborhood, and was so good as to love me" (here the lovely woman spoke with unfeigned humility), "I thought God had at last resolved to recompense me for all my sufferings. I married him, and we went to France, taking Gabriella with us. I cannot tell you how happy we were, for I loved him, Foster, with a love that shall live for ever. We had but few friends, and one of these was Mr. Kenyerd. My great sin was jealousy, and this man saw it. Captain Templar had a half-sister, a lovely creature, but insane; and as she was so, and the daughter of his mother by a secret marriage, the fact of her existence was hidden from the world by the wish of Rus's parents. A few months after our marriage they both died, and Rus wished to bring the poor girl to me, hoping that, in time, she might recover.

"One day he left our happy home to fetch her, but he did not tell me his errand. Oh, if he had, all this misery might have been avoided! When he was gone, Mr. Kenyerd came to me, told me that he respected me too much to see me deceived, and declared that he had positive proof of my husband's infidelity. 'Even now,' he said, 'he has gone to visit a young girl who loves him, and who believes him unmarried.'

"I would not believe it at first, Foster; I refused to listen to him; but he said, 'If you wish to follow your husband, and prove the truth of my assertions, you have only to do so. When you are satisfied, if you do not wish to return to this house, come to Paris, and I will procure a divorce.' He then gave me his address; for, though an Englishman, he lived most of the time in Paris.

"I was mad, I think, then. Gabriella remonstrated with me, but I would not be deterred from my purpose. I followed my husband to Touro, and inquired for him at the address to which he had directed me to write.

"I entered his rooms unannounced, and saw, standing in the centre of the apartment, my husband, supporting in his arms a young and beautiful girl, whose eyes were raised in loving confidence to his. With one wild shriek I turned and fled; but in that moment my husband had recognized me. All his efforts to discover me were unavailing. I fled at once to Paris, and a few days after, Mr. Kenyerd, at my desire, instituted a suit of divorce against Captain Templar.

"About this time the House was discussing the question of a new law of divorce, to which Mr. Kenyerd gave his most strenuous support. With deep anxiety he watched every clause, every motion; and what did I know or dream of the meshes which were closing around me?

"At last the law was passed, and the divorce was granted. Of course, Captain Templar had discovered my place of residence long before this, but I would not see him, and he gave up at last.

"Just before the decision, I went to London. The money I had with me was exhausted, and when I applied to Mr. Kenyerd to help me in my endeavors to support myself, he asked me to be his wife. Then, for the first time, did I suspect that he had a motive in unmasking my husband; but I—blind fool that I was—was grateful to him for what I thought his well-meant endeavors, and married him; but, oh! Foster, my heart was breaking for Rus; and, although I believed him so guilty, on my wedding morn I would have been glad to be a servant in his house.

"After my marriage with Mr. Kenyerd, you returned from a journey, as you know. When I saw you, I felt an unalterable conviction that you were my brother, Foster Marra, for you had scarcely altered since your childhood. I had told Mr. Kenyerd my family history, and now I expressed my belief to him. He had adopted you from the streets, he said, and certain circumstances confirmed me in my suspicions; but for some reason he made me promise

XUM

solemnly that I would not inform you of our relationship. I gave the promise, Foster, because he made me believe that it was for your good. After that, I was not quite desolate. I had idolized you as a child. Now you were my sole comfort.

"And how cruelly the world misjudged me!—the world, which alternately petted me, because I was Kenyerd's wife, and sneered at me, because I was of unknown parentage and beautiful. Three months ago I learned from Captain Templar's own lips that Eva Falconer, now dead, was his sister. He had forgiven me, and he still loves me. That knowledge shall uphold me in the years to come. To-day, we part for ever."

We may add a fact, which Mrs. Kenyerd did not know, and consequently could not communicate. If Kenyon Laurence had been made aware of his relationship to his patron's wife, he would immediately have investigated the real facts of the case, and exposed Mr. Kenyerd's villainy, for it can be called nothing else, since he knew Eva Falconer to be Rus Templar's sister.

Lakelands was empty. Its owner could not endure England while the woman he loved was there, and they might meet any day.

Adeline had taken up the heavy, self-imposed burden—she was paying the penalty which all must pay who act rashly or unadvisedly.

But one sentence greeted her wherever she appeared:

"Consumption—any one can see that her days are numbered."

Madeira, Egypt—every possible spot was prescribed, but Mr. Kenyerd had chained his eagle to a rock, and it was dying with looking upward and pining for the freedom of heaven's dome.

* * * * * * *

Time passed. Two persons were wandering in the park at Lakelands, now Foster Marra's home, just as a Christmas sun was setting.

"Adeline, my darling, you know that old Janson, who left me my fortune, did so under the impression that the true heir, Foster Marra, his discarded daughter's child, was dead. You know that I am a poor man now; and that, by Mr. Kenyerd's will, if you marry again, you become a pauper."

"Not one, Rus, but rich in *your* love. Go—you call yourself poor—go, and when the year has passed away, come back and say, 'The little cottage where we lived and loved is ready—all is ready.'"

"And you?" he interrupted.

"I!" she cried, flinging herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears—"I! Oh, Rus, lover of my heart! Better a crust with you, than millions with another—better the light of your eyes, than any jeweled coronet! Oh, blessed indeed it is, thus, as now I feel, as now I know myself—Loving, and Being Loved!"

THE RACCOON.

The raccoon is an animal about the size of a large fox, and an inhabitant of Canada and other parts of America. It derives its name, *lotor*, from the habit it is said to possess of washing its food before eating it. Its skin is very valuable, and is much sought after by hunters, who pride themselves on their skill in shooting this active and wary animal.

There is a story related of a hunter who was so excellent a marksman that, when he entered a wood, the 'coons came down of their own accord, knowing that escape was impossible; but we must class this tale with the account of the man who could grin the bark off gum-trees, and the swift Indian who could run so fast round a tree that he sometimes caught sight of his own back.

The food of the raccoon is principally small animals and insects. Oysters are also a very favorite article of its diet. It bites off the hinge of the oyster, and scrapes out the animal in fragments with its paws. Like a squirrel when eating a nut, the raccoon usually holds its food between its fore-paws pressed together, and sits upon its hind-quarters while it eats. Poultry are very favorite objects of its attack, and it is said to be as destructive in a farmyard as any fox, for it only devours the heads of the murdered fowls. Like the fox, it prowls by night.

When taken young, it is easily tamed, but very frequently becomes blind soon after its capture. This effect is supposed to be produced by the sensitive state of its eyes, which are only intended to be used by night; but, as it is frequently awakened by daylight during captivity, it suffers so much from the unwonted glare, that its eyes gradually lose their sight.

It has been mentioned that the name in general use among the hunters is "'coon," a word which strangely contrasts with its ancient Mexican name of cioatlamacazque.

ARABIC FOUNTAIN AT JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem has been so often laid waste by the desolating hand of war, it has been so frequently completely demolished, that little remains on the surface to trace the grandeur of the races that ruled there from the day when God withheld the light of His countenance from His ungrateful people. The early Jewish structures have all disappeared; no marks remain of Assyrian or Egyptian conquest; even its Roman characteristics disappeared in its total ruin under Titus. Its present impress is Mohammedan and Turkish, rather than Saracen.

The graceful architecture of the latter, of which Granada will always occur to the mind as the most pleasing type, seldom meets the eye at Jerusalem.

A photograph of an Arabic fountain at Jerusalem shows, however, that they still preserve some monuments of considerable beauty.

The women are not out of keeping with the scenes they revive—the early Bible accounts of the heroines of the race, the Rachels proceeding in their simple yet graceful dress, bearing on the head the water-jar; the jeweled bracelets and armlets removing the suspicion of poverty which the bare feet would suggest.

THE GORGE OF THE TUNKINI, PERU.

Beyond the rapids of Tunkini the river grows narrow, and flows between two dykes of basalt. The summits of these formations are thickly covered with vegetation, which, extending and intertwining from one to the other, has formed, at an elevation of thirty feet, a dome of verdure impenetrable to the sun's rays.

It was some time before our eyes, dazzled by the external light, became accustomed to the verdant obscurity of this gorge, the most fantastic work of nature we had encountered.

When, after enjoying the general effect, we made a more particular investigation, that which, at first sight, was only a simple surprise, assumed a wonderful and magic aspect, which filled us with admiration.

The gorge was about a quarter of a mile in length and fifty feet wide, and terminated in a luminous point, like a distant star. The walls were indented with vertical

XUM

channels which served as the beds of streamlets formed on the heights, which fell into the river with a gentle trickling. We counted on our way some twenty-three of these pretty waterfalls.

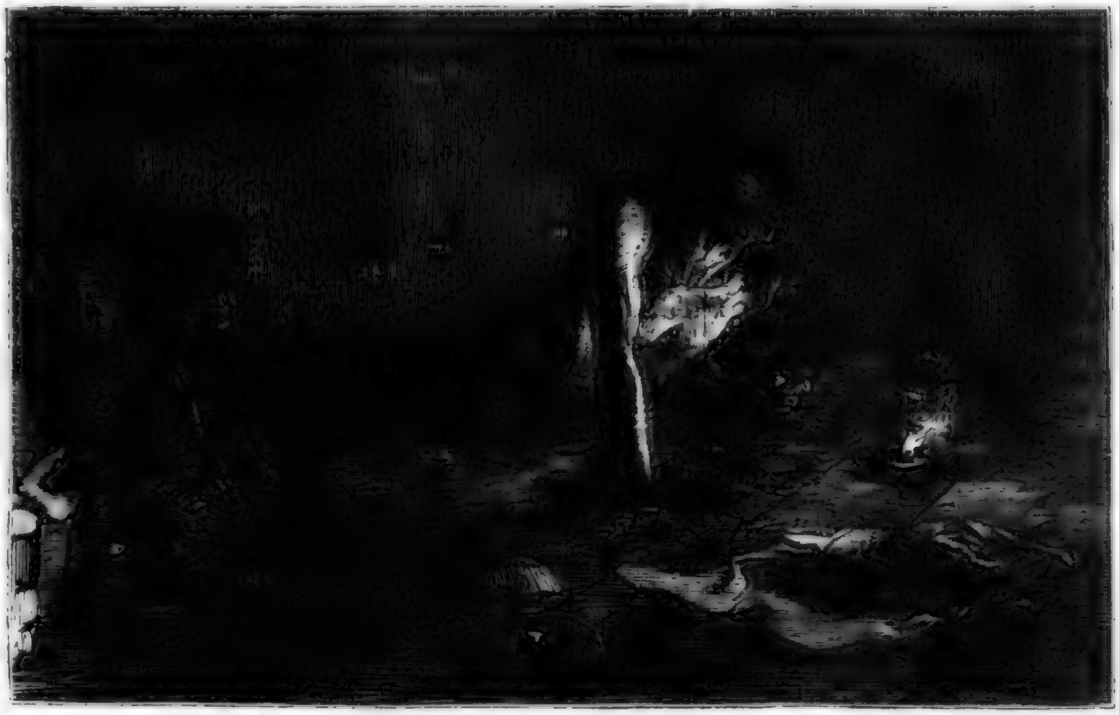
In the irregular spaces between the channels there was sometimes a compact group of columns, and anon a solitary column. The incessant dripping of the foliage, the drops of rain, and the tears of the dew, during innumerable centuries, had hollowed out and engraved the basalt, and produced the most charming freaks of architecture, the most fantastic arabesques, the most delicious designs for ornamentation, that the imagination could ever conceive, or the chisel execute.

All these caprices of natural art, these flowers, these leaves, and these branches of stone, formed by an invisible artist, seemed, in the deep shadows, to participate in the motions of the real foliage, and to swing to and fro with them.

While we were passing through this gorge, whose fairy-like wonders seemed more like the dimness of a dream than the glare of reality, we were tempted, like Abou-Hassan, the caliph of fiction, to bite our fingers to make sure that we were really awake. The danger that surrounded us was the actual reality, which brought us back from the heaven of sylphs and peris, and kept us in the land of human beings.

The river, furious on account of its captivity between these two walls of basalt, but concentrating its fury in the

LITTLE LUCY AT THE OLD WELL.



THE ESCAPE OF ÇASANOVA DE SEINGALT FROM THE PIOMBI, VENICE.

depths of its bed, rumbled heavily, so that the bottoms of our boats shook beneath our feet. Our sensations were as much those of fear as of enthusiasm—they were like those fits of hysterics in which laughter is mingled with tears. Soon the rapid current redoubled its swiftness; the parallel sculptures on the two walls seemed to mingle. The brilliant point, which served us for a lighthouse, and toward which our eyes were strained, grew larger and larger, and became an open portico upon the chasm. With the swiftness of an arrow, our boat rushed out of the darkness of the gorge, and passed the *Punca*, the gate of Tunkini—a recess between two hills—and launched suddenly into an immense space inundated with air and with sunshine. The Cordilleras remained for ever behind us, and we entered the lowlands of South America.

This sudden passage from darkness to light, this transmission from a narrow strait to a space without limits, had a very peculiar effect upon us. The glare of the water was like the glittering of a sabre in the sun, dazzling us and compelling us to close our eyes.

This sensation was followed by astonishment, mingled with admiration, to which the idea of being for ever free from cascades and rapids added the sweetest repose and the most intense satisfaction.

THE ESCAPE OF CASANOVA DE SEINGALT FROM THE PIOMBI, VENICE.

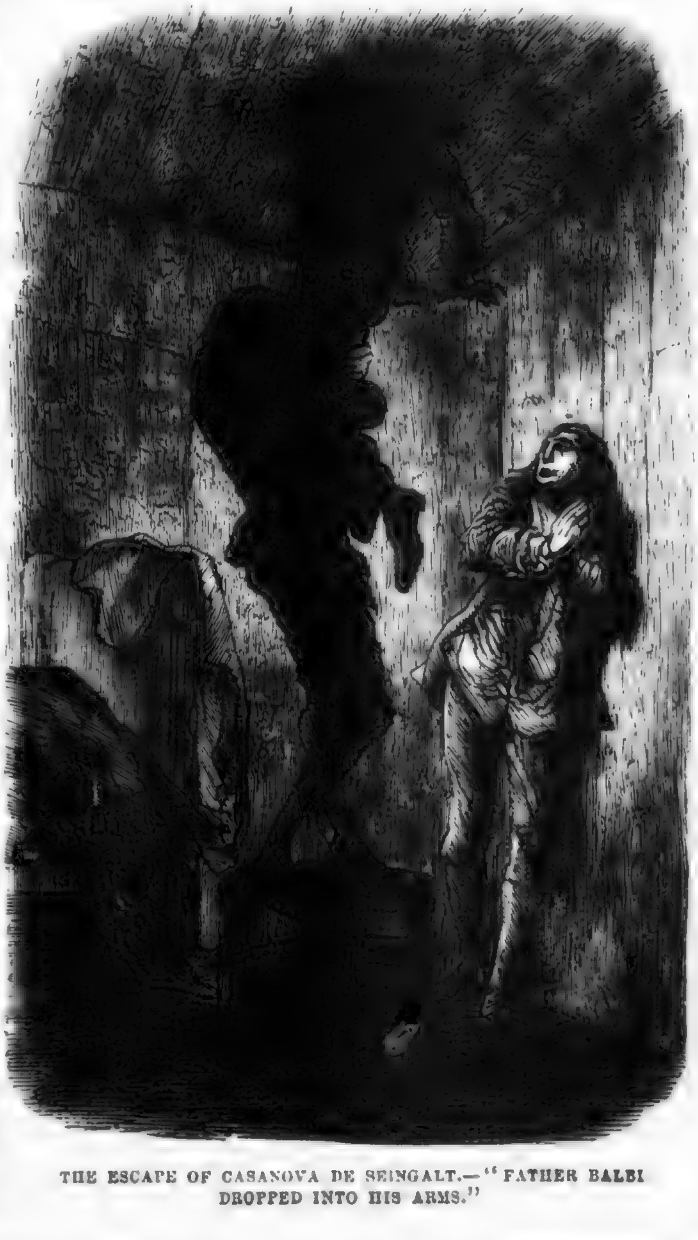
Casanova de Seingalt, for some petty misdemeanor, was sent to that terrible Venetian prison, "I Piombi." The cells opened on a kind of garret, full of odds and ends, old documents, furniture, etc.; and while the cells were cleansed every day, the prisoners had a few moments' walk here. One day Casanova spied an iron bolt about twenty inches long, and a bit of marble, which he secured, and then set to work to rub the iron till he had pointed it.

As he was led up he had observed the floor below, and felt sure that the room directly under his was a sort of office not occupied by night. Into this he resolved to make his way. By feigning a terrible cough, he got them to stop sweeping his room.

But there was another difficulty. His cell was almost constantly dark—only a few hours a day was it possible to read. A lamp became of the utmost necessity. By great ingenuity he got oil and flint and matches, and managed to make a lamp that served his purpose.

With his rude tool, lying flat on the floor, he cut through the two-inch planks that formed his floor, but was met by a bed of small bits of marble laid in cement, and called in Venice *terrazzo marmorin*. On this his tool made no impression, but pouring in vinegar that he had for salad, he at last got through it.

While at work at his hole on the 25th of June, naked on the floor, with his lamp beside him, to his terror he heard the bolt of the outer door slide. He had just time



THE ESCAPE OF CASANOVA DE SEINGALT.—"FATHER BALBI DROPPED INTO HIS ARMS."

to cram all into the hole and throw himself on his bed, when the jailer entered with a new prisoner. The smell of the lamp nearly betrayed him, but it only caused the jailer to send them both into the garret while he swept out the cell.

The new-comer was, of course, not to be trusted; and for the week or more that he was confined in Casanova's cell, that prisoner had to suspend his labors.

When he was again condemned to solitude, or, rather, permitted to enjoy his solitude, he proceeded with his labor, and cut through the last plank so nearly that it would require only a slight pressure to force it through. Having made a small hole, to reconnoitre the room below, he found that the board crossed a beam on the ceiling just where he had cut it, compelling him to begin his labors again in order to widen the opening, for what was left at the side of the beam would not allow him to pass.

While he was now exulting in the liberty which he believed to be within his reach, his jailer entered.

"Ah, Casanova!" he exclaimed, "you are in luck, and I congratulate you. I am ordered to remove you from this wretched dungeon to a bright, cheerful cell, with two windows overlooking half Venice."

Under other circumstances, this would have been joyful tidings indeed. It was, however, like sentence of death. He tried to avoid it, but in vain. He was taken to the other cell, which he found cheerful, indeed, but in which he sat down to prepare for the coming storm.

Before long the jailer rushed in, furious.

"Give me the ax you used to cut the floor!"

Casanova pretended not to understand him, and at last said, in despair:

"If you annoy me, I will say that you gave me the tools, and that I handed them back to you."

His singular tool was really concealed on his chair, and escaped the diligent search now made.

After a few days, Lorenzo, his jailer, finding that if the affair became known, he would lose his place, and perhaps his head, as Casanova's accomplice, begged him to be silent in regard to it, and, without informing the authorities, had the damage repaired. To ingratiate himself with his prisoner, he now brought him books. They came from another cell, and soon enabled Casanova to open a correspondence with Father Balbi and Count Andrew Asquini, confined elsewhere.

He at last managed to send to Balbi the rude instrument that had served him so well, and Balbi managed to open a way through into Casanova's cell, covering the hole with a religious print. Just as they were in hopes of making at least an attempt at escape, Casanova was again favored with a companion, who, to his consternation, proved to be a Government spy, his remissness or treachery in a late case having consigned him to the dungeons to which he had sent so many.

How to manage his new and dangerous guest Casanova did not know. To wait day after day was intolerable; to trust him was madness. Finding, however, that the ex-spy was superstitious to the last degree, Casanova made him believe that an angel was coming to liberate them, and that he had prayed that he too should enjoy this heaven-sent freedom, but that the angel would not aid him unless he gave up his degrading business, and promised, under pain of death, never again to help man to cruelly imprison his fellow-man.

Having managed to obtain a large folio Bible, he hid his tool in it, and sent it to Father Balbi, who finally effected an opening while the State Inquisitors were away, and while all the keepers were making merry. Then aiding his accomplice, they removed the last plank, and Balbi slipped down into his arms with their great weapon and a pair of scissors.

Casanova then climbed up again, and went to work on the worm-eaten floor of the garret, and made a way to the lead covering. The others had meanwhile torn up all that they could find to make ropes. As soon as it was dark, they cut through the lead, and commenced a perilous journey over the roof, Seingalt leading, and, for part of the way, drawing Balbi. After much fruitless exploring, they came upon a kind of cupola, near which workmen had been employed with a ladder. They broke the window carefully, and by the ladder reached the floor, although once, the ladder slipping, nearly carried off the roof. They found themselves in a part devoted to the archives, and here Casanova, certain of his safety from interruption, took a short sleep, which he needed to recruit his strength. Starting again, they made their way from room to room till they reached the Ducal Chancery, and, cutting out a panel of the door, were at last free, although Casanova was terribly torn by the rough edges.

Putting on clothes they had brought, they descended the Giant Staircase and reached the canal, where they luckily found a gondolier, who conveyed them to Mestre. Here Casanova engaged post-horses to take them to Treviso, but Balbi caused an almost fatal delay by going into a large *café* for refreshments.

Having reached Treviso, they separated, Balbi taking the easier route, and Casanova a rugged mountain path, going for refreshment to the house of the very officer engaged in hot pursuit of him. After a series of adventures he reached the frontier, and crossing it, was free from Venetian authority, and safe at Borgo de Val, where he found his comrade Balbi. They had effected one of the few recorded escapes from the terrible Piombi of Venice.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SPANISH MERINO.

The Romans wore nothing but woolen goods. They had no cotton; they had a little linen, which was worn as a material of luxury; they had no silk. They cultivated the sheep with care, and some of their richest possessions were in these animals. But there was one breed of sheep which they cultivated more particularly, and by that system of selection which Darwin speaks of as the source of perfected forms of our domestic animals. It was called Tarentine sheep, from Tarentum, a city of Greek origin, situated at the head of the Tarentine Gulf.

The fleece of this sheep was of exceeding fineness; it was of great delicacy, and the prices paid for it were enormous. The sheep were clothed in cold weather to keep them warm, and the result was that they were very tender, and their wool was very fine. They were a product of Greek civilization transmitted down to the Romans.

Columella, the great Roman agriculturist, says that his uncle, residing in Spain, crossed some of the fine Tarentine sheep with some rams that had been imported from Africa, and the consequences were that these animals had the whiteness of fleece of the father, with the fineness of fleece of the mother, and that race was perpetuated. Here we see an improvement of the stock, an increase of strength and productiveness given to the fine-wool sheep of Spain.

At that time the sheep of Spain were of immense value; for Strabo says that sheep from Spain, in the time of Tiberius, were carried to Rome and sold for the price of a talent ($1,000) a head. In the time of our Saviour, $1,000 were given in Rome for Spanish sheep. When the barbarians inundated Italy, these fine-wool sheep were all swept away; but they remained in Spain. They were cultivated by the Moors in the mountains of Spain, which were almost inaccessible, and not reached by the hordes of Huns and other northern barbarians, which had laid waste the greater portion of the Roman possessions. They continued to be nourished by the Moors, who were much advanced in arts, and further on were found there as the Spanish Merino; so that the Spanish Merino which we now have, if not the only, is at all events by far the most important, relic that we have to-day which has come down to us from Greek and Roman material civilization. We have here a direct inheritance from the material wealth of the Old World civilization.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

A Western journal has a handsome specimen of the "discoidal stone," a kind of stone implement that has very rarely been found outside of East Tennessee and adjoining sections. These relics deserve a passing notice, on account of the rapidly growing interest in archæology, and especially in American antiquities.

The name is given to this type of relics by the scientists from its shape—that of a double convex disk. They are usually made of the hardest quartz, very symmetrical and beautifully polished, and the manufacture of a single one, without the use of metallic tools, must have cost the ancient workman the labor of months.

The traditions of the Cherokees do not reach back to the origin of these implements, but only say that their first people found them here, and made use of them in playing "chungke," a game described by early writers as being similar to tenpins.

Like many relics of the stone age whose use cannot be accounted for, the discoidal stone is ascribed to the mound-builders. The present specimen was recently plowed up. It is made of beautiful variegated quartzite, polished smooth as the finest marble, and so hard that it would turn the edge of the best tempered steel drill. Whatever its original purpose, it must have been something the owner considered very important. It was probably connected with some superstition or some religious belief or ceremony.

HOW SCREWS ARE MADE.

The process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size, and the nick put in at the same time. After rattling again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and, after another rattling and thorough drying, the screws are assorted by hand (the fingers of those who do this move almost literally like lightning), grossed by weight and packed for shipping.

That which renders it possible for machines to do all this, is a little thing that looks like, and opens and shuts like, a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. This is about the most wonderful piece of automatic skill and usefulness I have ever seen, and it has done its distinctive work at the rate of thirty-one screws a minute, although this rate is only experimental as yet; ninety-three gross per day, however, has been the regular work of one machine.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

By Dean Alford.

Who shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?
And having reached with keen poetic sight,
Ere beast or happy bird
Through the vast silence stirred,
Roll back the folded darkness of the primal night?

Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the graves
Of moldering systems, with dark weltering waves
Troubling the peace of the first mother's womb;
Whose ancient awful form,
With inly-tossing storm,
Unquiet heavings kept—a birthplace and a tomb,

Till the life-giving Spirit moved above
The face of the waters, with creative love
Warming the hidden seeds of infant light:
What time the mighty word
Through thine abyss was heard,
And swam from out thy deeps the young day heavenly bright.

Thou and the earth, twin-sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The Summer hours away,
Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago,
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own,
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee—
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise;
While the round vault above,
In vast and silent love,
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie,
Deep-blue, ere yet the sun
His daywork hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

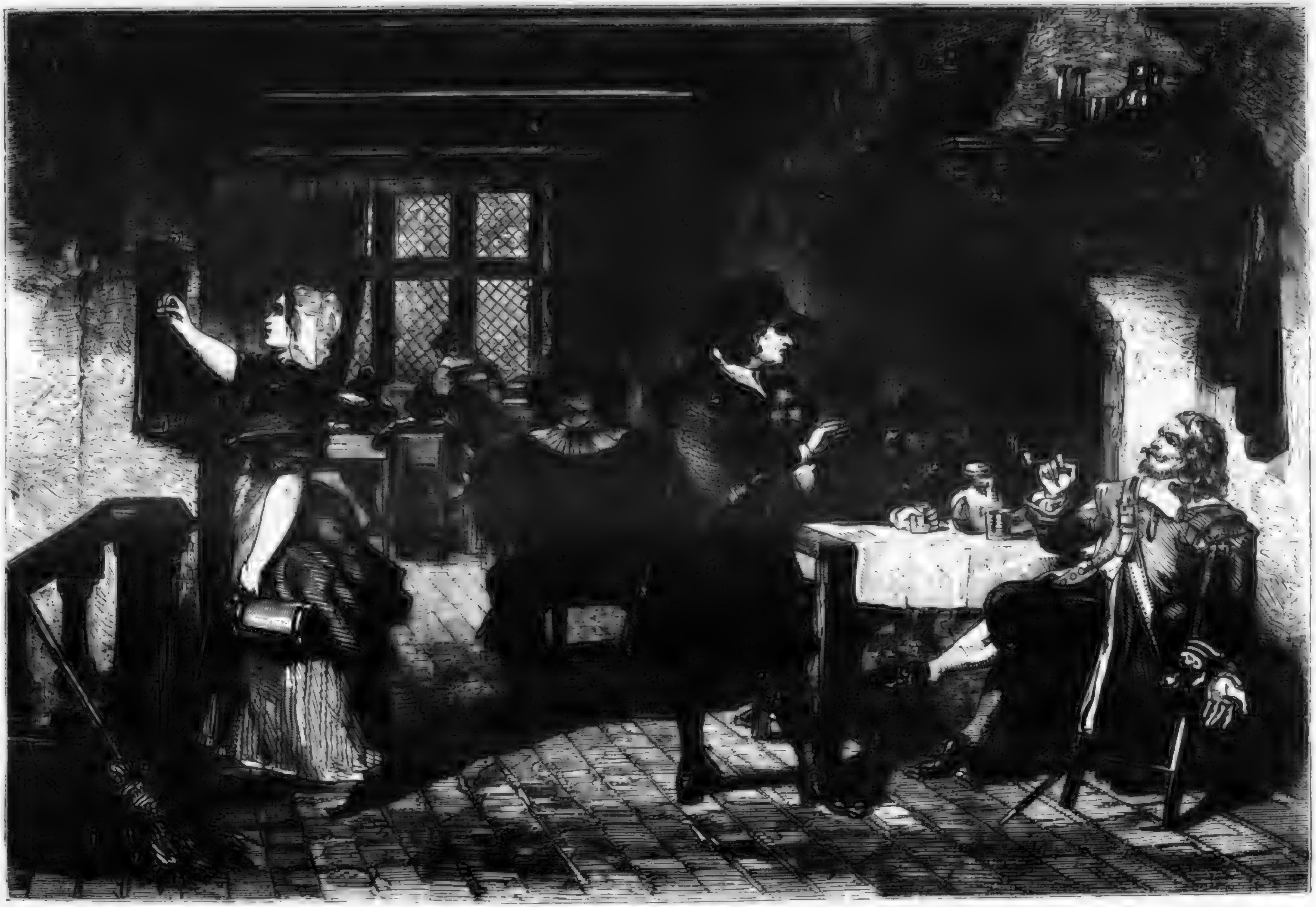
The Spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over an hundred hills; quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror; brooding lie
Storm-mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray-blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast,
Whose stiff breath whistling shrill,
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

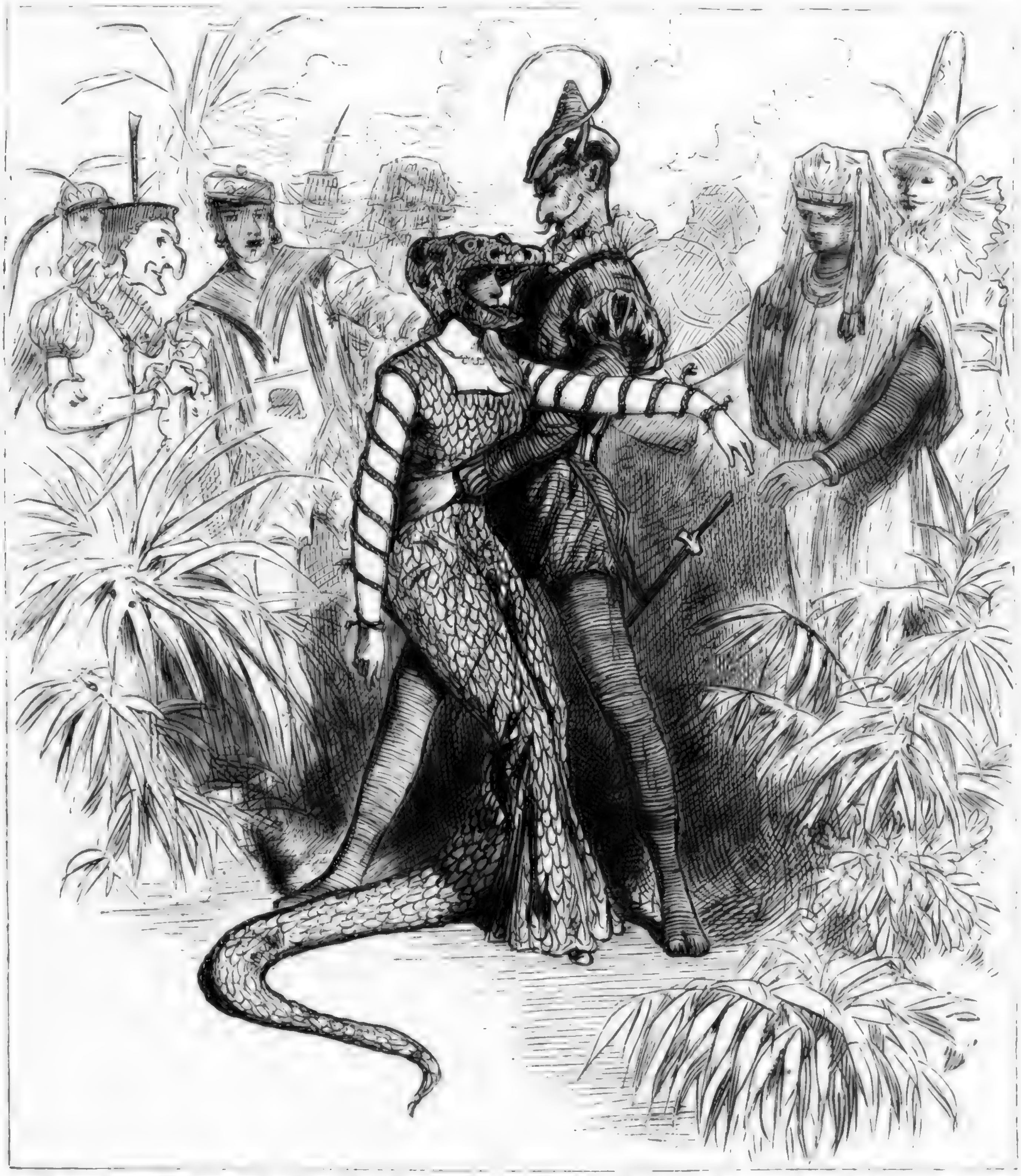
Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and gray,
Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim:
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain:
Thou art as at the first; thou journeyedst not with him.

XUM



THE FAIR RECKONER. BY FAED.



THE AMBER WITCH.—"THE 'SERPENT' FELL BACK INTO THE ARMS OF 'MEPHISTOPHELES.' IN A MOMENT ALL WAS CONFUSION. CRIES OF 'SHE IS SHOT—ARREST THE MURDERER!' WERE HEARD; BUT THE FOUR DOMINOES HAD VANISHED."

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

Chapter I.—An Egyptian Obelisk and a Parisian Sphinx.

In Paris; above, a deep-blue arch, sparkling with the myriad lamps of heaven; below, a labyrinth of streets, blazing with a myriad of those lamps of earth, which, like the sun, shine alike on the just and on the unjust.

As if the sparkling arch above were striving to outshine the sparkling plain below, the moon rose suddenly, sending the few lurking shadows flying, and turning the white palace-fronts to shining silver. As if to rival this celestial illumination, one of these gleaming white façades burst, all at once, into blossoms of colored light, hanging roses of flame over its balconies, winding its twisted columns with tulips, which flared purple and amber, and sending up tall spires of clustered fleur-de-lis, which burned, vividly blue, against the shining stucco.

As carriage after carriage rolled slowly toward the entrance, the wide doors swung open, and showed a magnificent staircase, up which was passing a continuous stream of cloaked and hooded figures, giving to the eager gaze of

XUM

the fortunate few outside who could snatch a look across the cordon of police the occasional gleam of a satin slipper, or flash of a jewel on some white hand, which drew still closer the draperies of head or shoulder.

"Diable! the face must be pretty that goes with such shoulders!" "Did you see that foot? 'Twas no longer than my hand." "Did you see that girl spring from the carriage? You may bet *she* hasn't seen twenty yet." "Here! here's something to look at at last. Peste! take your black and white wraps, I say! Give *me* something lively to open the eyes at. Here's a red one! a yellow one! a white one! and a blue one!" "*Blue! he's green!*" "The green is all in your eye, comrade." In fact, four dominoes of the colors already described by the graphic tongues of a Parisian street crowd had descended from a carriage, ascended the staircase, and declining to enter a dressing-room had presented themselves at the entrance to the *salon*.

"Gentlemen, you must lay aside your dominoes," said the magnificent personage who announced the guests.

The crimson domino showed him a few lines written on perfumed paper, under a coronet and monogram.

The magnificent personage bowed, and withdrew his hand from the satin curtains, which parted under an arch.

"If such are madame's orders, pass in, gentlemen." Then, announcing the newcomers, "The gentlemen from the other world," he said.

All heads were turned toward the new arrivals, who seemed to see nothing at first but gleaming eyes, as the masked faces turned in their direction. As they bowed over the hand of their hostess, which she had given them, in English fashion, she said:

"I am dying to know what your costumes are, but I refrain from asking; although you are putting a severe tax on my feminine curiosity."

"You will know only too soon, madame," said the white domino.

"Too soon! That sounds almost like a threat, Monsieur the American."

"But we do not threaten you, madame," said the red domino, pressing his friend's arm. As they passed on he said, "You are too impetuous. You will ruin all if you are not careful."

"I!—too impetuous? Do you recollect what I have to avenge?"

"Yes; but we don't do these things here after the fashion of your American savages—first the war-whoop, then the tomahawk."

"I don't care how I do it, so that it is done," said the other, gloomily.

"Do you know, Laurence, I'd be willing to wager any sum that even now, if you should once hear her speak, if she should once bestow upon you one of those smiles of hers, which are the most wonderful commingling of the heavenly and the diabolical, you would forget your brother's death, your friend's madness, your cousin's ruin, and wish only to live and die at her feet."

"Do you take me for a fool?" said the other, sternly.

"Fool!—by no means. It's only the wisest and the best that she cares to capture. Such insignificants as I am escape by reason of their insignificance."

"Is she here? Do you see her anywhere?"

"Not yet. The dresses are rather bewildering, to be sure, but you can always single her out by that magnificent hair of hers, the hair which gives her the name of the 'Amber Witch,' and which she always disposes so as best to display its luxuriant beauty. They are beginning to dance. Isn't that quadrille of the Seasons pretty?—though how Summer is going to sit down without crushing all those wild-strawberry vines with which her dress is besprinkled, I do not see. And there come the Hours, marshaled by Nox and Aurora! They've stolen some of their dresses and distinguishing signs from Raffaello's designs. See that one with the owl! isn't she a lovely creature?"

But the white domino looked with unseeing eyes at the twenty-four beautiful young women who were moving through the figures of a dance, in which they formed a living representation of the frieze of some Greek temple.

The dance finished, the beauty with the owl, who had attracted the attention of the crimson domino, seemed to feel fatigued, and looked around for a seat. A chair covered with embossed velvet stood at her elbow. With a sigh of relief she sank upon the seat, when, all at once, the arms, upon which her own were stretched, slid from beneath them, and gently encircled her waist. A start, a scream; the released beauty sprang to her feet, and the chair rose upon its front legs, leaving the back legs, with their connecting bar, upon which the living chair had squatted, dangling behind, as their wearer walked away.

"Now, I call that ingenious," said the crimson domino to his white friend, who had witnessed the incident apparently unmoved. "It takes a Frenchman to arrange such a surprise."

"A Frenchman is always ready to assist nature in supplying that part of the ape that she has left out of his composition," was the reply.

"Can't you forget your vendetta until the time is come for executing it, and enjoy yourself in the interval? A Corsican always has a smile on his face when he finds his victim is at hand."

"And you shall see me smile when my vendetta is accomplished," said the white domino, moving into the shadow of an Egyptian obelisk. "I wish to heaven this was over!"

"Hush! not so loud. There's a loving couple on the other side, who have been using this affair as a screen for the last quarter of an hour. There's one thing I want to say to you. Suppose the shock of this should drive her mad? I have heard of such results."

"Has not she driven others mad?—devil that she is!"

"Just see what a jolly time those other fellows are having. It's evident that they don't care a fig for the consequences."

"Are you going to fail me now, Guy?"

"I! oh, no. I promised to see you through, and I'll do it; though I must confess that I begin to 'feel pity tugging at my heart-strings.' I suppose you'll leave for Italy as soon as this is over?"

"As soon as my aunt and cousin can join me."

"I don't think I should go as soon myself, if it were not for that charming cousin of yours——"

"You must recollect that I have never seen her."

"But her picture is exquisite; and, by-the-way, there's a positive resemblance to——"

"She looks a little like one of Titian's beauties, I think."

"But more like the 'Amber Witch.'"

"Does she, indeed? I am sorry you have mentioned the resemblance. I was prepared to like her."

"Was Lady Amberside as beautiful in her youth?"

"So my mother has told me. But the present Lady Amberside is not my aunt, and is only Beatrix's step-mother. She is a Frenchwoman. That is the reason I have never seen Beatrix. Her father died soon after his second marriage; the present Lady Amberside naturally prefers her native country, and, when I have visited England, it has chanced that Beatrix has been on the Continent with her step-mother."

"And they have never visited Italy?"

"Only when Beatrix was too young to remember it. It is on her account that Lady Amberside wishes to take advantage of my escort."

"There's a new arrival! It is she!—it is positively she!"

The white domino shuddered from head to foot, as, following closely upon the announcement of her assumed character as "The Serpent of Old Nile," a figure, at once beautiful and repellent, entered the *salon* at the head of a glittering train. The upper part of her dress was a species of corselet, composed of burnished scales, which slid one upon the other as she moved, producing so dazzling an effect that the light seemed to explode from, rather than be reflected by, them. An infinity of smaller scales covered her closely-clinging skirt of green satin, which terminated in a pointed train. Around her neck was twined a serpent, wrought entirely of small rubies, emeralds and diamonds, which seemed to writhe with every motion. From dimpled shoulders to taper wrists, jeweled snakes wound their coils around her arms, and even her face was hidden by a mask which formed a serpent's head, and, being enameled in colors, was frightfully life-like. From under this floated a profusion of amber-colored hair, which rolled in sinuous curves almost to the edge of her skirt. Mark Antony, in complete Roman armor, and arm-in-arm with a grinning crocodile; a group of naiads, in dresses of silver gauze, strewn with shells and coral and fringed with seaweed; a pair of mummies; and Satan himself, dressed from head to foot in scarlet satin, with gilded horns and hoofs, and having a white-winged angel on his arm, followed.

As the "Serpent of Old Nile" approached more nearly, a low, hissing sound became audible, which accompanied all her movements, and was probably produced by some mechanical contrivance. When she reached the Egyptian obelisk, behind which the red and white dominos stood, half concealed, it moved from its place and stationed itself by her side, leaving exposed to all eyes a pair of lovers in a half embrace. The impulsive Parisians greeted this new surprise with a ecstasy of delight.

"Who would have imagined that obelisk to be nothing but pasteboard, with a man inside?" said the red domino. "And here we have been, saying anything and everything as we stood by it! Fortunately, we spoke in English."

The white domino made no reply. All his faculties were absorbed in his gaze at the "Serpent of Old Nile," who stood leaning against the obelisk, her face half averted from him, and slightly inclined toward it, in the attitude of one who listens. Had he been near enough, he would have heard her say, in a low tone:

"Whatever it is, let it come; I am not afraid."

At this moment her hostess, the Countess de G——, approached her, and having complimented her upon her dress, told her that the band was about to play the music of the ballet of the "Cour du Diable," which she had promised to dance at her house.

"Have a care!" murmured a voice from the obelisk.

"Were *you* to provide my partner, madame?" asked the Serpent, with her eyes, which glittered through the holes of her mask, fastened upon the countess's uncovered face.

"I do not recollect that to have been in our agreement," was the composed reply. "If you had been a *débutante*, I might have proposed some one; but for *you*, who are always so besieged by partners——

"Permit me to implore that happiness for myself," said the white domino, appearing at the countess's elbow.

"*That is the man!*" murmured the obelisk.

"You, Monsieur the Domino! Why do you claim my hand?"

"Madame, although I am now an inhabitant of the other world, I knew you well in this."

"And were a friend of mine?"

"To the death."

She shook her head.

"Your voice is strangely familiar," she said. "Do you dance in domino?"

"Until the time for unmasking comes."

"You are very mysterious! Tell me, do the feelings change after death?"

"To what feelings do you refer, madame?"

"The affections. You say you were a—friend of mine?"

"I worshiped you—I adored you! Have you forgotten?"

She laughed.

"There were so many!"

"Remember me by this token."

Taking her hand, he drew her quite within the shadow of the obelisk, and, stooping quickly, pressed his lips upon the dimple of her shoulder.

She started, and her hand grew cold in his.

"I thought—I had heard——"

"What?—that I was no longer yours? that I no longer loved you? Impossible!"

"No, it was not *that*. I heard—but never mind. So you have taken this way of telling me that you still live?"

"You had heard that I was *dead?*"

"Yes; I *had* heard that. It is not true; so much the better."

"And you will dance with me?"

"With all my heart, and both my feet. Do you know, I am glad that you are not dead, Maurice."

"Really?"

"Yes; I am getting to have too many victims on my conscience; and you—well, you were always rather amusing, you used to *rave* so."

"I have given up that foolish habit."

"Ah, but you haven't seen my face yet!"

"Is it changed at all?"

"They tell me that, if changed at all, it is only for the better."

"What should you do, if you should lose your beauty by disease or—accident?"

She shuddered.

"Die, I suppose."

"But, if you *had* to live on? Remember, you would be lonely then, forgotten by your friends, when you could no longer minister to their entertainment; shunned by your lovers, to whom you have grown an object of aversion. To look in your mirror and think, at first sight, that that loathsome face must be the face of a stranger. To sit by your solitary fireside, and be haunted by the vision of past pleasures, and, worse, by the phantoms of those to whom your beauty, now as much a phantom as themselves, w destruction!"

"A very pretty sermon, truly, Monsieur the Purita from one who is to dance with my wicked self in the ballet of the 'Court of Satan'! Bah! the very air is pestiferous with your words! Ah, here is a friend of mine, who always carries a *vinaigrette*, or some such trifle, for the use of his fainting partners. You don't chance to have a flaçon of cologne about you, Monsieur Mephistopheles? The atmosphere of this gentleman is oppressive."

"I think you would find my atmosphere more conducive to health," said the person she addressed, making a movement as if to offer his arm.

"Thank you; but I am engaged for the ballet of which they are now playing the music."

XUM

"But, madame, I am very anxious to speak with you, for a moment."

"I am sorry—but I have no time——"

"But five minutes! I only ask five minutes."

"It is really important?"

"Vitally so."

"Then, for only five minutes, Monsieur the Domino. If I fail to return then, you may claim me."

As she vanished on Mephistopheles's arm, the red domino came up.

"You have lost your partner?"

"She returns in five minutes. Is everything ready?"

"All have taken their places; we are only waiting for you. What do you think of her?"

"I think that she is all ready to dance this ballet in the original Court of Satan. Did you ever hear such music? I believe it was composed in the infernal regions. Every note from those violins sounds like the wail of a lost soul, and that diabolical interweaving of the clamor of the horns expresses exactly the triumph of the evil spirits. As for me, I no longer feel either doubt or remorse. With her own lips she has pronounced her own doom. And here she comes again! *Lamia*, she should have called herself, for she is neither more nor less than a woman-snake. It will be a good deed to draw her fangs. Who would hesitate to crush a serpent?"

"I hope *I* am not that serpent you are intending to crush, gentlemen! Is a reptile to blame for being such as its creator made it? Now, adieu to moralizing. I feel the 'soul of the music go into my blood,' and I am now all infernal, and, as such, defy you to do your worst. My master will protect me. Are there three other dominos in the ballet? Friends of yours, Monsieur the White Domino?"

"Friends of *yours*, rather, I fancy. I claim no infernal origin."

"Is not the blare of that trumpet inspiring? *A moi, mes diables!*"

The Serpent did indeed dance as if possessed. The music, which at first had given a measured cadence, grew faster and more furious. The figures became more and more involved. The "Infernal Ballet" was the centre of attraction, the other dancers having now become spectators. Even to these lookers-on, accustomed to everything combining the fantastic and diabolical, there came a thrill almost of terror, as the music changed to an unearthly strain, which seemed to represent the lament of lost souls in the midst of their tormentors. The lights sank, flickered, and went out. A jarring clash and clang from cymbals and trumpets, and they burned again, but now with a blue and livid flame, which gradually grew into a broad, crimson glare.

The white domino seized his partner's hand.

"I lied to you," he said—"I am dead—twice dead! Killed by you—first my body, and then my soul!"

He snatched off his mask, and flung back his domino. She saw a beautiful, ghastly head, with a deep gash in the white, uncovered throat.

There were screams, mingled with hysteric laughter, from the partners of the three other dominos, as they also threw off their wrappings, and showed, each one, the semblance of a mortal wound.

The Serpent drew back—for a moment only—her rapid movement producing an ominous hiss. Then she laughed, naturally, carelessly.

"Rather too theatrically arranged, gentlemen!" she said. "But the Comtesse de G—— always was a blunderer—as Monsieur de G—— has often assured me."

There was a detonation, a spurt of something that looked like liquid flame, and the Serpent fell back into the arms of Mephistopheles. In a moment all was confusion. Cries of "She is shot—seize the murderer!" were heard; but the four dominos had vanished.

"Silence, if you please—madame is wounded," said Mephistopheles, who had already murmured in the Serpent's ear: "Did I not tell you so? But I very much fear that her face is seriously injured—not by fire-arms, however, but by some detonating substance, which was intended to produce disfigurement."

As if the fate foretold by the white domino had already overtaken her, all her gay friends, murmuring horror of the atrocious deed and indignation at its perpetrator, hastened away, commenting upon the affair, when out of hearing, as follows:

"We all know that Madame de G—— has very good reasons for lending herself to such a plot as this."

"And if she should lose her beauty, poor Florestine! what would become of her?"

"There will be nothing left for her, in that case, but oblivion."

Soon after the dispersion of the guests, a telegram was brought to the Hotel de G——, addressed to Mr. Laurence Shirley. Mephistopheles, going down the steps, laden with wraps for the Serpent, who was lying prone on the cushions of her carriage, met the messenger, who showed him the envelope, and asked him where he could find the American gentleman.

"Give the telegram to me. I will see that he has it," said Mephistopheles.

"But I am responsible for it; and I do not know who you are."

"You know the Chevalier Germont, do not you?" taking off his mask.

With the telegram in his hand, he sprang into the carriage, and, seating himself by the Serpent's side, said:

"Madame, I have something here that I fancy will interest you."

CHAPTER II.

"A SERPENT'S HEAD, BUT WOMAN'S MOUTH, WITH ALL ITS PEARLS COMPLETE."

IN an apartment of the famous Hotel Meurice, where Americans and English, visiting Paris, "most do congregate," three gentlemen were assembled the morning succeeding the masquerade ball at the Hotel de G——. One of them, tall and slender, with beautiful but frightfully pallid features, whose very pallor "pronounced" the rich bronze of his wavy hair and the brilliant blue of his eyes, now heavy from want of sleep, was lying on a lounge, one hand under his head, and the other pulling nervously at the long ends of his fair mustache. Another young man, with a bronzed complexion and shining black eyes, was standing at the foot of the lounge, a newspaper in his hand, from which he had evidently just been reading to his companions, one of whom was standing, with his back to the others, looking from the window.

"It seems Madame de G—— denies all knowledge of the 'affair,' as the papers call it!" said the reader. "She had engaged four people to dance in the ballet—professionals, as she supposed. (Can't you hear her say it? It takes a Frenchwoman to tell a lie!) The steward *advertised* for professional dancers. (Good!) Madame's steward made the disposition of the lights, etc., as they advised. (I wonder how much she paid her steward for his share in the fiction ?) Well, Laurence, *we* are well out of the scrape, at any rate, as far as our names are concerned. As for our consciences——"

The young man at the window turned around with a gesture of impatience, as he heard a groan from the occupant of the lounge.

"If it had been anything but the disfigurement of a woman! By heaven! Laurence, I think it wouldn't have been half as bad, had you shot her through the heart."

"I am here to answer for what I have done," said Laurence, moving as uneasily on his lounge as did his saintly namesake on his gridiron. "I have sent her a message to that effect. She can have me arrested, should she choose."

"You have!"—simultaneously spoken by his two hearers.

"But I have exonerated you both, and also Everard, from everything but participation in what you supposed to be a frolic. Neither have I compromised Madame de G——, simply stating that I saw her advertisement, and answered it. Man may finish my punishment, since Providence has begun it. You look surprised, Ferguson. Didn't you know it? But Guy will tell you. To be sure, I had never seen them, but they were my only living relations, and I——" He broke off, and covered his eyes with his hands.

Guy folded the newspaper at one paragraph and passed it to Ferguson, who read there that the steamship *City of Paris* had foundered, and all on board had perished. In the list of passengers were the names of Lady and Miss Amberside.

"His aunt and cousin," said Ferguson. And then there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Guy, impatiently, and a *garçon* came in, presenting a note on a salver.

Guy took it from him.

"It's for you, Laurence; and, by Jove! the envelope has her crest!"

"Whose?"

"That of the Amber Witch, otherwise Florestine, Baronne d'Estampes."

Laurence tore open the envelope with trembling fingers, and after glancing at the inclosure, read it aloud:

"It is not for one offender to judge or condemn another. If Monsieur Shirley can bear to look on his work, he is requested to call at 107 Rue de —— this evening at half-past nine o'clock.

"(Signed) BARONNE D'ESTAMPES."

"Shall you go?"

"Yes."

"I believe her to be capable of having you assassinated," said Guy.

"Let her do it. I have nothing to live for."

"Nothing to live for! At your age, and with your face, figure and fortune?"

"You have forgotten that I am a murderer."

"My dear fellow, she is not dead, nor even in any danger of death. All the papers report that."

"But I have destroyed her beauty. I have made her, all the rest of her life, a horror to herself; an object to be pitied and avoided by others."

"But then, she was really a pestilent creature. You have, at the cost of some remorse for yourself, benefited society. You can have no idea of the amount of mischief that one woman has done, and her power to do evil was

even when a thousand tongues are wagging against her, can still defy slander to bring any proof of wrong-doing. I am curious to learn why she has sent for you to call at her house. You may depend upon it, you won't be allowed to get off without paying for this in some way. I should not be surprised if she proposed to you to compromise the matter by privately handing over to her a good round sum of money."

"She is welcome to all I have if she will look upon it as any compensation for the injury I have done her."

"You may make up your mind to bleed freely. I know that she is frightfully in debt, and I must say that I am sorry she has come across a sheep so very willing to be shorn as yourself."

"You cannot begin to realize the relief it is to me to find that there are any possible amends for the wrong she has suffered at my hands."

"But don't let your penitence carry you too far, Laurence. Don't let it lead you to marry her."

"I marry her!—with my brother's blood on her hands. Never!"

"But you can have no conception of her power. I have seen men who knew all about her, and who absolutely feared her as a satanic being, succumb as soon as she chose to exert her fascinations upon them."

"You must remember, Guy, what an enormous injury I have inflicted upon her. She must hate me with a hatred proportionate to the beauty whose loss costs her everything that life can give to such a woman."

"Then there would be no surer way of punishing you than to inveigle you into marrying her. I wish you would let me go with you, Laurence."

But Laurence Shirley refused to listen to his friend's doubts or fears. He made a suitable toilet, and, at the appointed hour, presented himself at the residence of the Baronne d'Estampes.

When admitted, he was requested to walk up-stairs to the "boudoir of madame," as she was too unwell to leave it for the present. Almost faint with a complication of emotions, among which a vague terror was predominant, he followed the cat-like footsteps of madame's maid, who pulled aside an embroidered curtain which hung from a gilded rod, and motioned to him to enter. He did so, and found himself in a small apartment shaped like a shell, and lined—for no other word will express it—like a shell, with glistening mother-of-pearl. There was no window perceptible, but the place where the window would have been was filled in with an enormous aquarium, and the only light admitted to the room filtered through the sea-water it contained, and was intercepted at every moment by the rapid movements of its grotesque inhabitants. The floor of this singular boudoir was incrusted with a bordering of coral-branches and sea-shells, the centre being filled in with a rug that represented masses of seaweed in their natural colors. The chairs and couches were shell-shaped, veneered with mother-of-pearl, and covered with sea-green satin embroidered with silver shells.

In the peculiar half-light Laurence could see what looked, at first sight, like a heap of lace and embroidery thrown carelessly on one of the chairs. A second glance convinced him that it was a woman, in a white cachemire robe-de-chambre, profusely trimmed with lace, a lace cap half covering her abundant hair, and a handkerchief held before her face.

Monsieur Shirley, and I received a note from you this morning; and I inferred from the latter that you thought I might be disposed to revenge upon you the irreparable injury you have inflicted upon me."

"Was the supposition unnatural, madame?" asked Laurence, thinking how thrilling were the tones of her voice, and feeling like a murderer in the presence of his victim's apparition.

"Would that give back to me what I have lost?"

Laurence sprang to his feet and approached her.

"Madame! madame! If you only knew that I would willingly give the rest of my life to undo what I have done! If you knew that my shame, my remorse, my horror of my cowardly revenge—— And yet—my brother!"

"Monsieur, say nothing more. We have each something to regret. You are safe from arrest or prosecution as far as I am concerned. I shall only inflict one punishment upon you. You have heard what I was. Look at me now!"

She uncovered her face and raised it, so that the light might fall full upon it. It was contorted, ghastly, inexpressibly hideous. One eye seemed to have been utterly destroyed; the rest of the face was a swollen, discolored mass.

The agitation of the past six weeks, dating from the time that he had learned of his brother's tragic end, the revenge over which he had brooded, and which he had so terribly executed, fasting, sleeplessness and remorse—all combined with this horrible sight to unnerve him utterly. He groaned, and fell senseless at her feet.

When he came to his senses he found himself in his own apartment in the Hotel Meurice, with Guy bending over him, and looking almost as pale as himself.

"The doctor said it was only a fainting-fit, but, Laurence, my dear fellow, I thought she had killed you."

"She! Who? Ah, now I recollect!" He sank back his pillows, shuddering, his face hidden in his hands.

"What did she say to you—what did she do to you?"

"She?—oh! She says that I am safe from arrest or prosecution."

"Indeed!"

"But don't think I escaped 'unwhipped of justice.' She showed me her face. It was horrible! I shall never forget it!"

"And then?"

"I suppose I fainted—for I recollect nothing more."

"She sent you home in her carriage. You were delivered at the door, like a parcel, and then the coachman drove off at full speed. When I saw you, I thought it was your corpse she had sent back to us. I can't understand how she let you off so."

"She has shown that quality so rare in women—magnanimity."

"Not she! You may depend upon it, Laurence, that you haven't seen the last of her. She is treating you as a cat does a mouse. She has only let you go a little way, and then she will pounce down on you. I would advise you to set off for Italy to-morrow, if you can."

But, when the morrow came, Laurence was unable to follow this friendly advice. A fever had set in, and for a week he was delirious, raving in his delirium of the ghastly face whose beauty he had destroyed. By the use of powerful remedies he was able, in about a fortnight from the time of his seizure, not only to be dressed, but to walk with faltering steps to the window, from which he waved his hand to Guy, who came bounding up the stairs and into the room, evidently in excellent spirits.

"You are looking quite like yourself, Laurence, and I've good news for you, to improve your looks still more. Here, Mère Dantin" (to the nurse), "take this packet of gelatine, and change it to bunches of grapes and ears of corn, in those appetizing molds of yours that make a skeleton sigh for a stomach—a free rendering of 'to create an appetite under the ribs of death.' How I like to see that woman laugh! She shakes all over, like one of her own jellies. Laurence, I *must* go, for I have had another letter from my uncle; but I can leave you now with a clear conscience—for *she* has gone into a convent. Now, don't look so! It's the best place for her. She can repent her sins, and it will certainly give her occupation for the rest of her life, if she means to rid herself of *all* of them."

"I wish I could go into a monastery!"

"You won't, as soon as you are fairly bound for Italy. The voyage will set you up wonderfully, and I will join you then, as soon as my uncle will let me. I'm off in the next train—so, good-by, and God bless you, old fellow! Get Ferguson, or some one, to write me how you are, every day or so."

That same afternoon, as Laurence lay on the lounge in his room, feeling inexpressibly lonely, there was a tap on his door.

"Come in," he called; and two ladies entered, somewhat timidly and doubtfully, as it seemed to him.

"Are you Monsieur Laurence Shirley?" asked one of them, a tall, graceful woman, with dark, almond-shaped eyes, and profuse gray hair, elaborately dressed.

Laurence rose to his feet, still trembling with weakness, and a wild, undefined hope, and bowed affirmatively.

The tall, graceful woman then went up to him, with both hands extended.

"Ah! I was sure of it. You are so like your poor uncle in his last illness! And me—do you know who I am?"

"You must be Lady Amberside—my aunt. But I had heard——"

"That we were drowned in our shipwreck? Well, we are come to you from the bottom of the sea. I only hope you will greet us as hospitably as did the queer, rough, friendly people on whose fishy-smelling shores we were thrown. Bah! the scent is in my nostrils still. But here is one who has on you the claim that I do not possess. Beatrix, this gentleman is your cousin, Monsieur Laurence Shirley."

CHAPTER III.

EN ROUTE FOR ITALY.

The Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

THERE! that looks well. It's about all the Latin I know. But what an air a few words of that majestic language do give to a sentence!

How fortunate it is that I am half English—English on my mother's side. That's where my beautiful amber-colored hair comes from. Ha, ha, ha! how oddly it does look, plaited into two long tails, and tied with ribbons at the ends! And then my white frocks, as the English call them, and my general air of *ingénue*. I don't look a day over sixteen, for I heard a man say so, yesterday. Oh, my little red book!—my dear red demon!—my little scarlet familiar, to whom I can whisper all my most secret thoughts, and know that you will never repeat them. Were it not for the relief I find in blackening your charming white pages, I am sure that I should let out my secret twenty times a day.

It is fatiguing to play the *rôle*, so new to me, of an English schoolgirl—even one who is supposed to have the advantage of a foreign education. And when I sit in the background, under the shadow of my gypsy-hat, with my beautiful hair tortured into its two "pig-tails"—for so I heard the Americans call them the other day—and see Clemence posing for the benefit of the other passengers, and absorbing so much of the attention of *my* cousin, I long to fling off my hat, unbraid my hair—my beautiful hair, that has been sung, and jeweled, and kissed by royal lips—and say: "Is it *I*, whom you allow to sit here, unsurrounded, almost unremarked?—I, the most beautiful woman in the most brilliant city in the world!—I, the Amber Witch?"

It is odd that Monsieur Shirley has never seemed to have the slightest suspicion that we are not what we claim to be—his aunt and cousin. I could have chosen no better person than Clemence to play the part of my stepmother. Her residence in England as French governess gives her the same advantage that I have gained from my visits to my English relations.

It was fortunate that Philippe Germont secured for me that telegram informing Monsieur Shirley of the loss of the *City of Paris*, with his aunt and cousin on board. He did not know what was in it, bringing it to me simply as "information of the enemy's movements"—as they say in war-time. I told him 'twas a mere nothing—some letters to be forwarded, if required. And, yet, the intention to personate the drowned cousin was mine at that moment.

Poor Philippe! I am very ungrateful to leave him in ignorance of my plans and movements; for what should I be now, had he not, in his "obelisk," overheard enough of Monsieur Shirley's conversation to excite his suspicions, and lead him to lend me the crystal mask he wears when making his chemical experiments, to avoid inhaling poisonous vapors. Underneath my serpent-mask it was, of course, invisible. And then, his subsequent ingenuity in the manufacture of the horrible waxen face I showed to my intended cousin, and which secured me from all danger of detection when I should choose to assume my new character. Had it not been for what Germont overheard, neither could I have learned that Monsieur Shirley had never seen either his aunt or cousin, or that the former was, by birth and education, a Frenchwoman, making Clemence's impersonation of *her* part so easy.

Then "my cousin's" intention to travel in Italy is so very convenient for me; for, to tell the truth—I can tell it to *you*, my dear little red demon!—owing to pressing debts, and some little affairs of my own, that I shall not even specify to *you*, my small familiar! Paris was getting a little too hot to hold me—I like English phrases, they are so terse and expressive! And, as Monsieur Shirley, in view of our losing so much in the sinking of the *City of Paris*, proposes to pay all our traveling expenses, and has furnished us with new wardrobes, our venture (to employ an Americanism) has been, so far, a paying one.

Besides "my cousin," there are three other Americans on board the steamer—a mother and two daughters—who seem to know Monsieur Shirley very well. They, the daughters, are graceful, vivacious, and know how to put on their dresses and knot their ribbons, which is more than one can say for an Englishwoman. But one of them, Maud, actually throws herself at Monsieur Shirley's head! How they sneer at my complexion!—they are both pale, and one is dark, while the other has a skin like bad lard; at my hair—Maud's is dark, and Blanche's like tow; at my shape, at my hands and feet! Just now, I pretend not to hear them; some time, I will make them repent.

Their mother, Mrs. Livingston Van Zandt by name, would be unremarked, even if one of two thrown on a desert island, were it not for her enormous diamonds, and her equally enormous teeth. Maud inherits the latter, somewhat modified.

It is delightful to see Clemence utterly ignore Mrs. Van Zandt, and calmly (and metaphorically, of course) walk over the bodies of the Misses Van Zandt, after she has completely prostrated them. As Monsieur Shirley's aunt, she can, of course, often overturn, with one touch of her finger, the card-houses so openly erected by "those very *pronounced* young ladies," as she calls them. So, the other day, when Maud, who is the dark one, pretended to be very ill, and hinted to Monsieur Shirley that she should like his leopard-skin rug brought on deck for her to recline upon in a picturesque attitude, and a very becoming tartan wrap, Clemence coolly took possession of it, thanking her "nephew" for forestalling her wishes in his always thoughtful manner.

Mrs. Van Zandt, who shows her teeth in an unusually alarming manner when anything is going wrong with "my sweet girls," as she calls them, tried to explain that the rug was intended for "my Maud"; but Clemence looked *through* her as calmly as if she had been made of glass, and remarked to a young Irishman, who was standing near her, that she judged from appearances that we must be approaching the Rock of Gibraltar; an insinuation that obliged Mr. O'Neil to retire suddenly to hide his amusement.

I can see that Monsieur Shirley avoids me, and I know the cause—I look too much like a certain picture he found among his brother's papers. I have also seen my own picture—that is, the photograph of Beatrix Amberside. It is a pretty face enough, but not like me.

I did not know that I was still capable of feeling a healthy, natural excitement, until Monsieur Shirley came this morning to the door of our stateroom, and asked us if we did not want to come out upon deck, as we were now entering the Bay of Naples.

I was out of my berth in a moment, and, with my hair hanging loose over the bournous I had thrown over my wrapper, and the sleep not yet washed out of my eyes, I presented myself to "my cousin."

"Is not Lady Amberside coming?" he asked.

"She never shows herself *en déshabille*, as I do. Will the Bay of Naples, or, rather, the steamer, wait for her to finish dressing?"

I had remarked that he had always made his arrangements so as never to be left alone with me. What would he do now?

"I will take you up on deck, then, and go back for her."

But I needed no companion but Nature at that supreme moment. There, between the azure sky and the azure sea, were the white walls of Naples, strung like pearls on the crescent line of her curving shore, or like the white teeth of some marine monster, smiling a welcome to the beautiful bay. Between us and the bay, cloudlike Capri brooded upon the sea, and beyond this innumerable boats, with their picturesque lateen sails, danced upon the sparkling waters; the purple shore drew nearer, the white palaces climbed upward to the Castle of St. Elmo; the sharp cone of Vesuvius cut the clear atmosphere; the diamond-like fountains and rainbow parterres of the Villa Reale glittered into sight; and we steamed up by the bridge that throws its defiant arm into the sea, clutching the rock on which a small castle stands, overlooking the shipping and the mole.

I think there must have been a land-breeze, for every now and then the unfamiliar perfume of strange flowers reached me; and as I looked at the foreign shore we were approaching, so new to me, so old in the history of the

XUM

world, I was conscious of the half-formed wish that I might find here a new self, a new life, and leave behind me for ever the pains and memories of the old.

"What *has* happened?" said Clemence to me, in a low tone, as she joined me on deck, carefully dressed, rouged and powdered. "There are actually tears in your eyes!"

I saw Monsieur Shirley's eyes turned on me, with an expression I had never seen in them before. I took the cue at once.

"I—was thinking—of—my father."

The corners of Clemence's mouth struggled with a smile. I am sure Monsieur Shirley forgets that the respectable Sir John Amberside, for whom I was supposed to be weeping, has lain in his grave some fourteen years, for he offered me his arm to take me back to my stateroom, and his beautiful blue eyes looked very kindly at me as he left me.

Monsieur Shirley has taken rooms for us at the Hotel de l'Univers, where we overlook the Chiaia, or principal street of Naples; the Villa Reale, a species of public garden; the beautiful bay, and far beyond, where the restless sea tosses its white crest against the horizon.

The Chiaia, being the fashionable promenade, is gay and splendid with Parisian toilets, which look oddly enough in Naples. The black robes and broad hats of the priests, the bare, bronze chests and picturesque rags of the lazzaroni, do not seem as strange to me as the familiar French fashions, with Naples as a background.

While I was watching this brilliant panorama, a bell began to toll, the carriages drew off in two lines from the centre of the street, and a long, continuous wail sobbed through the air, and chilled into momentary silence all the hum and bustle of thronging life. Then there passed slowly down the street a line of bareheaded monks, carrying banners and crosses, and behind them, borne by four monks, on an open bier, was what appeared to be the waxen figure of a young girl, with her hair falling loosely around her rosy cheeks and crowned with flowers, her hands crossed upon her bosom, her white satin dress falling away in graceful folds from the small feet glistening in satin slippers. In the rear followed slowly, two by two, ghostly-looking figures, dressed in white from head to foot, their faces covered with cowled hoods, with two holes for the eyes, and from them came that woful, wailing cry.

"There is grief at so much a head," said Mr. O'Neil, for we were all out on the balcony. "Those fellows in white are the hired mourners."

"And the corpse——"

"Is on the bier, with its face painted. *I* call such things barbarism."

As he spoke the corpse passed just beneath our balcony, and one of the first pair of mourners turned and looked up at us, his eyes flashing like jewels through the apertures in the linen that concealed his face. He half paused, raised his arm, and a crown of white roses fell at my feet. As they moved on, a sweet tenor thrilled through the wailing chant, and I could distinguish the words, "La bionda."

"For the blonde lady," said Monsieur Shirley, picking up the crown of roses. "Such hair as yours is always adored in Italy."

He was about to put it on my head, but I shrank from him.

"It was meant for a corpse," I said.

He let it fall instantly.

Have I become a different woman since I left the "pleasant land of France," as poor Mary Stuart called it? Tears, and longings for a better life, this morning; and tonight a horror of great darkness—where have I seen these words?—seems to have come upon me. When I sleep I see shape after shape pass before my eyes, in the fearful, shroud-like dress of those hired mourners. I am always out on the balcony, and as they pass beneath it each one flings back his cowl and shows me the face of one of those whom I—— Pah! the room smells like a charnel-house! It is only the remembrance of that masked ball that haunts me. And yet, the voice I heard singing to-day. I wonder if Monsieur Shirley remarked it? But that poor Maurice's voice had the same sweet, sad cadence.

CHAPTER IV.

ORPHEUS IN HADES.

It was arranged that we should make the ascent of Vesuvius this morning. Mrs. Van Zandt and her daughters, who have, like us, taken rooms at the Hotel de l'Univers; Mr. O'Neil, and a Mr. Carrington, who is supposed to be an admirer of Blanche, were to be of the party.

When Clemence and I came down in our close hats tied down with broad ribbons, and our gray pongee dresses, we found Maud and Blanche all in white, with white feathers in their chip hats. They were joined by Mr. Carrington, in a suit of glossy white linen, a tall hat and light kid gloves, and exhaling ambrosial odors as he walked.

Clemence and I exchanged glances, and O'Neil said, in an aside to Monsieur Shirley:

"Did you ever see such a get-up for Vesuvius? I suggested tweeds and gaiters, but he insinuated that his style of dress was his own affair. Won't he find out what excoriated means, though, when he gets among the scoriæ?"

An odd kind of vehicle took us all to the foot of Vesuvius, where we found a number of small donkeys and their tall, muscular drivers, awaiting us.

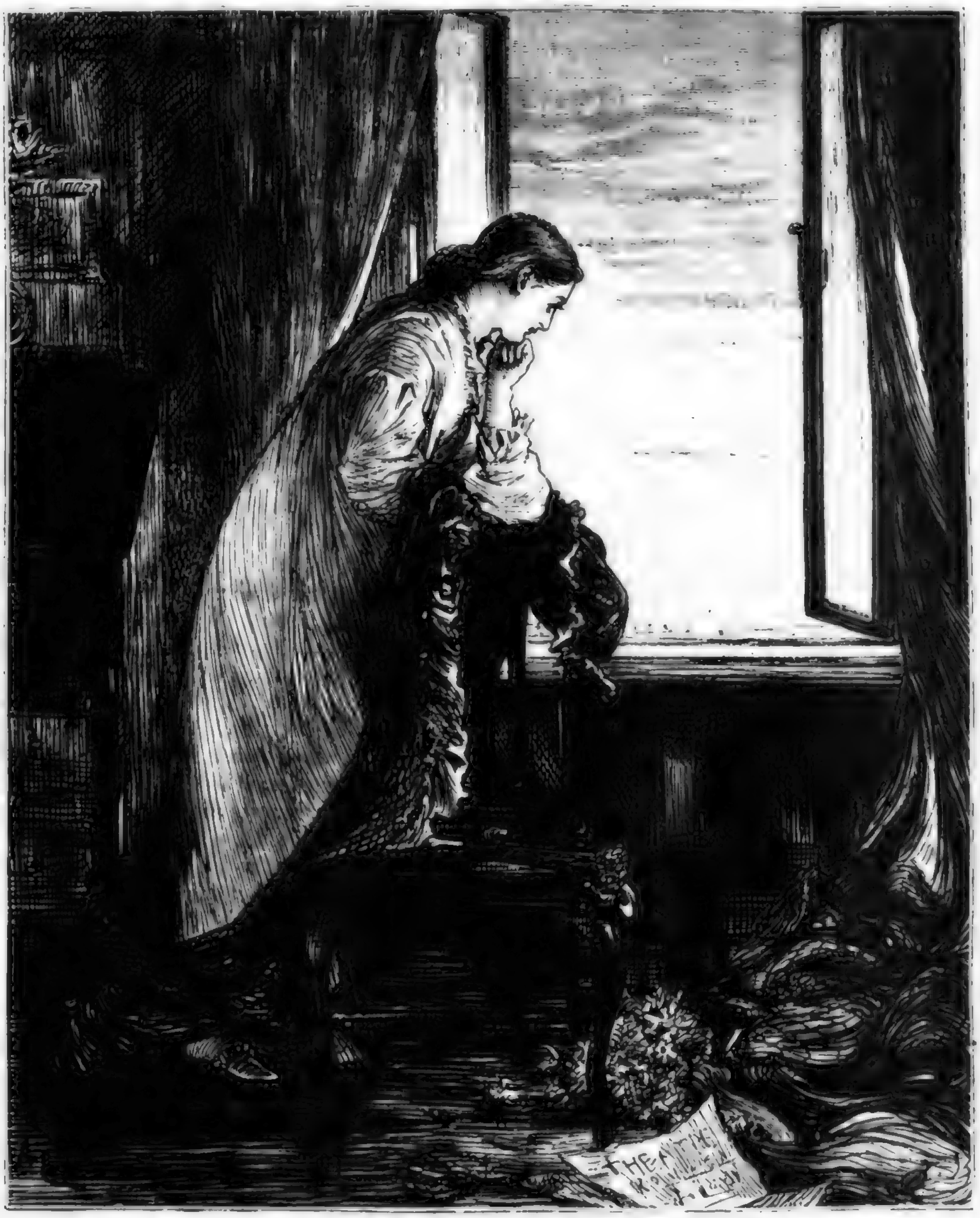
It took some time and trouble to get us all mounted, and then the donkeys were so very small, that it seemed like riding the old English hobbyhorse in the May-day games, where the animal was made of pasteboard, and the means of locomotion supplied by the rider. We were obliged to ascend one by one, and Mr. Carrington took the lead, followed by Blanche, behind whom came her mother, while Maud rode next, having begged Monsieur Shirley to keep very close to her, she was so afraid of being thrown. I am quite sure that she worried her donkey with a pin, to make him restive, and thus secure the desired result. To my surprise, Clemence allowed her to have her own way, perhaps because she herself found the young Irishman's conversation entertaining, and as she was continually addressing him, he naturally took a position next to her, leaving me to bring up the rear.

The path was very rough, and must have been exceedingly unpleasant for any feet but a donkey's. For about half an hour I rode on in silence, then, finding my thoughts oppressive, and recollecting that I had remarked the good looks of the driver of my donkey, I thought I would indulge my eyes, after their long fast on ashes and lumps of broken lava, for a handsome man is always a handsome man, even if no more than a donkey-driver. I was well rewarded for the trouble of riding up a breakneck path with my back to the dangers I was encountering, for I saw an oval face with a smooth, untanned skin, a straight nose, and full scarlet lips, shaped like a bow; a pair of long, liquid eyes, with thick fringes which curled upward, brows like a line traced in India ink, a low, straight forehead, and fine silky hair of a bright, golden-chestnut color, and curled like the locks of a Greek statue. In Paris, those who serve us are no more expected to have eyes, ears or other senses than is the furniture of our rooms, and I was surprised to see this handsome living statue color under my critical gaze, while his eyes flashed into mine. I turned to Clemence in amazement—Mr. O'Neil had ridden forward, and was speaking with Monsieur Shirley—and said, "Have you remarked my driver?" I spoke in English—we use that language as much as possible—and she replied, looking at him critically:

"But I insist that my *contadino* would grace even a Parisian costume, and if I were to return to Paris I would take him back with me as my *valet de chambre.*"

"I can assure you that the man is positively reddening with anger. Can it be possible that he understands what we are saying?"

"Very possibly. You know that he acts as guide to all nationalities. But what of that? A donkey-driver, even if he were Apollo himself, must expect to be criticised to his face, if one stoops to regard him at all."



THE SWEET BREATH OF MORN.

"He is as handsome a creature as ever I saw in my life. And his shape is perfection."

"Isn't it a pity that such a splendid physique should be wasted on a donkey-driver?" (The man's magnificent dark eyes flashed again as I said this.) "Put him in a civilized dress, and he would create a sensation, even on a Parisian boulevard."

"His own dress is more picturesque. When we admire foreigners we do not give their costume the share it deserves."

"You are pitiless, madame. You forget that even this man may have the blood of some ancient Roman in his veins."

"More probably that of some ancient Greek. He looks like a model for the Athenian Glaucus, in Bulwer's novel of the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'"

"I have never read that; I found it tiresome. What is this building we are approaching, Mr. O'Neil? It is a little oasis in this desert of cinders, for there is a little grass, and actually a few trees around it."

XUM

"This is the Hermitage. We stop here to taste the famous wine called Lachrymæ Christi."

"Tears of Christ! What profanity!"

"Profanity and picturesqueness are sometimes inseparable. You will see the hermit presently, as picturesque as unclean linen and rusty serge can make him, and he will probably swear in abominable Latin if anything goes wrong. But, then, you ladies will be none the wiser."

Our guide now gave a musical halloa, a small window opened above, and the head of a friar, who looked like one of Doré's grotesque drawings, was thrust out. He said something in a fat voice which O'Neil said was a welcome, and an invitation to enter, and dismounting, we went up a steep flight of stairs into a small parlor above.

"'Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,'" quoted O'Neil, and then bowed so respectfully to the good father, that the incongruity of the words with the action made me laugh.

"*Benedicite, mei filii,*" stammered the good friar, and set chairs for us around a plain board table, upon which he began to arrange bottles and glasses.

I never even dreamed of such wine. This is the wine that makes poets, I thought, as it ran through my veins like the lava that warms the roots of its vines.

"I have a fancy," said Clemence to Monsieur Shirley, "to give some of this wine to our muleteers. They have worked much harder than their donkeys."

Monsieur Shirley beckoned from the window. One of the men ran up, took the wine, with a profusion of thanks, and disappeared.

Clemence went to the window. Presently she said:

"Beatrix, your Athenian Glaucus is worth looking at. Come and see what an artistic pose he has taken."

I went to the window, and saw my muleteer reclining in the centre of the circle, with his finely-modeled limbs disposed in an attitude of perfect grace. He had broken the neck from a bottle, and holding the fragment, which was shaped somewhat like an antique goblet, aloft, raised his eyes to my window, and began to sing, in correct English:

"My wine is red as blood of young Adonis,
And strong as fire;
My wine is sweet—ah, sweet as honey is,
And dark as ire.
Who drinks it, drinks the life that rages
Through the hot veins of ages.

"My wine is pressed from globes of pearl and amber,
In sunny places;
My vines, like wild things, freely run and clamber
O'er verdant spaces—
Riot in golden warmth, and thus ensphere
The flame and fragrance of the year.

"But pale its rose beside your cheeks' warm roses;
Sickly its breath,
By that rare mouth which like a flower uncloses;
Not even death
Could clutch and chill this burning heart of mine,
Could I but steep your kisses in my wine."

The excitable Italians clapped their hands, and cried "Bravo! bravo!" The singer almost imperceptibly inclined his head to me, as he emptied his impromptu goblet.

"Ah," said Clemence, "I thought the voice was familiar to me! That is the man who threw you the wreath yesterday."

"A Romeo who drives donkeys!" sneered Maud.

"I find no fault with his admiration of my cousin," said Monsieur Shirley. "A cat may look at a king, you know. But as these Italians are very impulsive, I would advise her to avoid noticing him as much as possible. I think I had better be your body-guard for the rest of the way, Beatrix."

I did not suppose that the mere proximity of a man who has shown himself to be my bitter enemy, whose resemblance to one of the phantoms haunting my past life is a terror to me, and who, if he knew me to be Florestine d'Estampes, would, perhaps, again feel justified in crushing me as a serpent in his path, could give me so much satisfaction. When he looked at me, I felt myself blush; when he spoke to me, I listened with pleasure. But he need not have troubled himself about my muleteer, for he did not put himself forward at all, not even assisting me to remount my donkey; and when our party was once more in motion, resumed his station, apparently unawed by Monsieur Shirley's regardful eyes, and sang, delightfully, airs from various operas, his enchanting voice, taken in connection with the black waste of cinders through which we were toiling, reminding me of Orpheus singing on his way to the infernal regions.

In a very short time, it seemed to me—but Monsieur Shirley said it was an hour—we arrived at the base of a steep cone, which looked more desolate than anything we had yet seen, and here we found that we must leave our donkeys and ascend on foot.

"Mercy!" said Blanche. "Climb up through all those ashes? We shall be buried alive, like so many Pompeians!"

Mr. Carrington looked at his thin boots, and then at O'Neil, who was grinning delightedly.

"It is not as bad as it seems, Miss Blanche," said he, stoutly; "and you have too much resolution to be easily daunted."

After these words, Blanche would have walked over burning lava. She allowed her guide, who had unlaced his sash of scarlet wool, to pass it around her waist, taking the two ends in his hands, by which to draw her up the acclivity. My guide took from his waist a broad sash of blue silk, fringed with silver, instead of the conventional red woolen one, and having adjusted it, took the fringed ends in his hands, which I observed were very beautifully formed, and we began our laborious ascent through the warm ashes, in which we sank knee-deep at every step. We had to pause repeatedly, the fatigue was so great, and Maud was certain she should faint, and Mrs. Van Zandt did faint, and Blanche was furious over the grimy condition of her once white piqué.

"Eureka!" exclaimed O'Neil, who was the first to ascend to the edge of the old crater. We all scrambled up after him, and found ourselves in a hollow about a mile in circumference—so somebody said—composed entirely of cinders, on which sat, or reclined, in every attitude expressive of repose after excessive fatigue, about thirty groups of travelers. I counted them afterward, and found them to number among their nationalities French, Germans, Russians, Americans, English and Italians. Beside, or back of, each group were their Italian guides, leaning upon their long pikes; and, looking at their lithe, bronze figures, their flashing eyes and the metallic lustre of their hair, seen against the background of the sulphuric smoke pouring from the fissures in the crust of the crater, one could easily suppose them to be the members of the Infernal Council, whom Milton describes as leaning upon their spears, while waiting for the arch-fiend to speak.

"Every one is eating a lunch," said Monsieur Shirley. "Let us follow so excellent an example."

"I presume the wine is *boiled*," said Mrs. Van Zandt, in a melancholy tone. "I would give more for a slice of toast and a cup of tea than anything I know of."

"The toast is very easily supplied," said Monsieur Shirley, beckoning to one of the guides, who, upon learning what was wanted, went to a crack in the crater, where he toasted some bread and roasted some apples, with celerity and ease.

"I should think they would taste of the infernal regions," said Maud, daintily sniffing at the skin of an apple that had as fine a bronze as the faces of our guides.

"Be careful, Miss Maud," said Clemence. "Who eats food cooked by such fires may, in some manner, become bound to the service of his Satanic Majesty. I should think your guide had been bound to some such service, Beatrix. Only see how diabolical he looks, standing there!"

He was standing leaning on his pike, and watching with a savage scowl a young Frenchman who had made overtures to acquaintanceship by offering me a sardine on a piece of toast, and then introduced himself to Monsieur Shirley as the Comte d'Estaing, and begged the favor of an introduction to the ladies of the party.

"The young lady's name is—— Ah, but I cannot pronounce it!" he said, when Monsieur Shirley had named me. "But she is your cousin, and you are an American? Her resemblance to one of my own countrywomen is really surprising."

I glanced at Monsieur Shirley, who was looking very pale.

"I never spoke to the lady in question," went on the count, "but I have often remarked her on the boulevards and in the theatres. She was surprisingly beautiful, although neither as young nor as innocent as mademoiselle. A friend of mine, just from Paris, has been telling me of the tragedy that has closed her career, as it closes that of so many of our celebrated beauties. My friend is a man of wonderful intelligence; might I be permitted to introduce him, also? As we are to travel in company, as it is your intention to visit such places as we have already set down in our itinerancy, we shall probably find it pleasanter to travel as acquaintances."

Of course Monsieur Shirley could not deny this, and the count, having written a few words on a card, and beckoning to my guide, told him, in Italian, to hand that to the gentleman with gray hair and a red ribbon in his buttonhole.

"I am not in your service," was the reply, in excellent French, and with a sneer which gave to his beautiful face the look of a fiend.

The count laughed, and said:

"I will go myself, but I pay you for having asked a service of you."

"Stay a moment," said my guide, touching the count's arm, and motioning one of his fellows to him. "Giuseppe," as the man approached, "take this piece of money and drop it into a vein of the crater. Offer me another piece of money, Monsieur le Comte, and you follow it."

"That man is really superb!" said Clemence.

"The fellow's mad!" said the count, shrugging his shoulders.

He returned in a few moments, but without his friend, who had gone back to Naples with his sister, who was suffering from a headache.

"Does the signor wish to ascend the new crater?" asked one of the guides of Monsieur Shirley, and we hurried after the other travelers, who were lost to sight in the smoke which steamed up through the cracks in the crater, and were soon struggling up the steep sides through the sliding, shelving beds of ashes, clinging to each other, falling every step, choked by the clouds of sulphuric vapor, blinded by the light, whirling ashes. At last we reached the summit, and stood, crowded together, on the very edge of the great bowl, from the cracks of which volumes of smoke arose, whirled into columns by the wind, which sometimes swept the surface clear, and showed us the yellow crust, veined with fire that lined its centre.

"Ach, mein Gott!" said a German; "look from this to that!" pointing to where, at our feet, white Naples lay on her silvery bay, in the green circle of her hills.

"I could imagine this to be the private and particular residence of your poet's Mephistopheles," said an American gentleman, in the same language; "and that he imitated, in that deep, hollow laugh of his, the rumblings of the volcano."

"You mean in Gounod's opera?" said a very pretty blonde, who looked something like *Marguerite*. "I should like to hear Hermann sing that serenade on the brink of this crater."

"At your service, fraulein," said my guide, in German. "I am not Hermann, but I have heard him sing."

Without an instant's hesitation he began to sing in the same language that diabolical serenade, in which the most unearthly sounds embody the wicked triumph of the Evil One, chorused by that awful mirth which seems to sound the depths of the abyss, and return with trebled meaning to the listener's ear.

The song was rendered with such intensity of expression, and the effect of the singer's beautiful face, fiendishly contorted, against the rolling clouds of smoke, was so real, that the young girl, who was so like *Marguerite*, clutched my arm and whispered:

"I almost expect to see him disappear in that horrid sulphur, in a burst of flame."

As he finished every one clapped hands, as in a theatre, and as he bowed, half-haughtily, in response, one of the Italian ladies leaned past her companions and exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment:

"*Cièlo!* 'tis Guido!"

At that instant he slowly sank from our sight, as if disappearing through a trap in the theatre. Several ladies screamed, but the guides assured us that he had only slid down in the loose ashes, and was safe enough, if we could only see through the smoke.

Sliding, scrambling and falling over each other, we returned to where our donkeys were tethered, but my guide was not seen again, not even at Resina, where we parted with our attendants, and took carriage for Naples.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS GIVES THE APPLE TO VENUS.

TO-DAY Monsieur Shirley proposed to us to attend the races. We assented eagerly, and on our way to the course a cavalier, on a chestnut horse, rode up to our carriage, and removing his hat, showed us the face of the count, his dark eyes sparkling and his white teeth gleaming. He was charmed to encounter us. We were on our way to the races, of course? Were the ladies recovered from their fatigue? He could see for himself that the English roses had not faded under the Italian sun. (Here, a glance at me.) Had we heard anything of that most mysterious guide? An Italian to refuse money! It was an instance without parallel. He thought that "the illustrious person whom he so well represented must have withdrawn him so quickly from our eyes."

"And will probably return him to us cut up into Lucifer matches," said O'Neil.

The count did not understand the allusion, but he smiled gracefully, and made his horse caracole before us.

"There is to be a species of tournament after the regular races," resumed the count, "in which any one who

XUM

chooses may ride for his lady and for the prize, which is some pretty trifle. You see, I have chosen my colors," smiling, and touching a bit of blue ribbon knotted in his buttonhole; "but you, mademoiselle," to me, "have changed your colors since yesterday."

"I have no especial color," I replied.

It was the first time he had heard me speak. He looked at me curiously.

"You are an American?" he asked. "You speak with the French accent."

Clemence interposed:

"Miss Amberside has spent the greater part of her life in France, and has there received much of her education. I am myself a Frenchwoman."

The count bowed.

"The young lady has no French blood in her veins?"

"I suppose she has, if you go back to the time of William the Conqueror. She *looks* English, as you must see for yourself."

"And yet, the more I look at her the stronger grows her resemblance to Madame d'Estampes."

I saw that Clemence was beginning to lose her temper. When that goes, her discretion goes with it. We were now on the course, and had fallen into the long line of carriages which was drawn up outside the circle. Near the starting-post was the judges' stand, draped with the Neapolitan colors, and before this the horses were being led up and down by their respective grooms, while their riders were weighed, and the bets arranged, after the English fashion. I changed the conversation by calling Clemence's attention to the fine horses and their dashing riders. Conspicuous among the first was a snow-white horse of uncommon beauty.

"That's the famous Turkish horse, of which all the world has been talking," said the count. "He belonged to Prince D——a, who was never on horseback in his life, having a chronic fear of falling off. When he died, the horse was said to have been sold for a fabulous sum, but no one knew who was the purchaser. It seems that we are to know to-day, since he has shown himself on the Campo. He rides well, does he not?"

"He rides like an American," said Monsieur Shirley, approvingly.

"And dresses like a Frenchman," added the count, laughing.

It was true. His dress was all of quiet gray, except a bit of blue at the breast, like a piece of ribbon flying as he rode.

At the beat of a bell—the signal for the start—the two horses, a roan and a gray, with pink and blue jockeys, flew by us as we sat, stretching like grayhounds in the race, and, as Monsieur Shirley said, running as if they went by machinery—not a muscle strained, not a hair turned on their satin coats, which glistened in the sun.

There was a good deal of excitement as they neared the starting-post on the second round. Clemence had a bet with O'Neil on the gray—a pair of gloves. She was telling O'Neil the size and color she would prefer, when the count interrupted us, to say that the tournament was about to begin.

"I have your best wishes, I suppose?" he said to me.

"If they will do you any good."

"Will you lend me your glove to wear in my hat?"

"Monsieur le Comte is welcome to mine," interposed Clemence. "My daughter is still too young to grant such favors."

The count colored, bowed, and took the proffered glove.

A person acting as herald now rode forward and explained the laws of the tournament, which were as follows: First, that there should be an equal number of competitors; secondly, that the victor in each race should stand aside until each couple had made a trial of skill; thirdly, that the victors should challenge each other until they should be reduced to a single couple, when the better man of the two would receive the prize.

The count had ridden straight to the starting-post, where quite a number of the competitors for the prize were already assembled. There was a good deal of prancing and snorting among the horses, and of gesticulation among the men; and then a single horseman emerged from the group, wheeled, and touched one of the competitors on the shoulder with the butt of his whip. This was the challenge. The ground was cleared, and the opponents placed themselves side by side at the starting-post. The bell struck, and the horses sped away, neck to neck, being wonderfully well matched, neither flagging until they had passed the starting-post in the first round, when the pretty, slender-limbed sorrel mare was gained upon by the chestnut the length of a head, and I saw, for the first time—my sympathy having all been given to the horses—that the rider of the chestnut was the count. The mare strained every limb, but the chestnut gained upon her with prodigious strides, the red flag waved, and O'Neil said:

"Hurrah! Lady Amberside, your glove has won!"

The white Turkish horse now flashed across the field like a meteor, and behind him followed a rider on a superb black horse, both joining the group of competitors.

Again the bell sounded, and another pair of riders urged their horses around the emerald circle, under the flying flags, and again the complacent victor withdrew into a line with his fellow-conquerors. A third, a fourth and a fifth followed, and then the Turkish horse and the black horse moved superbly from their places, and stood side by side like statues, while waiting the stroke of the bell. The signal was given, and the horses sprang forward, keeping so exactly together that the white horse seemed carved like a cameo on the black one's side. Up to the starting-post, and by it—not a hand's-breadth difference between them! The horses are excited, but the riders are not, for they sit like men of marble, while the horses' eyeballs strain and roll on each other as they bound forward, side by side, their nostrils open and panting. As they approach the starting-post again, the rider of the black horse rides with loose rein, and goads his steed with his spurs, while his opponent apparently restrains his horse until they are half the distance from the post, when he loosens his rein, bends forward, and appears to breathe into his ear. He bounds from the earth like a deer, and, leaving the black horse far behind, seems to reach the goal in a single bound. The victor is greeted with loud acclamations, and gracefully retires among his companions in triumph.

The discomfited horseman withdrew a little back of the six victors, five of whom are drawn together in a half-circle that seems to exclude the rider of the white horse, as if they would make common cause against him. Then one of them breaks from the group, touches him in challenge, and rides forward to the starting-post. The white horse follows, and his rider courteously offers his antagonist three times his horse's length in the start. The offer is accepted, and the race begins, the white horse reaching the goal, first, as the other passes it on the second round.

As the champion again returns, he is again challenged by the second victor, with a similar result. The third and the fourth also challenge him, and are beaten.

Then the count, who has in the meantime exchanged with the rider of the black horse, which proved itself no mean rival of the Turkish steed, rides forward and repeats the challenge. An English crowd would have cried out

XUM

for fair play, but the Neapolitans look on with breathless interest as the rider of the white horse bows acceptance of the challenge, and, stooping, unbuckles his stirrups, flinging them on the ground, unfastens his bridle, and takes the bit from his horse's mouth, throwing them both down beside the stirrups, and, folding his arms, guides him by the almost imperceptible pressure of his limbs to the point from which he is to start.

A cry of admiration burst from every lip as the white horse and his rider, moving as if by one volition, neared the starting-post. The black horse pawed the earth, and snorted defiance of its opponent, which arched its unfettered neck under its master's caressing hand, and glanced its large, soft eye around to his face.

The bell struck, and the black horse shot from his station like an arrow, his body almost level with the ground as he ran, his sides red with the merciless spur. He was half-way to the starting-post, and still the Turkish horse stood like a statue, neither he nor his rider seeming to breathe. A murmur of surprise and impatience ran through the crowd, but still the rider sat unmoved, with his hand on the horse's neck, until his antagonist had passed the starting-post, when he flung up his hand, with a cry like the note of a trumpet, it was so ringing and triumphant! The horse bounded into the air, and then flashed by us like a winged creature, his slender hoofs scarcely seeming to beat the earth. To the starting-post, and beyond it—by the black horse, which seems to creep as the other darts by it like white lightning, and the Turkish steed stands at the goal, motionless, but for the quiver of his small pink nostrils, the restless glitter of his diamond eyes.

Then was heard a low, indescribable sound, like the first murmurings of Vesuvius, as the whole crowd rose, to a man, in rapturous applause. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and their flute-like voices thridded the hoarse roar of masculine acclaim. I am growing young again, for even my heart beat faster, and a thrill ran through even my jaded pulses.

The count now came up, riding his own chestnut horse, and looking very much flushed.

"Your glove has failed to win, miladi. But who can ride against Satan himself? You know that the champion has received his prize? Let us see him bestow it. Here he comes!"

He had resumed his bridle and stirrups, and was riding easily across the field, with something glittering in his disengaged hand. As he neared us he broke into a gallop, drew rein for an instant beside our carriage, raised his hat, and the sun struck across the white forehead and bronze-brown curls of—my guide!

In a moment he was gone, and something fell heavily in my lap. Clemence uttered an exclamation as I held up a bracelet of cameos set in large brilliants.

"The Vesuvian guide!" said Monsieur Shirley.

"Mephistopheles again!" said the count.

"In what direction do you think the champion disappeared?" asked the rider of the black horse, now joining our party.

I had started when I heard his voice, and I now caught one of Clemence's hands, and held it tightly.

"Ah!" cried the count, "now I shall have the great pleasure of introducing my friend to you. Monsieur le Chevalier Germont, Miladi Ahmbareseed."

Clemence bowed and smiled graciously, but confusedly, for, though unacquainted with Philippe, she knew that he must be some one whom I recognized, and she was well aware that such recognition must be dangerous to our plans.

"Mees Ahmbareseed!"

I bowed, and was grateful for the shadow of my large hat.

The other members of our party were introduced, and I fancied that Monsieur Shirley looked coldly on the chevalier; why, I do not know, as his personal appearance, though singular, is prepossessing. He is a young man—I know him to be no more than thirty-five—and yet his hair is perfectly white. I can compare the smoothness and fairness of his skin to nothing but ivory, and I have seen nothing like the pearl-like perfection of his teeth. His eyes are deeply blue, and set obliquely in his head, and his lips thin, and of a vivid scarlet. When he smiles his face is absolutely fiendish in the glitter and intensity of expression. When in repose, it expresses absolute purity, with the fine, silvery hair curling loosely around the blue-veined temples, the skin of which is transparent. He is tall, and dresses entirely in black, and his hands and feet are absolutely faultless. He never raises his voice, but makes the most biting observations in the same sweet, even tone, and with the same calmness and elegance of manner, for he is not given to gesticulation, and his beautiful hands play but a small part in his conversation.

The glitter of the jewels on my lap unfortunately attracted the chevalier's attention.

"The prize!" he said. "You were the recipient of the prize, mademoiselle? Then you know this mysterious champion?"

"Neither my daughter nor myself know anything about him," said Clemence.

The chevalier looked curiously at me, but I bent my head over my bracelet, as if examining the cameos.

"That is very odd," he said; "but all his proceedings are unusual. I think mademoiselle might hesitate to wear his jewels if she knew where he was seen to vanish."

"In the bowels of the earth?" asked Monsieur Shirley.

"In the crater of Vesuvius?" said the count.

"He went in through the door of the wall around the public burial-place."

"He is undoubtedly a vampire," said the count.

"He is certainly of infernal origin," pursued the chevalier. "I rode for Vesuvius," indicating a flame-colored ribbon pinned to the breast of his coat, "on my horse Satan, and was left in the lurch, as you perceived."

"Mademoiselle, will you dare to wear that bracelet?" asked the count.

"I am not afraid," I replied, clasping it on my wrist.

"What woman would refuse to wear such a bracelet, even if it came from Satan himself?" said a voice at my side, in clearly accentuated English.

The speaker was a lady on horseback, a blonde with black eyes and red hair—the glorious golden-red of Titian's beauties—with a fine ripple in it, which caught the light like burnished copper. Her nose was aquiline, her lips full and red, with a scornful curve at the corners; her figure slight and light, her hand exquisitely formed, even under its riding-gauntlet.

"My sister, Madame d'Arbrai," said the chevalier, introducing her to us individually.

Madame bowed, and then turned to her brother.

"I am too late for the races, it seems. I am sorry, for I had myself intended to ride."

The chevalier laid his hand on her wrist. "You shock Monsieur Shirley," said he. He had seen the curl of Monsieur Shirley's lip, the glance of his eye, that seemed to gauge her and pronounce her *fast*.

"Monsieur Shirley must remain shocked, then," she said, speaking without any of the gracious suavity peculiar to Frenchwomen. "So the unknown, who has

XUM

vanished among the sepulchres, won the prize, and bestowed it upon you?" turning to me. "These sulphuric personages always incline to their opposites."

"Mademoiselle must avoid Vesuvius and Avernus," said the chevalier.

"Had I a fiend for a lover," said madame, "I would haunt such places. I would use no perfume but sulphur, and burn nothing but pitch."

"You would make all *human* beings fly your vicinity," said her brother, laughing.

"I should never be bored, then," said madame. "Philippe, I think these ladies wish to return home."

"What a horrid woman!" said Maud, affecting to shudder, as madame rode away between the two gentlemen.

"She is, at least, original," said Clemence.

"Yes; she called Miss Amberside an *angel!*" said Blanche.

(To be continued.)

THE LILY.

By W. C. Bennett.

Oh, lustrous virgin, flower of light,
Chaste maiden, cold and pure as snows,
How your white beauty glads my sight,
And ranks you with the queenly rose!

It seems as if the dewy morn
Cold splendor threw, and you had birth;
Of night's white lustres were you born,
To dazzle with calm light the earth?

To see you 'neath the golden moon
Across the green of Summer lawns,
Gives dreams of ancient haunts of June,
Tall Artemis amongst her fawns.

Innumerous beauty Nature gives,
Yet, stately one, you gleam to view
With loveliness that only lives
In the grand glory that is you.

CHINESE WHIMS AND WAYS.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room, and it not infrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan's assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not infrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and the more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand, either when at home or abroad. On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat."

In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them *at* his visitor.

In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it with a solemn bow to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting-cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used, according to the extent of the loss deplored; but the strangest thing of all is that the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone.

Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese and Western ideas, plain white being regarded as the color *de rigueur* for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and everything about the person, even down to the end of the silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

Contrariety of purpose extends even to the collocation of some familiar terms; as, for example, in the use of the words "right" and "left," it would be inelegant and even incorrect in China to state or write them together otherwise than in the shape of "left and right." As regards the points of the compass, too, the Chinese method of quotation is quite different, if not contrary to ours. Where we should say, "north, south, east, west," which is our usual form for stating the cardinal points together, a Chinaman would say, "east, west, south, north." With them "northeast" is transposed into "east-north," "southwest" into "west-south," and so on.

In giving dates, whether orally or in writing, the latter more particularly, the year is stated first, then the month, and lastly the day. The date, moreover, never heads a letter or formal document, but is always the last thing appended. Surnames and names go by the same rule of contrary, the surname being written or stated first, the name last. Titles, when set forth formally and in full, always precede the name, instead of following it, as with us; and, curiously enough, when familiarly used, as for instance when we would say "Governor Tomkins," "Colonel Jones," and so on, the opposite becomes the rule, and the title comes last.

A remarkable example of the eccentricity of the Chinese turn of mind is noticeable in their schools, where, instead of silence being inculcated, as might naturally be considered so essential, every child is expected to bawl out the lesson that he is committing to memory at the top of his voice; and the babel which is the result may be more easily imagined than described. When a boy goes up to repeat his lesson, moreover, he does not stand facing his tutor, but turns his back upon him; and hence repeating a lesson goes by the familiar name of "backing" it.

A SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA.

Few persons who have ever made a sea-voyage can fail to remember the "stormy petrel," or "Mother Carey's chicken," that restless wanderer of the great deep, whose untiring flight bears it for days and days over the crests of the waves, following the wake of some stately ship, and giving every "old salt" occasion to prophesy foul and stormy weather as a certain result of its appearance.

The real stormy petrel—for there are many varieties of the species—is a comparatively small bird, being five or six inches in length, with about fourteen inches spread of wings. Its color is grayish black above, tinged with brown, and below a sooty brown, margined with grayish white.

All the varieties of the petrel are common in nearly all parts of the temperate Atlantic, and especially about the banks of Newfoundland. Like most marine birds, the petrel is very greedy, and easily caught by so simple a device as baiting a fish-hook with a chunk of salt pork and trolling it from the stern of a vessel.

It must be a very bold sailor, however, who would molest one of "Mother Carey's chickens." They are believed by seamen to forebode stormy weather, and are therefore dreaded and scrupulously unmolested. Most sailors would quite as soon harm a cat as a stormy petrel, and in the opinion of seafaring men, no more unlucky thing can possibly happen than to molest poor pussy. Hence we can only suppose that the mariners who man the craft in our picture, and who are angling for petrels with hook and line, must be either superior to superstitious prejudices, or compelled by hunger to resort to this desperate means of filling their larder.

The following brief narrative, taken down from the mouth of an old sailor, will show how strong a hold this superstition has upon the minds of seamen. We give the story in his own words:

"I was in command of a schooner coming down from the Virgin Isles with sugar and passengers to Antigua. I had a fine young fellow of the name of Shedden on board; and, besides other passengers, there was an old black woman, who, where she resided, had always been considered as an Obi woman. You never beheld such a complication of wrinkles as she was, from her forehead to her feet, and her woolly head was as white as snow. We were becalmed as soon as we were clear of the islands, and, as it happened, some of Mother Carey's chickens were flying about the stern.

"Shedden must needs get at his gun to shoot them. The old black woman sat near the taffrail. She saw him with his gun, but she said nothing. At last he fired and killed three of them.

"'There are three down!' cried out some of the other passengers.

"'How many?' asked the old woman, raising her head—'three? Then count the sharks which are coming up.'

"'Count the sharks, mother! Why count them? There's plenty of them,' replied Shedden, laughing.

"'I tell you that there will be but three sent,' replied the old woman, who then sunk down her head and said no more.

"Well, the negroes who were passengers on board, most of them Mr. Shedden's slaves, looked very blank, for they knew that old Etau never spoke without reason. In about ten minutes afterward three large sharks swam up to the vessel, with their fins above water.

"'There's the three sharks, sure enough!' said the passengers.

"'Are they come?' said Etau, raising her head.

"'Yes, moder, dere dey be—very large shark,' replied one of the negroes.

"'Then three are doomed,' said the old woman; 'and here we stay, and the waves shall not run, nor the wind blow, till the sharks have their food. I say—three are doomed!'

"The passengers were more or less alarmed with this prophecy of old Etau's, according as they put faith in her; however, they all went to bed quite well, and the next morning they got up the same.

"Still there was not a breath of wind; the whole sea was as smooth as glass, and the vessel lay where she was the night before, in about six fathoms water, about a mile from the reef, and you could see the coral rocks beneath her bottom as plain as if they were high and dry; and what alarmed them the next morning was, that the three large sharks were still swimming slowly round and round the schooner.

"All that day it remained a dead calm, and the heat was dreadful, although the awnings were spread. Night came on, and the people, becoming more frightened, questioned old Etau; but all the answer she gave was:

"'*Three* are doomed!'

"The passengers and crew were now terrified out of their wits, and they all went to bed with very melancholy forebodings, for the elements appeared as if they were arrested till the penalty was paid.

"For, you observe, there is always a light breeze as regular as the sun rises and goes down; but now the breezes only appeared to skirt the land, and when they came from the offing, invariably stopped two or three miles from the schooner.

"It was about midnight that there was a stir in the cabin, and it appeared that Mr. Shedden had the yellow fever, and shortly afterward another white man—a sailor belonging to the schooner—then one of Mr. Shedden's slaves. Well, there the fever stopped; no one else was taken ill. The usual remedies were applied, but before morning they were all three delirious.

"At sunrise it was still calm, and continued so till sunset; and all the day the passengers were annoyed by the black fins of three sharks, which continued to swim about.

"Again they went to bed, and just before one o'clock in the morning Mr. Shedden, in his delirium, got out of his bed, and rushing on deck, jumped overboard before any one could prevent him; and old Etau, who never left where she sat, was heard to say:

"'*One!*' and the bell was struck *one* by the seaman forward, who did not know what had happened. Morning came on again, and there were but two sharks to be seen.

"About noon the other white man died, and he was thrown overboard; and as one shark seized his body and swam away, old Etau cried out '*Two!*'

"An hour afterward the negro died, and was thrown overboard and carried away by the third shark, and old Etau cried out, '*Three!* the price is paid!'

"Well, every one crowded round the old woman to hear what she would say, and we asked her if all was over, and whether we should have any wind, and her reply was:

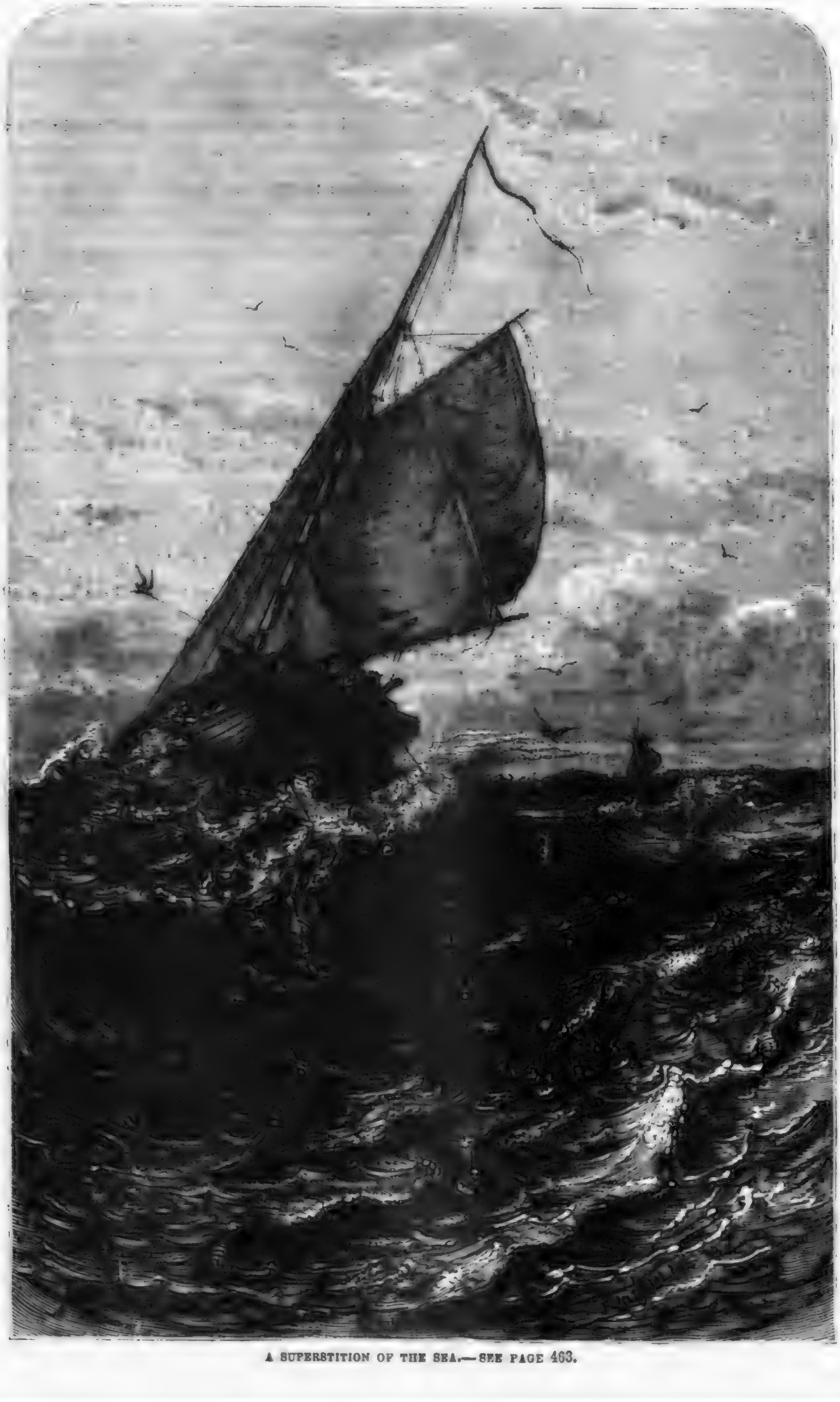
"'When the three birds come from the sea to replace those which were killed.'

"For, you see, if one of these birds is killed, it is certain that some one of the crew must die and be thrown overboard to become a Mother Carey's chicken, and replace the one that has been destroyed.

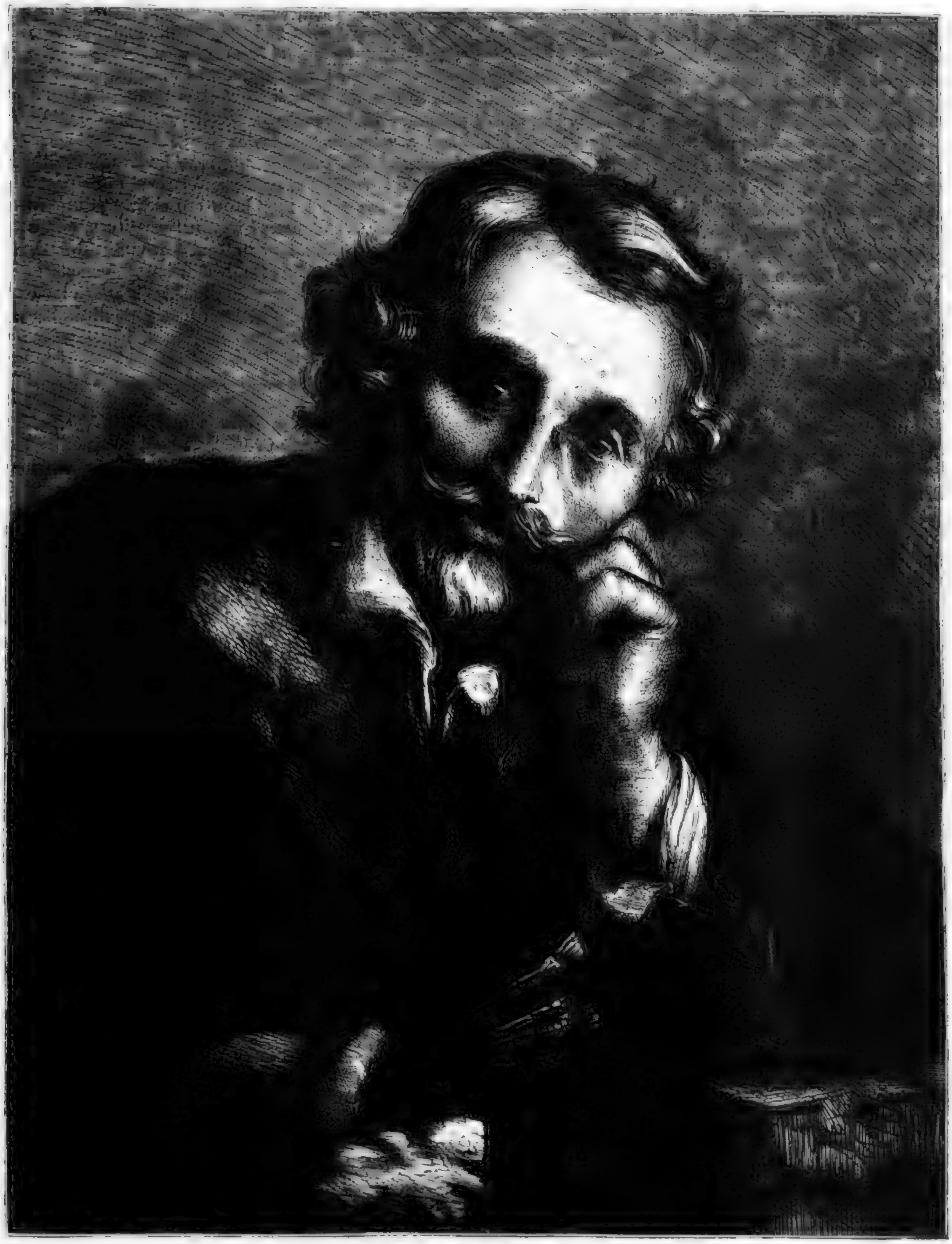
"Well, after a time, although we never saw them rise, three Mother Carey's chickens were seen dipping and flying about astern of the schooner; and we told old Etau, who said:

XUM

"'You'll have wind and plenty—and plenty of waves, to make up for the calm'; and so we had, sure enough, for it came on almost a hurricane, and the schooner scudded before it under bare poles until she arrived at Antigua, with her bulwarks washed away, and a complete wreck. And now I leave you to judge, after knowing this to be a fact, whether I am not right in saying that it is the worst of bad luck to injure the Mother Carey's chickens?"



A SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA.—SEE PAGE 463.



SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

The name of Sir Peter Paul Rubens suggests life and activity. He was so energetic, so full of enterprise and genius, so varied in his attainments, that the history of his career reads more like a romance than like the plain, unvarnished tale of an ordinary human life.

His father, Jan Rubens, was a native of Antwerp, who, before the disturbances in that city and the religious persecutions of the Spanish Minister, Alva, had occupied a good position. Being denounced as a Calvinist, he was forced to leave his native town, and proceeded to Cologne, where he made the acquaintance of one of the ministers sent to negotiate for the dowry of Anne of Saxony, and through his influence he became attached to the Court of Prince William. Although Jan Rubens was at this time a married man, with a family of six children, he entered into a scandalous intrigue with the Princess of Holland during her husband's absence. For two years the clandestine intercourse was not discovered, but at the end of that time

XUM

the suspicions of the royal husband were awakened, and Jan Rubens was summoned to meet the Landgrave at Nassau.

Unaware that his perfidy had been discovered, he reached Cologne, where, to his surprise, he was arrested and thrown into the State Prison at Dillenburg, so secretly and suddenly that his wife was for a very long time ignorant of his fate. When she discovered it, she used every possible effort to obtain his release. For some time his life was in danger, the penalty for such a crime as his being death; but, probably for State reasons, the extreme rigor of the law was not insisted on. His wife's repeated prayers to be allowed to see him were at last successful, and finally she obtained his release, upon condition that he should retire with his family to Siegento, a small village in Westphalia, and bind himself by heavy penalties never to pass the confines of the little town. He left his prison upon the 10th of May, 1575.

In 1577, most probably upon the 29th of June, Peter Paul Rubens first saw the light, and was named after the two saints whose martyrdom is commemorated on that day.

He was but one year old, when a change in the political aspect of affairs allowed the removal of the family to Cologne, and there the earliest years of his boyhood were spent. When he was ten years of age his father died; and his mother, who must have been a woman of rare energy and indomitable will, removed with her seven children to Antwerp, returning thus once more to her native country.

She was very anxious that Peter Paul should be educated for the law, and with that end in view she placed him in the Jesuits' College, and had him instructed in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. But Peter Paul himself was of a different opinion; he had no aptitude for the dry and monotonous course of study proposed for him, and after much persuasion he induced his mother to consent to his adopting painting as a profession.

According to the fashion of the times, his education in the social duties of life was assisted by his being placed as page with a lady of rank. And no doubt the urbanity and dignity which carried so much weight to his later diplomatic career were first acquired during his attendance upon Countess Laing. He could not, however, have remained very long in the service of the noble household, for when he was thirteen his mother had so far yielded to his wish as to allow him to enter the studio of Tobias Verhaeght, who at that time was dean of the Painters' Guild. From him Rubens learned the elements of drawing, and imbibed the love of landscape which is a marked feature of his later paintings.

But Peter Paul was ambitious, and did not long remain content with so limited a sphere of action. He removed to the studio of Adam Van Noort, whose painting he held in such estimation that he remained with him for four years.

In 1596, probably merely for inherent love of change, Rubens decided to leave Van Noort, and became a pupil of Othon Van Veen, and through the influence of this master he was promised an introduction to the Regents Albert and Isabella of the Netherlands. His ambition now induced the desire for travel, and the introduction to the reigning authorities smoothed the way for him. But before he left Antwerp, he painted the celebrated portrait of his mother from which our drawing is taken.

The history of Peter Paul's boyhood has sufficiently proved that his mother was a remarkable woman; and in this portrait by her son, we find ample proof of it. Her shrewd, powerful face looks out from the canvas as calmly and beautifully as of old. In her declining years she must have had much satisfaction in watching the rising genius of her youngest son; and the careful details of the picture suggest that he repaid her care with loving appreciation. In the original, her surroundings are suggestive of comfort, as she leans back in a carved chair—similar to one preserved in Antwerp as her son's gift—and holds in her hand a valuable volume, in which her forefinger marks the place. Her matronly coif is so far from disguising her features, that all the power and strength of purpose conveyed by the broad, high brow are clearly portrayed.

Traveling at this period was not very easy, and yet it is astonishing to find how universal it was. Rubens, however, with his letters of introduction to persons of note, and his winning manners, and the bright, open look which particularly distinguished him, had little difficulty to encounter. He traveled first to Venice, where, only a year prior to the birth of Rubens, the great colorist, Titian, had died, and where Paul Veronese and Tintoretto had acquired immortal fame.

It is uncertain when Rubens arrived in Venice, but it must have been early in 1600. In all probability he was there in July, when the Duke of Mantua made his triumphal entrance, for it is certain that within a very short time from that event, Rubens was a member of the ducal household.

Vincenzo de Gonzaga was one of the most accomplished men of the time, and never better pleased than when watching the artist at his work and conversing with him. The duke's greatest favorite and adviser at this time was his secretary, Annibale Chieppio, who also acquired a very warm liking for Rubens, and who exerted his influence in every way for the painter's advantage.

In July, 1601, the painter, at the request of the duke, went to Rome for the purpose of copying the more celebrated masterpieces of the great artists. Armed with an introduction from the duke to Cardinal Montalto, the artist set out on the 10th of July, and remained in Rome for nearly five years.

In 1605, we find him first figuring in diplomacy. He was recalled by the Duke of Mantua, and intrusted by him with a semi-diplomatic mission to the Spanish Court. He was ostensibly to go in charge of certain very valuable pictures which were to be sent as presents to the royal family, but he was more particularly to make himself agreeable to the first minister and prime favorite at the Court, Count Lerma. He was also commissioned to paint the portraits of the members of the royal family, and was intrusted with many delicate matters which he was to arrange as he found opportunity and as he judged best.

On the 5th of March, 1605, he received his passport, and a list of the presents intrusted to him, which he was to give over to the Mantuan ambassador. The duke, writing to the ambassador, says: "With the presents comes Peter Paul, a Fleming, our painter, to whose care we commit these objects. Peter Paul will say all that is necessary, like the well-informed man he is." He goes on to say that Rubens is the most accomplished portrait-painter of the day, and also that should he require funds, he has permission to draw them.

Rubens set out by way of the Apennines and Leghorn, and his letters, which have been preserved, give a faithful and interesting account of his travels; and from them it appears that he encountered a good many annoyances and petty worries. He complains bitterly of want of money, and alludes to the very moderate sum which has been allowed him for expenses.

His reception at the Spanish Court was highly gratifying to him. He speedily became a great favorite at Court, and was at once requested to paint the portraits of the leading

XUM

personages of State. He appears to have been admitted to the most familiar and friendly intercourse with the members of the royal household.

The date of his return to Mantua is uncertain, but he evidently derived great satisfaction from his stay in Spain, and upon his return we find him at once appointed special painter to the duke, with a liberal salary.

Rubens's affection for his mother has been already alluded to; and now a great grief was to befall him. He was scarcely settled at Mantua, when tidings of her serious illness reached him. He set out at once, traveling day and night, and sending dispatches from every city; but, unhappily, when he arrived in Antwerp, it was too late. His mother was already dead, before the news of her illness had reached him.

The painter's grief was heart-rending. He lost all interest in life, and retired to the Abbey of St. Michael. In the church attached to the monastery the remains of the parent he had so dearly loved were interred; and there for four months he remained in the greatest seclusion. Later, he and his brother Philip erected a very handsome monument to the memory of the mother to whom they owed so much.

Upon his recovering from this severe blow, Rubens intended to return to Italy; but he was now too great a man to do exactly as he liked. The eyes of the world were upon him; his countrymen disliked his devoting his powers to the glory of other lands, and he received a request, amounting almost to a command, from the Archduke Albert that he should remain in his own country.

After much hesitation, and repeated inducements held out by the Archduke, he consented, and accepted the position of Court painter, upon condition of being allowed to reside in Antwerp.

He was now thirty-two years of age, handsome, brilliant, accomplished—probably the most popular man of his day. His winning manners, his ready wit, and his knowledge of life and human nature, made him the idol of his friends. His society was eagerly sought after; and in 1609 he delighted his admirers in his native city by marrying a countrywoman of his own. On the 13th of October he espoused Joffe Isabella Brandt, at the Abbey Church of St. Michael.

The celebrated picture of Rubens and his wife in the Munich Pinacothek must have been painted in the early years of their married life. They are represented seated under the trees in their own garden, and prepared to receive visitors. The wife has a happy, placid expression, and the painter has succeeded in conveying an idea of perfect harmony between them. His appearance is noble and dignified, as he sits holding his wife's hand, and apparently in cheerful converse with her. She is richly dressed in the fashion of the day, the high ruffle surrounding a face which, if not exactly handsome, is pleasing and intelligent.

At this time the artist must have been wealthy. His work in Italy had brought him in large sums of money; and now that he was a married man and the head of a family, it behooved him to settle down in a suitable manner. In 1610 we find him buying a plot of ground and building a house in accordance with his own taste. He had gained a considerable knowledge of architecture during his stay in Italy, and the drawings of his mansion clearly indicate how far he was influenced by his travels. In the grounds he erected a rotunda, which was dedicated to his own use as a studio, and in it he stored his collection of statues, busts, porphyry, agates, medals, etc., some of them gifts from his patrons, others collected by himself during his travels. Honbraken says that Rubens's house cost him 60,000 guldens.

Soon after his establishment in his new home he painted the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," for the Company of Archers at Antwerp. For this he was paid 2,400 florins. The picture is too well known to need description.

About this time, too, whilst he was still young, he painted his own picture, in which he represents himself as the artist, pallet in hand, and apparently in the earnest consideration of a subject.

His nephew Philip, in his Life of the painter, says that at this time he habitually rose at four o'clock in Summer, and immediately after hearing Mass began his work. He engaged some one to read to him whilst he painted, and always selected classical authors, such as Plutarch and Seneca. The account of a visit to his studio, made by the accomplished Duke of Buckingham, seems to bring us into complete association with the magnificence of the painter's life. He was surrounded by objects of priceless value, and his collection of rarities and curiosities so excited his visitor's admiration, that he offered the very large sum of £10,000 for it. This valuable collection contained pictures of almost priceless value, amongst others thirteen original paintings by Rubens himself.

The painter's eldest child was not born until 1614. He was named Albert, after the Archduke, who was his sponsor.

Rubens was now at the zenith of his fame. The number of pictures produced by him in rapid succession is almost incredible. In 1620 he received an invitation from the widowed Queen-mother, Marie de Medici, to Paris. She was then staying in the Palais de Luxembourg, and desired to have the parlors assigned to her decorated with paintings illustrative of the events of her life. During his stay in Paris Rubens executed the sketches for the proposed paintings, and was also occupied in painting portraits of the members of the royal family. Returning to Antwerp, he completed the first series of paintings ordered by the Queen. During their progress he appears to have visited Paris several times, and to have become increasingly popular with his royal patroness. No sooner was the first series completed than Marie de Medici ordered a second, to illustrate the events in the life of her lamented husband, Henry IV. This undertaking, however, was interrupted by the exile of the Queen-mother from France.

In 1626 Rubens's first wife, with whom he appears to have lived very happily, died, leaving him two sons, both of whom survived him. As a distraction from the grief of this loss, the painter started upon a tour through Holland, which lasted for some months.

In 1628 he once more visited the Spanish Court, this time as envoy. He was to represent the distressed condition of the Netherlands, and to induce peace between England and Spain, in which he was not entirely successful.

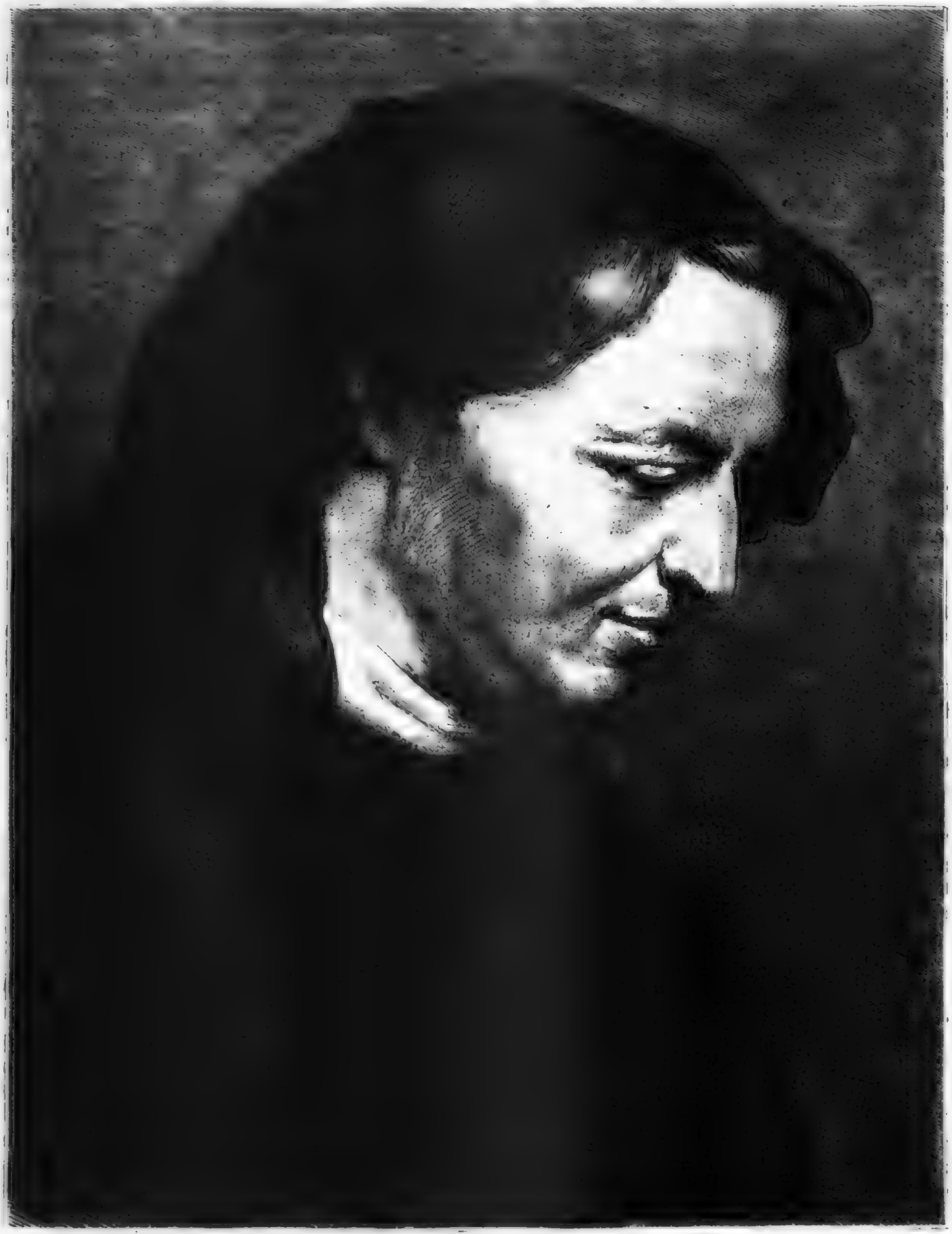
The death of the English minister, the Duke of Buckingham, by the hand of an assassin, renewed the negotiations, and in 1629 the painter, who had scarcely settled down in his own home, was sent with an expedition by the Infanta Isabella to represent her interests at the English Court. Reaching London on the fifth of June, Rubens had his first interview with King Charles I. upon the following day.

The negotiations that followed are a matter of history. The artist was most popular, and the highest honors were conferred upon him, both in his capacity of painter and as envoy. In 1630 he was knighted by the English King, who presented him at the same time with his own sword, and hung a costly chain around his neck. During his stay in London he was fully engaged in portrait painting.

It is interesting to gather his impressions of England

XUM

from the letters he so freely wrote to his friends. In writing to one of them in Antwerp, he says, alluding to the great fatigue of his journey: "I console myself with thinking of the many beautiful things I have seen on my journey. This island, for instance, seems to me a theatre worthy the curiosity of a man of taste, not only on account of the pleasantness of the place and the beauty of the nation, and the magnificence of civilization, which appears to me extreme, as of a people rich and luxurious, lolling in peace of long standing, but rather on account of the incredible quantity of excellent pictures and antique statues and inscriptions to be found in this Court." He particularly mentions the Arundel collection.



THE MOTHER OF RUBENS.

In addition to portraits of the royal family, he painted many large pictures during his few months' stay in London, and considering the activity of his diplomatic correspondence, and the earnestness with which he set himself to establish mutually good relations between the Spanish Court and his own, it is most surprising that he should have found time for them. Among others, he designed the frescoes for Whitehall.

He won the hearts of all London society. The ministers were charmed with his winning manners and address, the ladies of the Court could not sufficiently admire his gallantry, and at the same time he gave complete satisfaction to his royal patroness.

During his stay in England he visited Cambridge, where he was admitted to the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In spite of the cordial reception he had met with, and the attentions and honors bestowed upon him, he was very anxious to return home, but his departure from London was delayed until March, 1630. Upon his return he wa

XUM

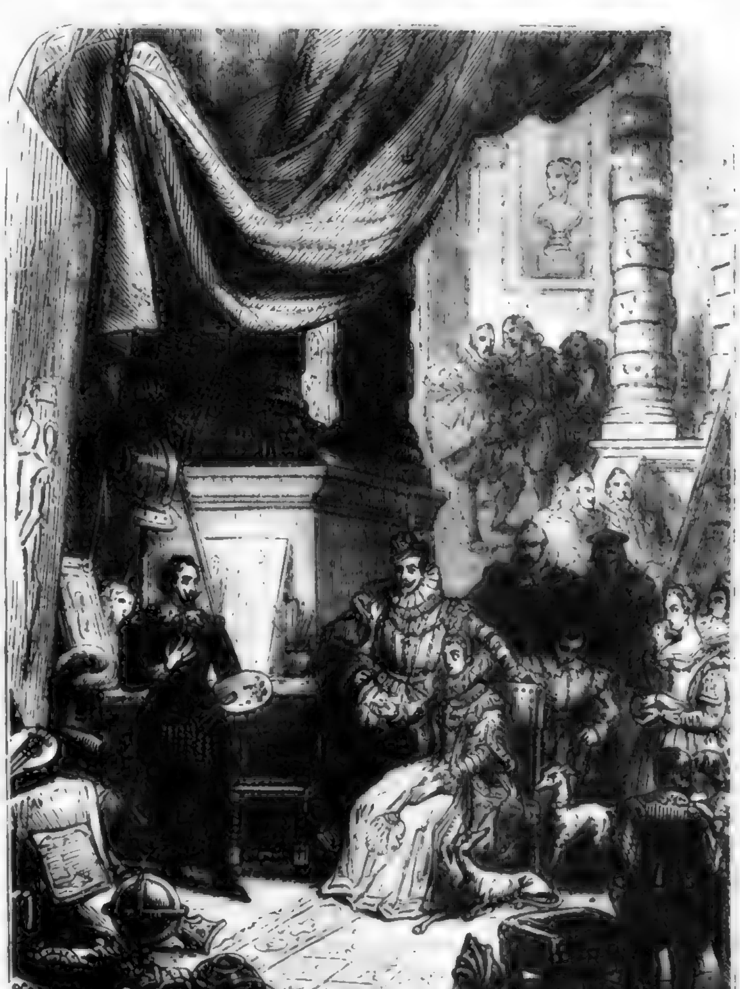
overwhelmed with honors by the Infanta Isabella, and amongst other privileges, was permitted to receive the pay of his appointment as Secretary of the Privy Council, without being obliged to give his personal attendance.

In 1630, when he was fifty-three years of age, he married again—a girl of sixteen, the daughter of his first wife's sister. The following year the knighthood conferred on him by Charles of England was confirmed by his own Government. His skill as a diplomatist led to further labors. He was called upon to settle the difficulties between the unfortunate Marie de Medici and Richelieu. These negotiations took up much of his time, and we find him, in April, 1632, craving permission to retire from public life and rest in his own home. But he had to pay the penalty of popularity. He could not be allowed long quiet. In August of the same year we read that he was sent by the Infanta to Liege to negotiate terms with Henry, Prince of Orange.

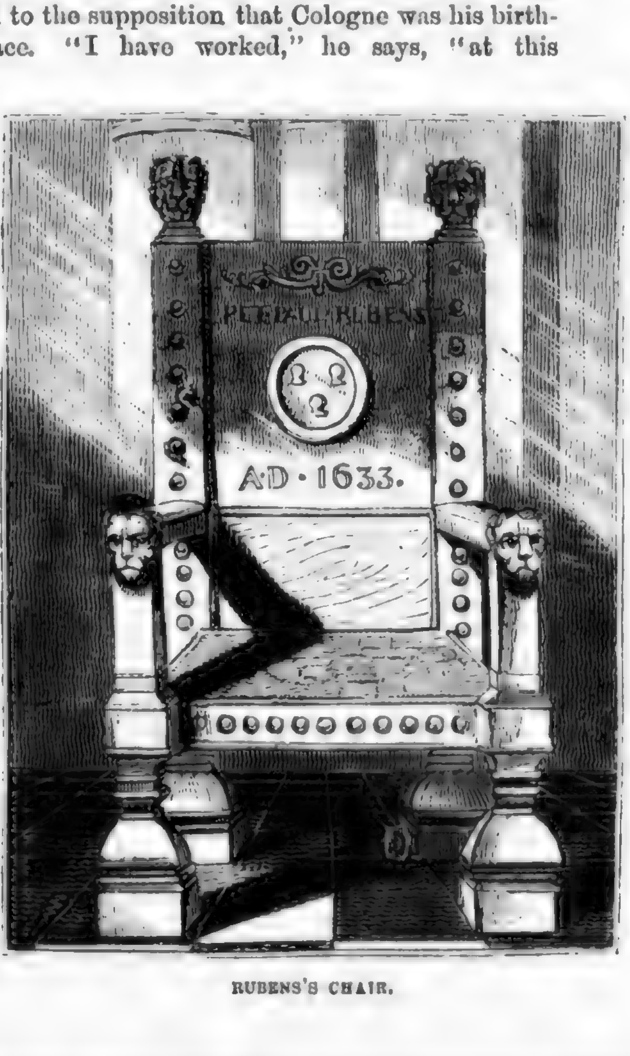
The death of the Infanta, in 1634, was a great blow to Rubens. He retired from diplomatic service, and the gout, to which he had been for many years a subject, interfered with his activity.

He bought the Chateau of Steen, near Mechlin, and settled there with his family. For many years before his retirement, it had been impossible for him to execute the multitudinous orders he received from the crowned heads and nobility of Europe, and he had merely undertaken sketches for the paintings, leaving them to be completed by his pupils and collaborators.

The last work undertaken by him was an altarpiece intended for St. Peter's, Cologne, in writing about which he used an expression which long led to the supposition that Cologne was his birthplace. "I have worked," he says, "at this picture with deep interest, remembering that my earliest days were spent at Cologne."



A PRINCELY VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF RUBENS.



RUBENS'S CHAIR.

We gain our best idea of Rubens's character by considering it in relation to other artists. His house was open to them at all hours, and he was ever ready with his advice and help. Although, as his life neared its close, he received few visits, he was always willing to give his true opinion of a fellow-artist's work, delighting in the recognition of talent, and finding, in his kind-heartedness, something to admire in the least hopeful attempts.

The great master's life ended upon the 30th of May, 1640, at the age of sixty-three. During his last illness his cheerfulness never failed him; and only two days before his death he wrote a joking letter to his old friend Jardherbe, the architect, upon the subject of his approaching marriage.

His funeral was an ovation. Every one in the city mourned the loss of a friend, as the news ran from mouth to mouth, "Rubens is dead!" Every society in the Netherlands had a representative at his funeral, which, as was the custom, took place at night. His body was placed temporarily in the Fourment Vault, but afterward was removed to a special chapel built for its reception in the Church of St. Jacques. The spot beneath which he rests is marked by one of his own masterpieces.

In 1840, a monument was erected to his memory in Antwerp, and his bust unvailed with great honors. And in 1877 the tercentenary festival, held in commemoration of his birth, was a most brilliant success. Lovers of art from all parts of the world hurried to Antwerp to do honor to his memory.

He left a colossal fortune, in spite of his constant complaints of the difficulty with which he obtained money from his royal patrons. The sum realized by the sale of his art collection amounted to over $125,000, and his wardrobe sold for 1,095 guldens. In his will, he left directions for the division of his property, and devised his sketches, drawings and paintings to whichever son followed his profession, or to whichever daughter might marry an artist. None of them fulfilled the conditions.

His great friend, Gervaerts, wrote an inscription for his tomb, but it was only placed there half a century later by one of his great-grandsons. At the tercentenary celebration, many of his pictures, prints and relics were upon exhibition.

In an article like the present, it is impossible to do more than give an outline of this great man's life; no enumeration of the works of his prolific genius is possible, but we may glance at the most celebrated. His paintings include almost every variety of style and every kind of subject.

The influence of the Jesuits upon his education is traced in his love of religious legends, and the constant introduction of allegorical meanings in his pictures. His religious paintings alone are so numerous that in catalogues of his productions they are divided into Old Testament subjects, New Testament subjects, Virgins and saints, and legendary, historical, allegorical, genre, landscape and still life.

His own estimate of his prolific productions is, perhaps, the best: "I confess myself to be, by natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size, rather than little curiosities; my talent is such that never has an undertaking, however extraordinary in size or diversity of subjects, daunted my courage."

He painted many favorites over and over again—such as "The Shepherds," "The Adoration of the Magi," and "Scenes from the Death of Christ." He was especially addicted to painting "The Virgin and Child," with attendant angels; he excelled in painting the latter, rather than in delineating the Holy Mother, who generally appears on his canvas as a rather coarse woman of unintellectual type.

Some of his smaller paintings are exquisite in their delicacy and refinement; one, especially—a "Kermesse"—can compare with anything ever produced by Teniers or Ostade. Perhaps his most celebrated pictures are "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." His portraits of his two sons, and the family group of himself, with his second wife and child, are very beautiful, while the portrait of his mother and the celebrated "Spanish Hat," in the National Gallery, can never be excelled.

No less than fifteen hundred of his pictures have been engraved, and the fame that attended him through life has in no degree diminished with the lapse of centuries. His pictures enhance every subject, and appeal to every taste. His exuberant spirits, his broad imagination and sense of animal life imparted a reality to all the works of his brush, which reality, together with their vivid coloring, constitutes their chief charm.

His allegorical treatment of prosaic subjects often afforded him the opportunity of conveying flattery, not perhaps always of the most refined kind; but that was a fault rather of the age in which he lived than of his genius. His portraits reach those of his friend and pupil Van Dyck, and in some of them he shows more delicacy and sympathetic feeling than in his larger compositions. His portrait of his mother is unrivaled.

He was the first to introduce landscape-painting into England, and the pictures of that kind which he has left show an appreciation of home scenery, of country life, and of what is called the picturesque. He used light grounds, and drew his outlines with a brush and color, overlaying transparent glazes over the shadows. He exposed his pictures to the sun, in intervals of painting, to dry out the oil. As a colorist, he has few rivals. His pictures, scattered throughout Europe, sufficiently attest his wonderful skill; and to his technical ability, Sir Joshua Reynolds bears witness, when he says: "He was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of his art that ever exercised a pencil." His name calls up redundant activity and life. The untiring energy of his nature, the versatility of his genius, and the rare combination of the practical and romantic elements of his character, render the history of his life peculiarly attractive. Successful in his enterprises, happy in his home relations, a favorite with royalty, and the idol of his own countrymen, he justly earned the *sobriquet* of "The Prince of Painters."

THE MARBLE ROCKS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

A few miles off the road, down the open and well-cultivated valley of the Narbada, in Central India, is a mighty river, pent up into a third of its width, and for more than two miles boiling along between two sheer walls of pure white marble a hundred feet in height, with here and there a seam of dark-green or black volcanic rock, which enhances the purity of the marble like a setting of jet. What must be the charm, in a dusty Oriental land, of the coolness and quiet of those pure cold rocks and of the deep, blue, pellucid water!

"The eye," says a traveler, "never wearies of the infinite variety of effect produced by the broken and reflected sunlight, now glancing from a pinnacle of snow-white marble reared against the deep blue of the sky, as from a point of silver, touching here and there with bright lights the prominence of the middle heights, and again losing itself in the soft bluish-gray of their recesses. Still lower down, the bases of the cliffs are almost lost in the hazy shadow, so that it is hard to tell at what point the rocks are melted into the water, from whose depths the same lights, in inverse order, are reflected as clear as above, but broken into a thousand quivering fragments in the swirl of the pool."

This beautiful spot is infested with bees, which, if disturbed, many travelers have found very dangerous, and, indeed, on one occasion they stung an intruder to death.

The Marble Rocks, like almost every object of great natural beauty, have been sanctified by the Brahmins, and many of the commonest legends transported hither. Across the chasm the monkey legions of Hanuman leaped on their way to Ceylon; the celestial elephant of India left his mighty footprint here in the white rock. Temples to the Siva crown the right bank of the cliff, and by the river's edge is a favorite *ghat* for the launching of the bodies of devout Hindoos into the waters of Mother Narbada, which are consequently polluted by ghoul-like turtles, monstrous fishes and repulsive crocodiles, that fatten on the ghastly provender thus provided for them.

KING AND CONJURER.

Signor Bellachini, the renowned prestidigitator, who has recently been honored by the German Emperor with the complimentary title of "Royal Court Artist," obtained this unprecedented distinction by a somewhat remarkable feat of dexterity.

Having observed that the venerable monarch for some years past frequently attended his performances and exhibited a lively interest in the magical arts of which he is a past-master, Bellachini conceived the bold project of turning imperial favor to account, and made formal application to his Majesty for audience. His petition was granted, and the Emperor received him at an appointed hour in the study overlooking the Linden Avenue, his favorite room, in which he transacts business every morning and afternoon.

After chatting for a few minutes with the accomplished conjurer upon subjects connected with his profession, William I. asked, with a smile:

"Well, Bellachini, and what is it you want of me?"

"It is my most humble request, sire, that your Majesty would deign to appoint me your court artist."

"I will do so, Bellachini, but upon one consideration only—namely, that you forthwith perform some extraordinarily clever trick, worthy of the favor you solicit."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bellachini took up a pen from the Emperor's inkstand, handed it with a sheet of paper to his Majesty, and requested him to write the words: "Bellachini can do nothing at all."

The Emperor attempted to comply, but, strange to say, neither pen nor ink could be persuaded to fulfill their functions.

"Now, sire," said Bellachini, "will your Majesty condescend to write the words, 'Bellachini is the Emperor's court artist'?"

The second attempt was as successful as the first had been the contrary—pen, ink and paper, delivered from the spell cast over them by the magician, proved perfectly docile to the imperial hand; and Bellachini's ingenious trick was rewarded on the spot by his nomination to the desired honorific office, made out in the Emperor's own writing.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

By Aunt Fanny (Mrs. Barrow).

For some years previous to my visit to England, I had had a friendly correspondence with Mr. John Murray, the great London publisher, and most worthy son of his father, whose name has become historic as the publisher and beloved personal friend of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and other monarchs in the realms of literature. Mr. Murray had presented me with many of his publications, among which was a book, splendidly bound in white morocco and gold, and printed on thick cream-tinted paper, with broad margins. It contained a memoir and the speeches of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Queen's consort. Only one edition of this book was issued in this beautiful form, for the exclusive benefit of the Court and nobility, and so gracious a courtesy to me, so unusual a compliment, was implied by the gift, that I hastened, on my arrival in London, to make personal acknowledgments.

Of course, it was proper to present myself at Mr. Murray's place of business. I was directed to Albemarle Street, just out of Piccadilly. But where was the place of business? Where was the great establishment, such as those of our leading American publishers? I saw two large basement brick houses, exactly alike, on the door of one of which was the name, "Mr. John Murray." Not a sign of books or of book-making anywhere. At either side of the other door was a bell; around one was engraved "Visitors"; around the other, "Servants." What would the ladies and gentlemen say who condescend to do our housework for wages in this free and happy republic, if they found such a distinction upon our front doors?

I concluded to try the knocker of the door with the name on it, and was admitted the next moment into a large room on the first floor. In it were some tables, and one small counter. Resting carelessly on the tables were the latest publications, and this was all that was visible of the immense business of the great house of Murray. But, nevertheless, a spell fell upon me, and the room became glorified. Many a time, in this very place, had the great "Wizard of the North" been warmly welcomed. Here Byron's sad, angry or exultant voice had often awakened the echoes. And when Mr. Murray hastened into the room, and with a cordial pressure of my hand said, "Welcome to England," two proud, happy tears, which I struggled not to shed, rose in my eyes and nearly blinded me. It was all so different! I had been taught to expect reserve, coldness, almost mistrust, in the deportment of the English; but as yet I had found only cheery kindness.

As we were chatting together, quite like old friends, Sir Edmund Head, the former Governor-General of Canada, came in. He was a small, refined, dignified-looking man, with a quick, bright way of speaking, and a most intelligent face. I had read with vivid interest his little book upon the uses of the words "will" and "shall," and I soon perceived that Sir Edmund perfectly understood, and knew how to put into practice with rigid impartiality, the correct doing, as well as saying, of these much-tried, much-abused words.

As I rose to leave, Mr. Murray regretted that his family had gone only that morning to their country-seat at Newstead, Wimbledon Park, but he promised to come and see me.

He was better than his word—for he not only came, but brought Mrs. Murray, a tall, sweet-looking woman, with musical inflections in her voice, such as few American women ever attain. She came to invite us to dine with them at Newstead, an invitation I was most happy to accept.

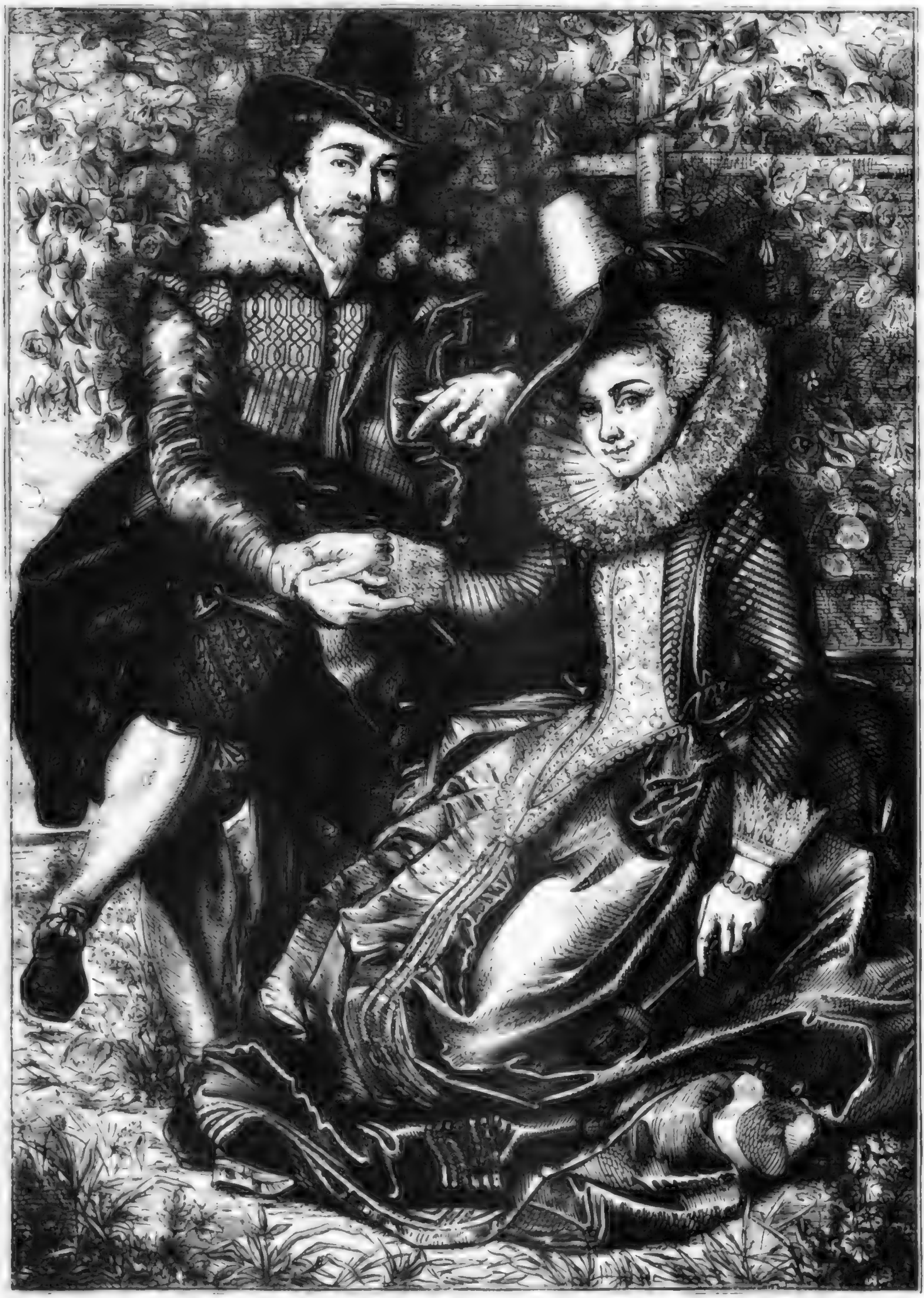
As we sat chatting together in the great drawing-room of the Langham, I was languidly but curiously regarded by the English near us, all of whom were, doubtless, familiar with Mr. Murray's kindly face, and all of whom expressed, by their slightly raised eyebrows—as a big *enfant terrible* did by his voice—a wonder as to "who that little Yankee-doodle woman could be, you know, that our Mr. Murray is so awfully civil to?"

The pretty place whose name the "rifle team" has rendered so familiar to American ears, is only an hour by rail from London. On the appointed day Mr. Murray called for us, and placed us in a first-class carriage. The young and handsome son of a well-known New Yorker was already there awaiting us. He had just been graduated, as we call it, from the University of Cambridge; but as the English Cambridge has it, "he had taken his great go" with high honors, and his father, also a Cambridge graduate, had given to him the delightful reward of six months' travel in Europe before he returned home to America and settled down to business or a profession. He had just brought to London a letter of introduction to Mr. Murray, who invited him to join us at dinner.

Arrived at the depot at Wimbledon, we found an elegant private carriage awaiting us. It is somewhat overpowering to a simple republican to have six feet of footman in livery, with ponderous calves, a white wig, and a bouquet in his buttonhole, touch his hat and offer his arm, which you are not to take, but to use as a prop, to assist you into the carriage, while a fat coachman with a scarlet face, a curled white wig (the footman's is straight), and a bouquet in his buttonhole, looks down inquisitively and superciliously at "the savages from America," and audibly ejaculates, as the carriage-door is slammed to, "Blessed if they ain't *white!*"

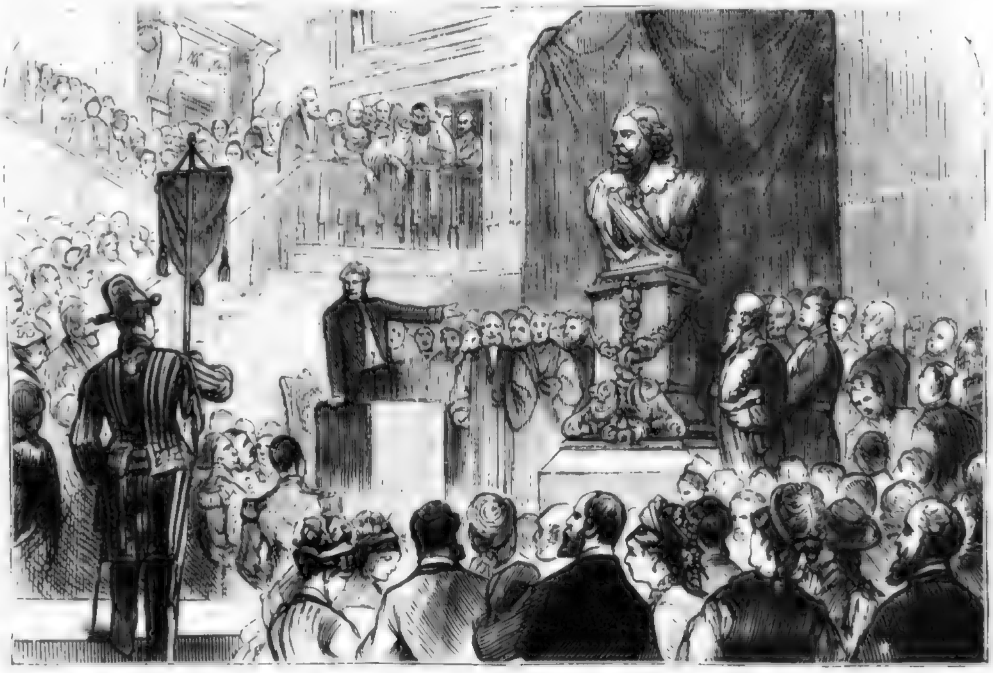
XUM

Arrived at Newstead, we received our first welcome to a beautiful English home. As it wanted a few minutes to dinner, Mr. Murray offered me his arm to show me the grounds. With us sauntered Mr. Ferguson the distinguished architect and author, a grave, reserved man. I had read his curious and interesting book upon "Serpent Worship," and extracts from his "History of Ancient Architecture," and, though I was a little afraid of him, I felt deeply the honor of being in his company. We were a diversified group, for little Annie, Mr. Murray's lovely little child, sported and frisked in front of us with Tramp, a great black dog, and a ridiculous little yellow Skye terrier, looking like an animated foot-mat. My host pointed out to me with pride and pleasure almost every variety of American evergreen, which he had taken great pains to procure and transplant in his grounds.



RUBENS AND HIS WIFE, ISABELLA BRANDT.—SEE PAGE 465.

In the pleasant talk between him and Mr. Ferguson—for I gladly adopted the *rôle* of listener—I was amusingly



RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—INAUGURATION OF THE BUST OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP MUSEUM, IN 1877.

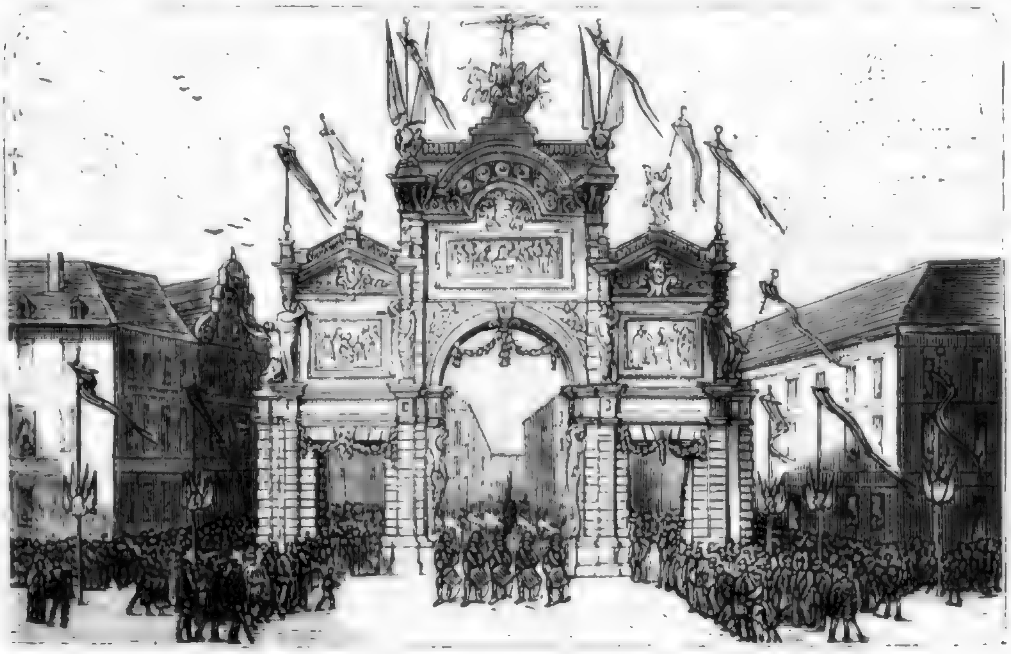
reminded of that ineradicable strong point of an Englishman, that his house, and of course the grounds appertaining thereto, is his castle, any intrusion into which is not to be endured. Said Mr. Murray:

"Ferguson, Jones has bought the land adjoining mine, and if he builds there," pointing to an elevation, "he will completely overlook me."

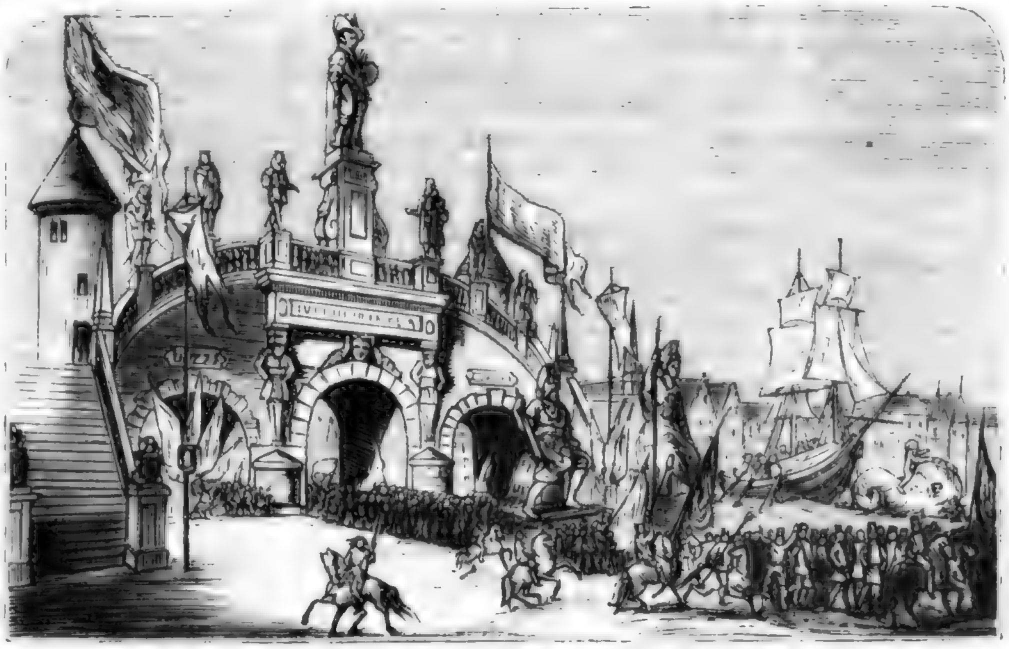
"Build a three-story wall around your grounds," snapped out Mr. Ferguson, at which I laughed heartily; but I think he really meant it.

The dinner was admirable, the company charming, and the alert, silent service of the liveried attendants a comfort not always attainable in our happy land. I sat at Mr. Murray's left hand, and during dinner he tried to "chaff" me, but I buckled on sword and shield, and gave him as good as he sent, which, doubtless, raised me in his estimation, for an Englishman loves "chaffing" as he does his national beverage. Perhaps, speaking of this in connection with Mr. Murray, I should write a "Britisher," as he was born in Scotland.

After dinner came a richer feast; for we went into the library—a large, beautiful room, lighted with ground-glass windows set above the low bookcases. Here we were permitted to examine many manuscripts of famous authors, notably Byron's "Childe Harold," whose very bad but peculiar handwriting I studied with absorbed interest. If my memory does not play tricks with me, I believe I saw "the Childe *Byron*" written in one stanza, with the name "Byron" lined out and "Harold" substituted—which certainly gives color to the supposition that the poem was the story of Byron's own life. Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering" was among these treasures of manuscripts, all of which were carefully bound. The beautifully neat writing of Miss Martineau—such a fitting exponent of the good, pure thoughts of the woman—was eliciting expressions of admiration from me, when Mr. Murray said:



RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—SCENE IN TENIER'S SQUARE, ANTWERP.



RUBENS'S TERCENTENARY.—SCENE ON ST. WALBURG PLACE, ANTWERP.

XUM

"Yes; but I am down upon Miss Martineau."

"Why, Mr. Murray! What has she done?"

"She did a very bad thing—she abused my friend Macaulay. I'm quite out with her for that."

In her "Lives of Great Men," she did handle Lord Macaulay rather roughly. And this was the reason Mr. Murray was "down" upon her.

In the lovely Summer evening, we returned by rail to London. Our young countryman and Mr. Ferguson accompanied us. A passing train saluting us with a sudden scream of the whistle, caused us all to jump, and the young American gave utterance to a startling yell.

"Oh! I'm *such* a fool about noises!" he apologized. "Aren't you?"

With the utmost frankness and sweetness, we immediately admitted that we were, upon which he turned crimson, and begged pardon profusely.

We reached in safety the huge city, with most pleasant recollections of our first introduction to that most sacred and cherished of an Englishman's possessions—his home.

HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.

Drummondville is situated on the St. Francis River, and the northern division of the Southern Railroad, Canada, passes through it. Several years ago the prevailing wood which grew in the vicinity was white birch, which does not, we believe, make first-class firewood, but which appears to be the best for the manufacture of spools. This probably was the reason why Drummondville was selected as the place in which to locate these factories, and the farmers in the vicinity can always find a ready market for this kind of wood at about $2.50 and $3 per cord.

The wood, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is desired to make. These pieces are put into a dry-house and thoroughly dried, from whence they are taken into the factory and given to the roughers, who in an incredibly short space of time bore a hole in the centre a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers, in the centre of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools.

The roughers receive one cent and a half per gross for their work, and experienced men can turn out 130 gross per day. The round blocks pass from them to the finishers, who place them in machines which give them the shape of spools and make them quite smooth. The cylinder revolves slowly, so that the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time. On being taken out of the cylinder, they are placed in a hopper with an opening at the bottom, through which they pass down a slide for inspection. Here the inspector sits and watches closely, to see that no imperfect spools are allowed to pass, and a very small knot or scratch is sufficient to condemn them.

They are packed in large boxes made the proper size, and no additional packing is needed. The packers receive one quarter-cent per gross for packing, and a smart boy who is accustomed to the work can pack about 200 gross per day. One proprietor ships over 2,000,000 spools per month to England, and another firm ships over 1,000,000 spools to Glasgow, Scotland.

THE PIKE.

The Fishes an indictment did prefer
Against the Pike, that wholesale murderer.
Six worthy Donkeys met to try the cause.
The Fox, so famed for knowledge of the laws,
They chose Assessor; lest the right should fail,
Defendant came before them in a pail.

(Some said the Pike with gudgeons did supply
The Fox. But who is safe from calumny?)

What crimes the progress of the case laid bare!
Heavens, what a scene of villainy was there!
What violence! what cruelty!—in short,
Things came to light that horrified the Court.

The Solons asinine, to passion stung,
"Away with him!" exclaimed, "let him be hung!"
"Hung!" cried the Fox. "Can I have understood
The Court aright? Sure, hanging is too good.
My lords, this gross depravity demands
Dire vengeance at your hoofs, I would say hands;
Let him be drown'd in the next river!" All
Applauded with one voice. The criminal
Was cast into the stream, and there, they say,
Continues even to this very day. Krilof.

DOUBLES.

Chapter I.

We live in an age of bad English. There is a perverse preference for weak foreign to strong British phrases, and a run upon abstract terms, roundabout phrases, polysyllables, and half-scientific jargon on simple matters, like velvet trimming on a cotton print.

Addison could be content to write: "My being his nearest neighbor gave me some knowledge of his habits"; but our contemporaries must say, "The fact of my being his nearest neighbor gave me," etc. Now observe: in the first place, it is not "the fact," but the "circumstance"; and in the next, both "fact" and "circumstance" are superfluous and barbarous. Probably the schoolboys who invented this circumlocution had been told by some village schoolmaster that a verb can only be governed by a noun substantive. Pure illusion! it can be governed by a sentence with no nominative case in it, and the Addisonian form is good, elegant, classical English. All the Roman authors are full of examples; and unless my memory fails me, the very first Latin line cited as good syntax in the old Eton grammar is:

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Try your nineteenth-century grammar on this—it is a fair test: "Factum discendi ingenuas artes emollit mores." Why is this so glaringly ridiculous in Latin, yet current in English? Simply because bad English is so common, and bad Latin never was.

"To die is landing on some distant shore."

This line of Garth's turned into the nineteenth-century English would be: "The fact of dying is identical with landing on some distant shore."

If I could scourge that imbecile phrase, "the fact of," out of the English language, I should be no slight benefactor to our mother-tongue. I may return one day to the other vices of English I have indicated above. At present I will simply remark, what I call "Doubles," the writers of the new English call "cases of mistaken identity." Phœbus! what a mouthful! This is a happy combination of the current vices.

1. Here is a term dragged out of philosophy to do vulgar work.

2. It is wedded to an adjective which cannot co-exist with it. You may mistake a man for A, or you identify him with A. But you cannot do both; for, if you mistake, you do not identify, and if you do identify, you do not mistake.

3. Here are eleven syllables set to do the work of two. Now, in every other art and science, economy of time and space is the great object; only the English of the day aims at *parvum in multo*. But, thank heaven! "good old Double is not dead yet," though poisoned with exotics and smothered under polysyllables.

There are always many persons on the great globe who seem like other persons in feature when the two are not confronted; but, setting aside twins, it is rare that out of the world's vast population any two cross each other's path so like one another as to bear comparison. Where comparison is impossible, the chances are that the word "Double" is applied without reason. Sham Doubles are prodigiously common. My note-books are full of them. Take two examples out of many. Two women examine a corpse carefully, and each claims it as her husband. It is interred, and by-and-by both husbands walk into their wives' houses alive, and—need I say?—impenitent. A wife has a man summoned for deserting her. Another woman identifies him in the police-court as her truant husband. This looks ugly, and the man is detained. Two more wives come in and swear to him. A pleasing excitement pervades the district. Our lady novelists had kept to the trite path of bigamy; but truth, more fertile, was going to indulge us with a quadrigamy. Alas! the quadrigamist brought indisputable evidence that he had been a public officer in India at the date of all the four marriages, and had never known one of these four injured females, with the infallible eyes cant assigns to that sex.

Sometimes the Sham Double passes current by beguiling the ears in a matter where the eyes, if left to themselves, would not have been deceived. The most remarkable cases on record of this are the false Martin Guerre and the sham Tichborne. A short comparison of these two cases may serve to clear the way to my story.

Fifteenth century—Martin Guerre, a small peasant proprietor in the South of France, and a newly-married man, left his wife and went soldiering, and never sent her a line in eight years. Then came a man who, like Martin, had a mole on his cheekbone, and similar features; only he had a long beard and mustache. He said things to the wife and sister of Martin Guerre which no stranger could have said, and, indeed, reminded the wife of some remark she had made to him in the privacy of their wedding-night.

He took his place as her husband, and she had children by him. But her uncle had always doubted; and, when the children came to divert the inheritance from his own offspring, he took action and accused the newcomer of fraud.

It came to trial; there was a prodigious number of respectable witnesses on either side; but the accused was about to carry it, when stump—stump—stump came an ominous wooden leg into the court, and there stood the real Martin Guerre, crippled in the wars. The supposed likeness disappeared, all but the mole, and the truth was revealed.

The two Martins had been soldiers, and drunk together in Flanders, and Martin had told his knavish friend a number of little things. With these the impostor had come and beguiled the ears, and so prejudiced the eyes. French law was always severe. They hanged him in front of the real man's door.

Orton's case had the same feature. His witnesses saw by the ear. He began by pumping a woman, who wanted to be deceived, and from her and one or two more he obtained information, with which he dealt adroitly, and so made the long ears of weak people prejudice their eyes. As for his supposed likeness to Tichborne, that went, not on clean observation, but on wild calculation.

"If Martin Guerre, whom you knew beardless, had grown a long beard, don't you think he would be like this?"

"Yes, I do; for there's his mole, and he knew things none but Martin Guerre could."

"If Roger Tichborne, whom you knew as thin as a lath, had become as fat as a porpoise, don't you think he would be like this man?"

"Yes, I do; for his eyes twitched like Roger's, and he knew some things Roger knew."

Eleven independent coincidences proved the claimant to be Arthur Orton; and three such coincidences have never failed to hang a man accused of murder. But that does not affect the question as to whether he was *like* Tichborne. There is, however, no reason whatever to believe that he was a bit like him. In the first place, it is not in the power of any man to divine how a very lean man would look were he to turn very fat in the face; and in the next place, the fat was granted contrary to experience; for it is only a plump young man who gets fat at thirty; a lean man at twenty-one is never a porpoise till turned forty.

To conclude, this is no case of Doubles, but the shallowest imposture recorded in all history; and the fools who took a fat, living snob, with a will of iron, for a lean, dead aristocrat, with a will of wax, have only to thank their long ears for it; no downright delusive appearance ever met their eyes.

A much nearer approach to a Double occurred almost under my eyes.

A certain laughter-loving dame, the delight of all who knew her, vanished suddenly from her father's house, where she was visiting. Maternal tenderness took the alarm, emissaries searched the town, north, south, east and west, and a young lady was found drowned, and immediately recognized as my sprightly friend. Her father came and recognized her, too. In his anguish he asked leave to pray with her alone, and it was only in the act of prayer that his eye fell upon some small thing that caused a doubt; but examining her hair and forehead more narrowly, he found that the drowned girl was not his child.

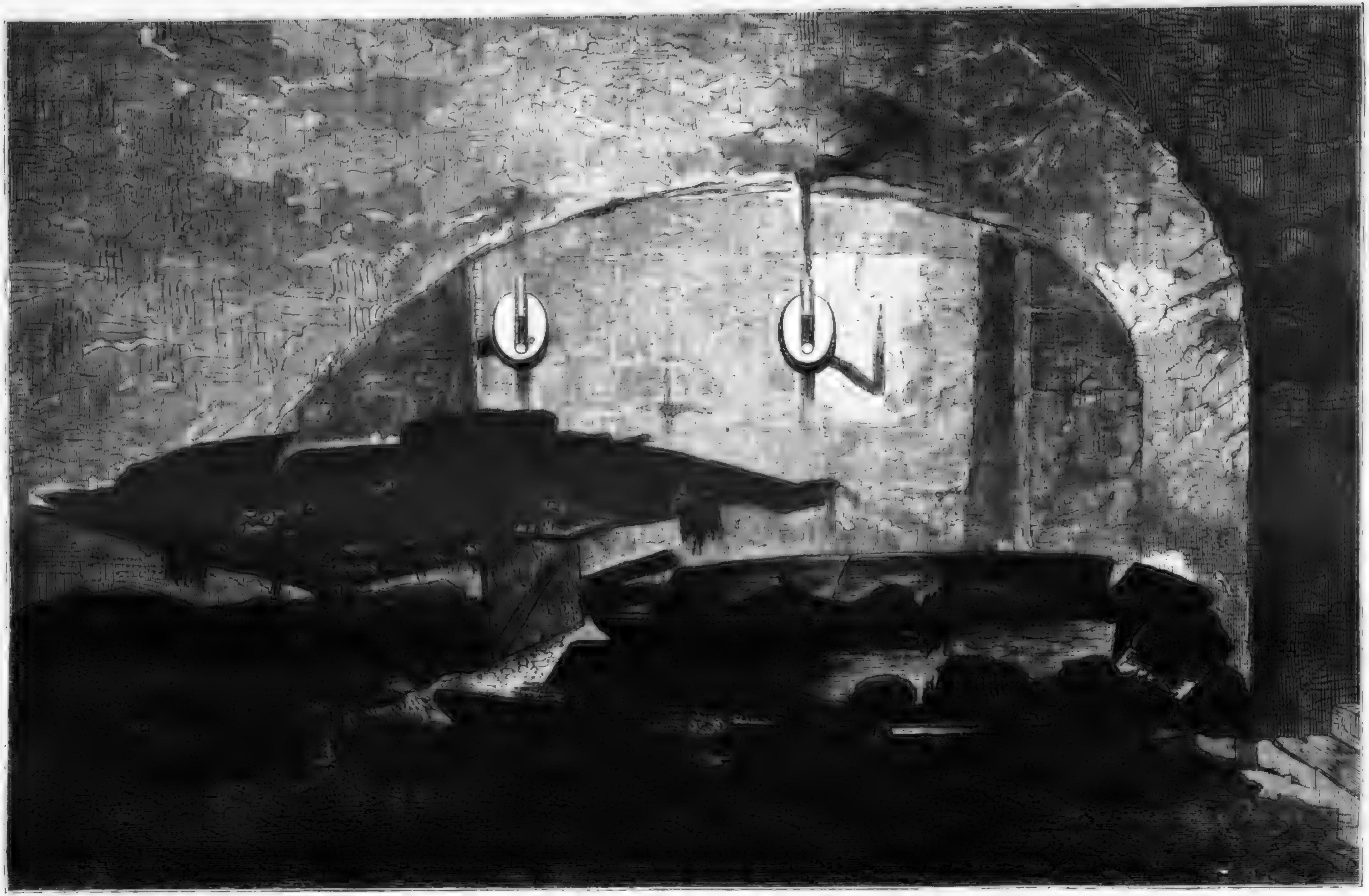
As for her, poor girl, she was young, and had dashed off to Brighton in very good company, and like the rest of her prodigious sex, had grudged a shilling for a telegram; though she would have given all she had in the world rather than cause her parents so serious an alarm.

Even in this case calculation enters: the drowned girl, when alive, may not have looked so like my laughter-loving friend. Still, we must allow them Doubles, or very near it.

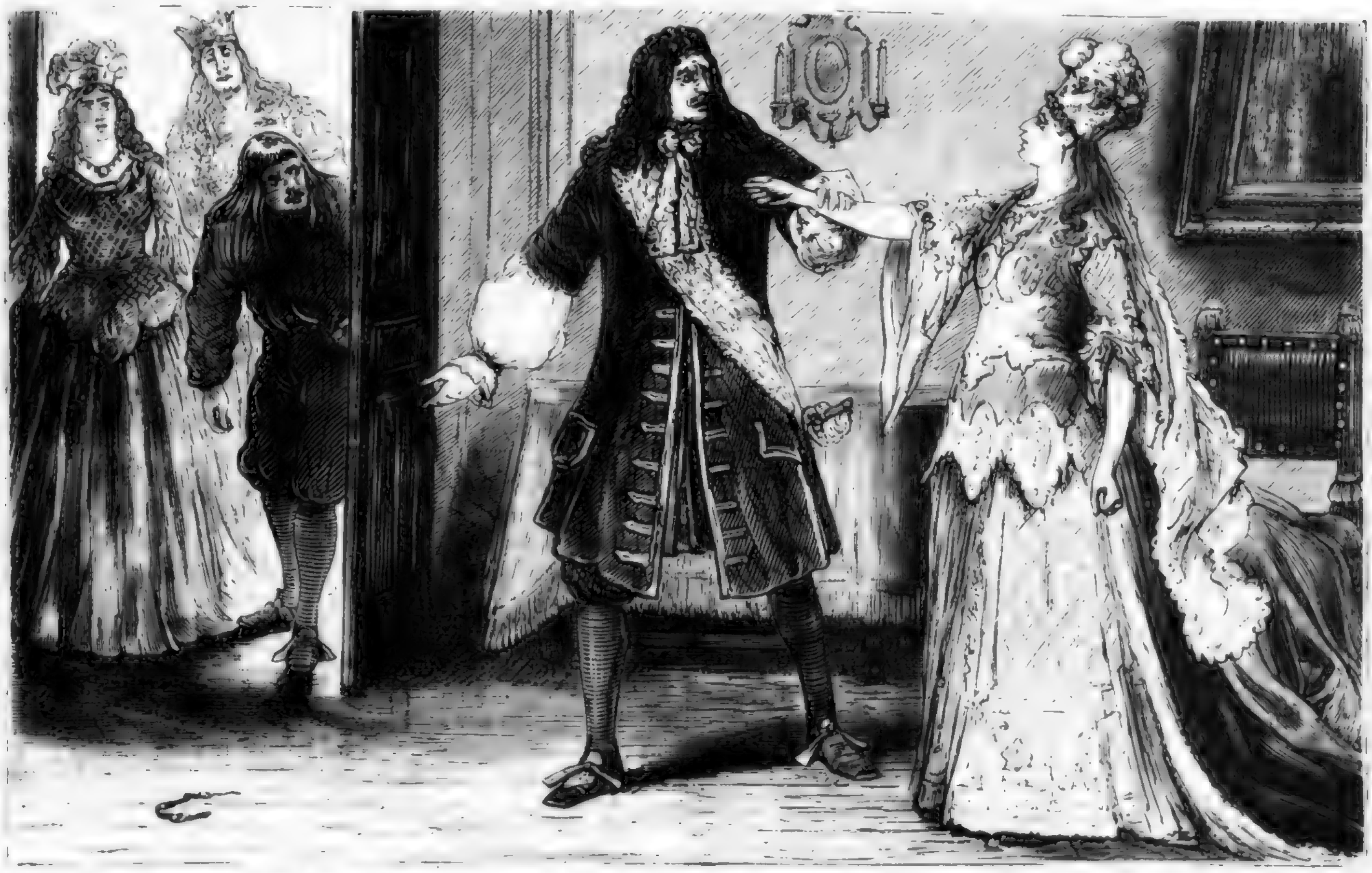
Having thus narrowed the subject, I will now give the reader the most curious case of Doubles my reading—though somewhat rich in some matters—furnishes.

The great Molière married Armande Bejart, a sprightly actress of his company. She was a fascinating coquette, and gave him many a sore heart. But the public profits by a poet's torments; wound him, he bleeds, not ephemeral blood, but immortal ichor, thoughts that breathe and

XUM



THE TOMB OF RUBENS, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP, AS FOUND IN 1864.—SEE PAGE 465.



DOUBLES.—"LA MOLIÈRE SPRANG AT HIM WITH HER RIGHT HAND UPLIFTED, TO GIVE HIM A BOX ON THE EAR; BUT HE HAD THE ADDRESS TO SEIZE HER WRIST WITH HIS LEFT HAND."—SEE PAGE 474.

words that burn, and characters that are types more enduring than brass.

The great master has given us in a famous dialogue the defects and charms of the woman he had the misfortune to love. This passage, in which a disinterested speaker runs her down, and a lover defends her, is charming; and the interlocutors are really the great observer's judgment and his heart. The contest ends, as might be expected, in the victory of the heart.

Covielle, alias Molière's judgment: "But you must own she is the most capricious creature upon earth."

Cléonte, alias Molière's heart: "Oui, elle est capricieuse, j'en demeure d'accord; mais tout sied bien aux belles; on souffre tout des belles."—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act iii., sc.* 9.

But Armande Bejart entered more deeply into Molière's mind, and but for her the immortal *Célimène*—a character it will take the world two hundred years more to estimate at its full value—would never have seen the light.

Célimène is a born coquette, but with a world of good sense and keen wit, and not a bad heart, but an untruthful—a pernicious woman, not a bad one. She has an estimable lover, and she esteems him; but she cannot do without two butterfly admirers, whom she fascinates and deceives. They detect her, and expose her insolently. She treats them with calm contempt.

Only to the worthy man she has slighted she hangs her head with gentle and even pathetic penitence. She offers to marry him; but, when he makes a condition that would render infidelity impossible, her courage fails, and she declines, yet not vulgarly.

This true woman, with all her suppleness, ingenuity and marvelous powers of fence, whether she has to parry the just remonstrances of her worthy lover, or soothe the vanity of her butterfly dupes, or pass a polished rapier through the body of a female friend, who comes to her with hypocrisy and envenomed blandishments, is Armande Bejart; that is one reason why I give a niche in my collection to a strange adventure that befell her after the great heart she had played with had ceased to beat, and the great head that created *Célimène* had ceased to ache.

The Widow Molière, after her husband's death, carried on her gallantries with greater freedom, but in an independent spirit, for she remained on the stage, a public favorite; and her lovers, though not restricted as to number, must please her eye. She does not appear to have been accessible to mere ignoble interests.

Monsieur Lescot, a person of some importance, president of the Parliament of Grenoble, saw her repeatedly on the stage, and was deeply smitten with her. He had heard it whispered that she was not quite a vestal, and he resolved to gratify his fancy, if he could.

In those days the stage at night was a promenade, open to any gentleman of fashion; but President Lescot did not care to push in amongst the crowd of beaux and actors; so he consulted a lady who had been useful to many distressed gentlemen in similar cases.

This Madame Ledoux had a very large acquaintance with persons of both sexes; and such was her benevolence, that she would take some pains, and even exert some ingenuity, to sweep obstacles out of the path of love and bring agreeable people together. She undertook to sound Mademoiselle Molière, as the gay widow was called, and, if possible, to obtain Monsieur Lescot an interview.

After some days she told Lescot that the lady would go so far as to pay her a visit at a certain time, and he could take this opportunity of dropping in and paying his addresses.

He came, and found a young lady whose quiet appearance rather surprised him. La Molière on the stage was celebrated for the magnificence of her costumes; but here she was dressed with singular modesty.

He had a delightful conversation with her, and one that rather surprised him. She was bitter against the theatre,

XUM

its annoyances and mortifications, and confessed she felt not altogether unwilling to make a respectable acquaintance who had nothing to do with it.

In the next interview, Lescot was urgent and the lady coy; nevertheless, she held out hopes, provided he would submit to certain positive conditions. Lescot agreed, and expected that a settlement of some kind would be required.

Nothing of the sort. What she demanded, and upon his word of honor, was that he would never come after her to the theatre, nor, indeed, speak to her in public, but only at the house of their mutual friend, Madame Ledoux. The condition was curious, but not sordid.

President Lescot accepted it, and very tender relations ensued. Lescot was in paradise, and Madame Ledoux took advantage of that to bleed him very freely; but his *inamorata* herself showed no such spirit; she threw out no hints of the kind, and the most valuable present she accepted from him was a gold necklace he bought for her on the Quai des Orfèvres.

She assured him, too, that the intrigues ascribed to her were utterly false, and that what most attracted her in him was his being in every way unlike her theatrical comrades—a man of position and a friend apart, with whom she could forget the turmoil of her daily existence and the stale compliments of the coxcombs who thronged the theatre.

At this time the works of Thomas Corneille, nephew of the great dramatist, had a vogue which has now entirely deserted them. His "Circe!" was produced, and Mademoiselle Molière played the leading part, and astonished the town by the splendor and extravagance of her dresses.

Lescot saw her from his box and admired her, and applauded her furiously, and with raptures of exultation, to think that this brilliant creature belonged to him in secret, and came to him dressed like a nun. But this new *éclat* set tongues talking, and Lescot listened and inquired.

He learned on good authority that La Molière had two lovers—one a man of fortune, M. du Boulay; and another, an actor, called Guérin, whose affections she had stolen from an actress of the same company. Item—that Du Boulay had offered her marriage, but, finding her incapable of fidelity, had retired, and at present she was on discreditable terms with the actor in question.

Lescot, who was now tenderly attached to his fascinating visitor, put her on her defense, addressed the bitterest reproaches to her, and lamented his own misfortune in having listened to her perfidious tongue and bestowed a constant heart upon a double-faced coquette.

She seemed surprised and alarmed; but, recovering herself, used all her address to calm him; she shed many tears, and declared she loved no one but him, and had kept him out of the theatre for this very reason—that it was, and always had been, a temple of lies and odious calumnies. Lescot was half appeased, but, his jealousy being excited, demanded more frequent interviews. She consented readily, made a solemn appointment for next day, and took good care not to come.

This breach of faith revived all Lescot's jealousy, and after waiting for her, and raging and storming for two hours, he could bear his jealous doubts and fears no longer, but broke his word and went straight to the theatre. As any gentleman could sit on the stage during the performance, President Lescot claimed that right, and sat down upon a stool during the performance of "Circe." In this situation, being only one of many gentlemen there, and under the public eye, he managed to restrain himself, though greatly agitated, and at first contented himself with watching to see her start at the sight of him. She did not seem to notice him, however. To be sure, she was warm in her part. At last it so happened that she walked by him with that grand reposeful slowness which is, and always was, one of a graceful actress's most majestic charms. He seized that opportunity.

"You are more beautiful than ever," he said, quite audibly; "and if I was not in love with you already, I should be now."

Whether La Molière was in her part and did not hear, or was used to these asides, she paid no attention whatever.

That piqued the distinguished member of Parliament, and he sat sullen till the play ended. Then he was on the alert, and followed La Molière so sharply, that he entered the dressing-room at her heels.

Her maid requested him to leave. He stood firm and requested the maid to retire, as he had something particular to say to mademoiselle. Mademoiselle wanted to remove the glorious but heavy trappings of tragedy, so she said, rather sharply:

"Say it, then, sir. I do not think there can be any secrets between you and me."

"Very well, madame," said Lescot, bitterly; "then, what I have to say is that your conduct is unjustifiable."

"What cause of displeasure have I given you?"

"You make an appointment with me. I keep it—you break it. I come here, disheartened and unhappy, to learn the reason, and you receive me like a criminal."

"The man is mad!" said La Molière, and eyed him with a look of haughty disdain that would have crushed him had he been less sure right was on his side. As it was, though it staggered him, it provoked him more. He confronted her with equal *hauteur*, and cried out:

"You had better say you do not know me!"

Thus challenged, and being aware she knew a great many gentlemen, she looked at him hard and full, not to make a mistake, then she said:

"I do not even know your name."

Lescot put his hand to his heart, and was wounded to the quick.

"What!" he cried, "after all that has passed between us! Why, you must be the basest of God's creatures to use me so!"

"Ah!" cried La Molière. "Jeannette, call some people to turn this man out of the place."

"By all means," cried the other. "Call all Paris to hear me give this woman her true character before I leave the place."

"Ruffian, you shall smart for this insolence!" said La Molière, grinding her white teeth.

By this time two or three actors and a dozen actresses had come running, and half dressed. The disputants, being French, both spoke at once, and at the top of their voices; La Molière declaring this ruffian a perfect stranger to her, who had burst into her dressing-room and outraged her with the grossest calumnies, the very meaning of which was an enigma to her, and Lescot relating all the particulars of his secret intrigue with her.

Detail convinces; and La Molière had the mortification to see, by the sniggering of the actresses, who knew her real character, that they believed the gentleman, and not her.

"Why, look!" cried he, suddenly; "the ungrateful creature has a necklace on I gave her. I bought it for her on the Quai des Orfèvres."

This was too much. La Molière, growing red as fury and her eyes darting flame, sprang at him with her right hand lifted, to give him such a box on the ear as she had never yet administered on the stage; but he had the address to seize her wrist with his left hand, and with his right he tore the necklace off her neck and dashed it to the ground.

Then La Molière called the guard; and, as personal violence is always severely treated in France, the President of the Parliament of Grenoble cooled his heels in prison that night.

Chapter II.

Next morning, the President Lescot was released on bail, after a short hearing, in which he declared loudly that he had a perfect right to expose a courtesan, whose lover he was, and who had the effrontery to say publicly she did not know him. "That right," said he, "I am prepared to maintain in any tribunal."

He held the same language in society; and on the whole, the world took his part in the matter.

Supposing the allegation to be false, La Molière had her proper remedy. She had only to proceed against Lescot for violence and slander.

She hesitated—and this confirmed the public opinion. It spread to the theatrical audiences, and the favorite actress began to be received with sneers and chuckles or ominous silence.

She was alarmed, and went to an old actress called Châteauneuf, who had a long head, and had often advised her in matters of intrigue.

La Châteauneuf said the case was plain. She should take proceedings.

"Nay, but I dare not," said La Molière. "They will search into my whole life."

The older fox laughed, but said:

"Never mind that, child. You are innocent for once—that is an accident you must put to profit, and so throw a doubt on your real indiscretions. Commence proceedings at once. You are ruined if you submit."

The young fox listened to the old fox with the respect due to our seniors, and laid a criminal information against Lescot.

He stood firm as a rock, persisted in his statements, and brought a very ugly witness, the goldsmith from the Quai des Orfèvres. This trader swore to La Molière's necklace as one he had sold, and to herself as the lady who was with Lescot when he sold it.

This evidence was fatal to the accuser, both in court and with the public. But when Lescot went after Madame Ledoux to complete his defense, she was not to be found. He let this out, and that he had relied on her. The accuser's agent then smelt a rat, and set the police to find Ledoux. Meantime, La Molière was the butt of Paris.

But the police succeeded in finding Ledoux, and her examination put a new face on the matter. Ledoux confessed that Monsieur Lescot, being madly enamored of Mademoiselle Molière, had asked her assistance; that she, not caring to meddle with an intrigue of that kind, had introduced him to a young lady who perfectly resembled Mademoiselle Molière. This young lady, she said, had for maiden name Marie Simonnet, but called herself the widow of a Monsieur Harvé de la Tourelle, a gentleman of Brittany.

On this hint, the accuser searched for the young lady in question. They soon found traces of her, and that she was called by her friends "La Tourelle."

La Tourelle had disappeared. "And never will appear, being a phantom," said Lescot. "Was ever so audacious a figment? as if one woman could have the face, the figure, the manners, the cough and the necklace of another!"

Well, the officers of justice caught La Tourelle in the suburbs of Paris, and were astonished at the resemblance.

She was confronted with Mademoiselle Molière, in the judge's room, in the presence of Ledoux and the President Lescot.

The ladies faced each other like two young stags, ready to butt each other. The injured Molière folded her arms grandly, and cocked her nose high, and would fain have looked the other down as a criminal. But the other jade saw she was the younger of the two; and wore a demure air of defiant complacency.

But, setting aside fleeting expression, they were literally one in stature, form and feature. If each had looked into a mirror, she would have seen the hussy that now faced her.

Amazement painted itself on every face; most of all on Lescot's.

Ledoux persisted in her confession; and both she and La Tourelle were imprisoned to await the trial.

Lescot now found himself in the wrong box, and it became very important to him that the trial should never come off. With this view, he exerted all his influence to bail La Tourelle, meaning, no doubt, to forfeit his recognizances and send her out of the country. But the judges would accept no bail, and the day of trial was fixed.

Then Lescot bribed the jailer; and he showed La Tourelle how to make her escape, in a very ingenious way that had never occurred to the lady, whose genius, like that of many other ladies, was mainly confined to matters of love and intrigue.

Lescot sent her away into the depths of Dauphiné, and her absence suspended the trial.

But La Molière's blood was up, and she appealed personally to men in power, and used all her charms and all her arts.

The result was a new process, under which not one of those who had offended her escaped.

The President Lescot was condemned to stand at the bar and read a paper in presence of La Molière, and four witnesses to be by her chosen.

> "I, François Lescot, admit and declare that I, by recklessness and mistake, have used violence against Mademoiselle Molière, here present, and slandered her foully, but without malice of heart, having taken her for another person."

He was also fined two hundred francs.

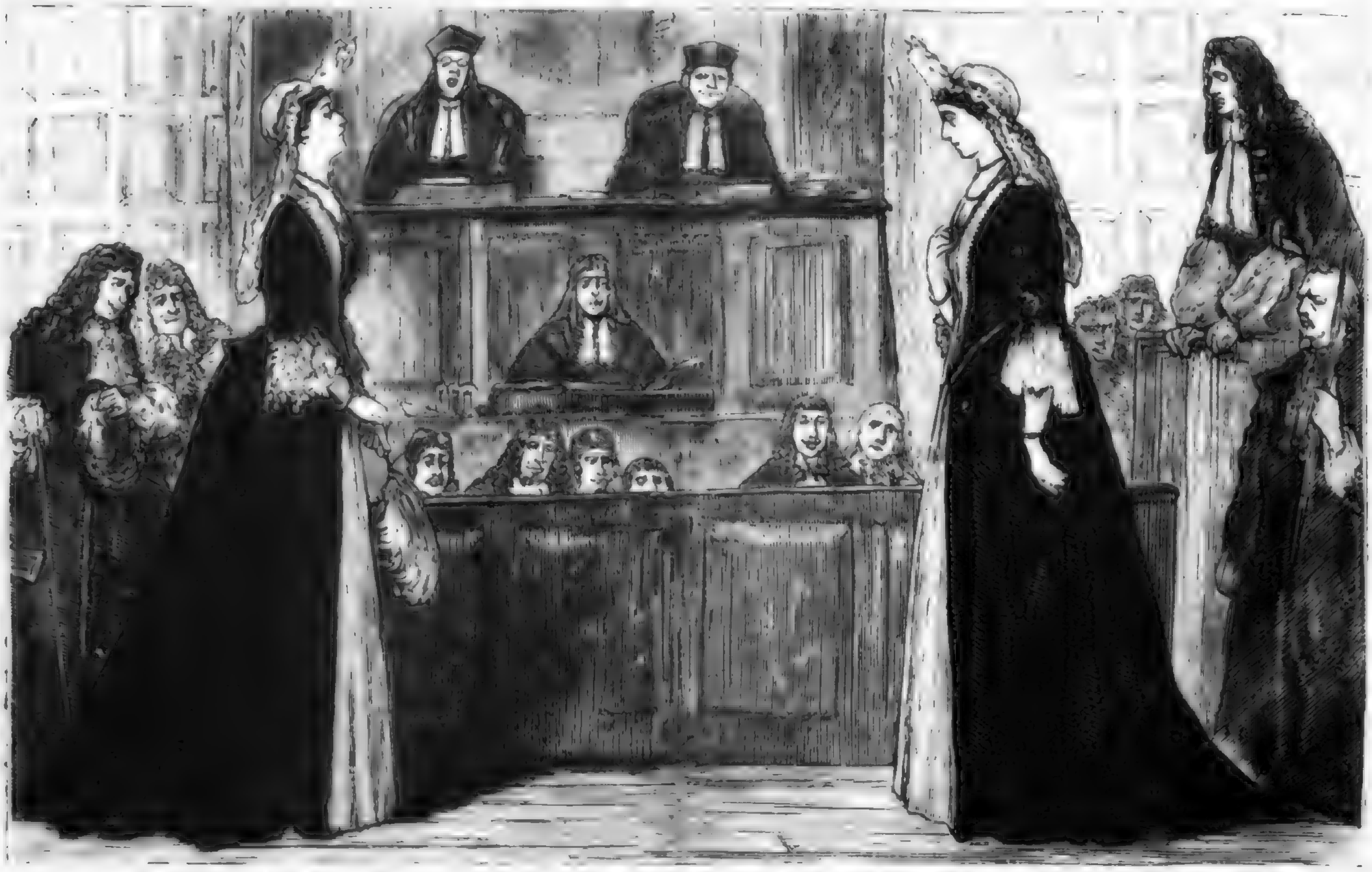
By the same judgment the women, Ledoux and La Tourelle, had to pay a fine of twenty francs each to the King, one hundred francs each to La Molière, and to be whipped, naked, before the gate of the Châtelet, and also before the house of Mademoiselle Molière.

Lescot made his *amende honorable*, and paid his fine. Ledoux paid her fine, and was whipped before the Châtelet and before La Molière's windows; but La Tourelle was more fortunate. Nature has her freaks; she profited by one of them. Lescot, who had now compared in many ways the hussy he adored with the jade who had personated her, was as much enamored as ever, if not more; but, by Jupiter! it was not the actress, but her double, he was now in love with. He joined her in Dauphiné, and rewarded her with a lifelong attachment, which she is believed to have shared.

La Molière, as her foxy adviser had prophesied, was wonderfully re-established in character. Men said, "And, no doubt, she was always calumniated." The judgment of the Châtelet operated as a certificate of her good morals.

The goldsmith's evidence is accounted for thus: There were no jewels to the necklace. A number of gold necklaces had been made on one pattern. The goldsmith

XUM



DOUBLES.—"LA TOURELLE WAS CONFRONTED WITH MADEMOISELLE MOLIÈRE, IN THE JUDGE'S ROOM, IN PRESENCE OF LEDOUX AND PRESIDENT LESCOT."—SEE PAGE 474.

swore to La Molière's, because he saw the lady, as he thought.

While the affair was yet warm, the tragi-comedy of Thomas Corneille, called "L'Inconnu," was produced. La Molière was the *Countess*, and, in the play, a gypsy looked at her hand and spoke several lines, which the public, always quick to fit fiction to reality, seized on at once, and applied them to the recent event, and showed their sympathy with the actress by storms of applause.

The favorite, her popularity embellished by a *coup de maitre*, now married her actor—and continued her gallantries.

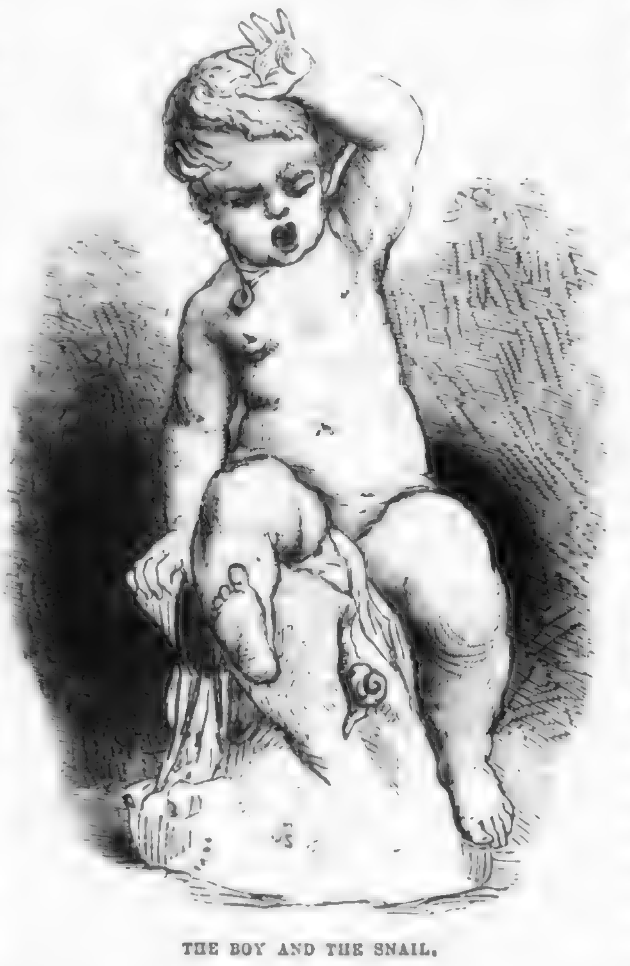
But *Célimène*, at bottom, lacked neither judgment nor heart. Hence I am able to conclude with a good and touching trait. On the anniversary of Molière's death, which befell in Winter, she always collected the poor round his grave, and there bestowed charity on them, and lighted great fires to warm them, as they ate the food she bestowed without stint upon them, at the great master's tomb.

Poor *Célimène!* Adieu.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

THE BOY AND THE SNAIL.

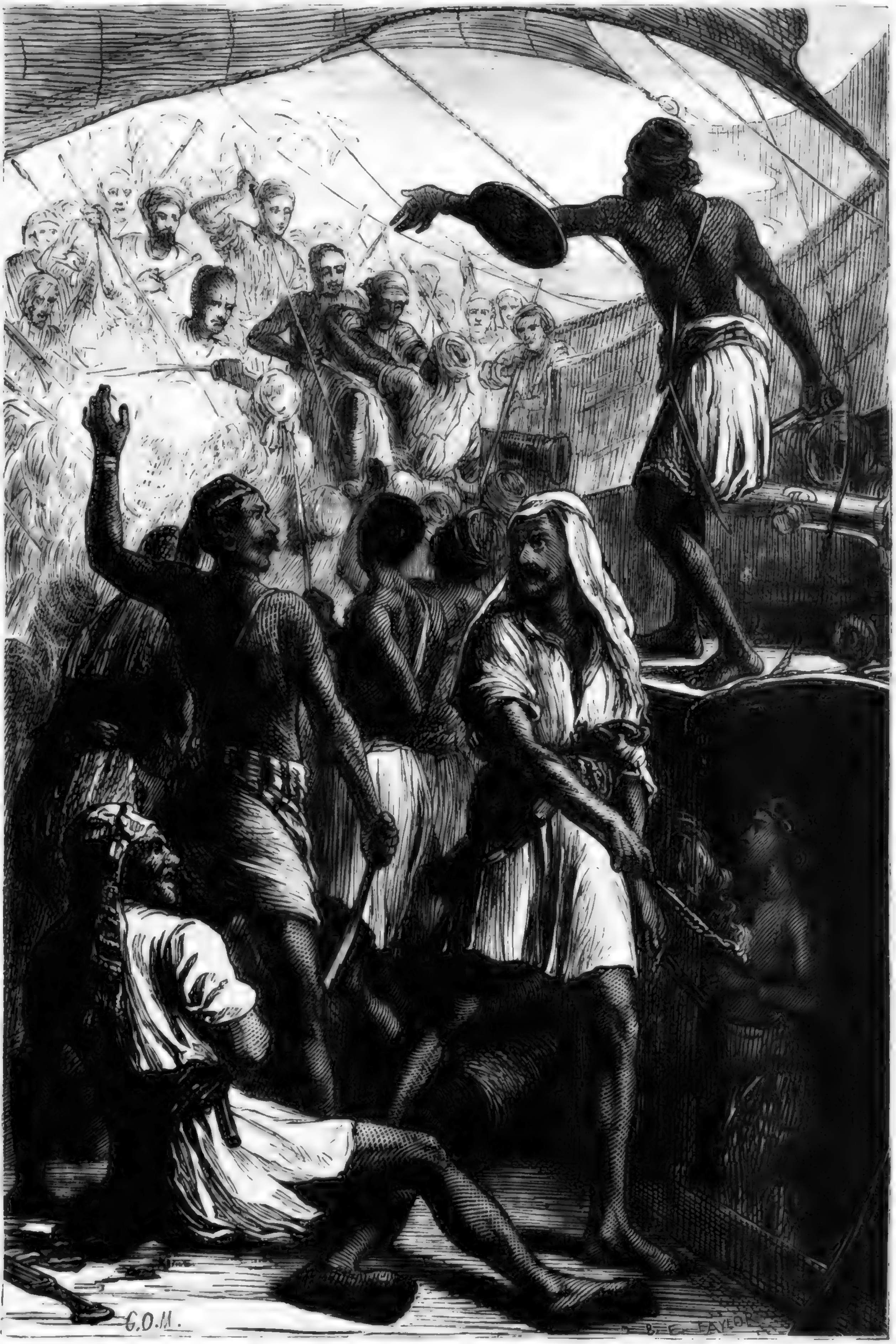
The sculptor has very happily caught the expression of horror on the boy's face when he perceives the crawling reptile, which, although a favorite dish with the politest of nations and the finest of cooks, creates an indefinable disgust in the sentiments of all Anglo Saxons; and yet, with strange inconsistency, both American and English tolerate, and frequently eat, with appetite, shrimps and lobsters, while the English are really fond of a smaller kind of snail called the periwinkle.



THE BOY AND THE SNAIL.

Rahma Ben Jaubir, Pirate of the Persian Gulf.

For years the commerce of the Persian Gulf was at the mercy of daring sea-robbers, whose atrocities outdid those recorded in the "History of the Buccaneers." They were Arabs from Nujjeed, and were known as the Cassimees, or Joassimees, and had built up a strong power on land and water. For many years they respected English ships; but, growing bolder and more powerful, they defied even the British flag. An energetic campaign was at once begun to crush them, and about 1821 they were completely



RAHMA BEN JAUBIR, PIRATE OF THE PERSIAN GULF.—"HE INSTANTLY RUSHED BELOW, AND FLUNG A MATCH INTO THE MAGAZINE."

destroyed. The most remarkable of these pirate chiefs was Rahma Ben Jaubir, Governor of Khore Hassein, whose daring and success raised him to the leadership.

In 1812 he fell in with a large fleet from Bushire, and captured the whole, including one very large ship. He put all on board to death, and secured all the cargoes. An officer who saw him at the last interview between him and the British authorities, describes him thus: "A more ferocious barbarian I never beheld. His dress was disgustingly simple. It consisted of a shirt, which did not appear to have been taken off from the time it was first put on. No trousers covered his lank legs; a large *abba* encircled his meagre trunk, and a ragged *keffiah* was thrown loosely over his head. His body was pierced by innumerable bullet-wounds, and his face was fearfully distorted by several scars and by the loss of an eye. His left arm had been severely wounded by a grapeshot, and the bone between the elbow and shoulder being shivered to pieces, the fragments worked themselves out, exhibiting the singular appearance of the arm and elbow adhering to the shoulder by flesh and tendons alone. Notwithstanding this, he prided himself on being able to use the *yrmbeah* with great effect; and it was one of his favorite remarks, that he desired nothing better than the cutting of as many throats as he could open with his boneless arm."

No corner of the Persian Gulf was safe from this pirate chief. From shore to shore, from isle to isle, he swept along at the head of his thousands of followers, like a gloomy spirit bearing death and destruction: till one day, in rashly attempting to board a large vessel called a *bughalah*, he was overpowered by superior force. He at once demanded of his crew whether they would perish now by their own hands, or be slaughtered at last by their enemies. All cried that they would perish there with him. He instantly rushed below, flung a match into the magazine, and reappeared on deck with his only son in his arms. His craft had been made fast to the vessel he had hoped to capture, and the grappling-irons held fast.

Before the attacked could grasp the situation, the magazine exploded, and pirate craft and merchant vessel were blown into a thousand atoms, and hurled into the air, a volcano of blazing timbers and human wrecks. When the explosion subsided, the waters gradually washed on the coast of Bahrim the corsairs and their last victims.

So perished Rahma Ben Jaubir, after having scourged the gulf for the quarter of a century.

FIORANTE.

FIORANTE, the wealthy and beautiful orphan of the Count Colonna of Florence, was sitting in her private apartment, a prey to the deepest solicitude. She was on the eve of marriage with the Count Rigondi, one of the handsomest and proudest nobles of Tuscany, and also one of the most jealous. To such a morbid extent did he carry that passion, that he had vowed never to wed with a woman who had felt a previous attachment.

"She may possess all the gold of Ophir and all the gems of Golconda," he exclaimed to his dearest friend, "and added to these the beauty of Cleopatra and the virtue of Lucretia; but if my betrothed had ever before listened to the vows of another, I would cast her off with scorn, even though we stood at the foot of the altar!"

Despite this morbid defect in his character, Count Rigondi was eminently an honorable man—of a commanding person and fine talents, he was one of the most rigid moralists of an age where women as well as men were permitted great license without any direct challenge from those sentinels of virtue—the clergy.

"I mean," he said, "to give to my wife a spotless and untainted heart, and I demand in return the same from her."

Such a man could not fail to entertain the profoundest reverence for truth, and this he carried to an almost impracticable extent, exacting from all his intimates and acquaintances the utmost precision in their statements.

Still there was an inexpressible charm about his cheerful seriousness, which gave an air of geniality to one whom many would consider as a man whose exactness amounted to positive asceticism.

He had seen and loved Fiorante—one of the richest, loveliest and most irreproachable maidens of the city of the Medicii.

A year previously Fiorante had been orphaned by the death of her father, a stern old noble of the Dantesque pattern. Being his only child, he had lavished on her all the resources of wealth. The greatest masters in every branch of female accomplishments he could procure were her teachers. Music, singing, drawing and the sister sciences were all showered upon her. Fiorante was not only the richest, but the most beautiful and accomplished lady of her day. Numerous suitors sighed for her hand, and many had sufficient courage to propose for it; but her heart, untouched by any feminine preferences, was as cold and impassable as the icebergs of Greenland.

Her father was, despite his hauteur, very accessible to flattery, and had, moreover, a great reverence for the claims of long descent. A Roman noble, Orsini, whose merits rested chiefly with his ancestors—for, apart from their noble deeds, he had none to show of his own—had so ingratiated himself with the proud father of Fiorante, that she had been, perforce, compelled to listen to his suit, but in that icy way which showed how utterly abhorrent to her feelings his attentions were.

During that time the Marquis Orsini had presented to Fiorante various gifts, which her father compelled her to acknowledge in letters more or less complimentary, all of which were written at his dictation, much to her annoyance, as, with all the instinct of a pure-hearted maiden, she felt a repugnance toward him almost amounting to positive loathing.

On her father's death, she immediately broke off all intercourse with the marquis, and forbade him the *entrée* of her palace, which was one of the most imposing in all Florence, and not far from the Pitti Palace.

Soon after the death of Fiorante's father, the Count Rigondi met her at the ducal palace, and felt that he had never beheld anything more transcendently lovely. A lengthened conversation with the young heiress completed the conquest, and in a short time Rigondi proposed for her hand, and was accepted, for she recognized in him the ideal her heart sighed for.

But, beautiful and rich as Fiorante was, these gifts were nothing to her on this bright May morning. Seated in her boudoir, she saw the Arno gliding before her in all the glancing brightness of an unclouded sun. She saw, but heeded not; her eyes, with her heart, were steeped in sorrow—for the night previous she had not only suppressed the truth, but uttered a deliberate falsehood; for when her betrothed, Rigondi, had asked, with all a lover's jealousy, if she had ever loved before, she answered, truly and promptly:

"No, never!"

This was the undoubted truth: but when he, out of that morbid jealousy which was the sole defect in his else almost perfect character, pursued the subject, and inquired if she had ever listened to a lover's suit, she, well aware of his strange ideas on that subject, after a moment's mental hesitation, solemnly repeated the "No," as falsely now as truly she had said it before.

The rapturous delight he had expressed upon possessing the love of one so secluded from the world had half reconciled her at the time to the breach of truth she had committed, as she naturally imagined the contrast, had she acquainted him with Orsini's suit. She also half justified, by reflection, that it was not her act, but her father's, and that Orsini's reputation was so bad that, to have acknowledged to a nobleman of Rigondi's rigid notions that she had ever had any personal intercourse with so licentious a man as he was, would have periled, if not have utterly lost her, the love of her betrothed.

With many a respectful caress did the lovers part that night, Rigondi whispering :

"Four more of these 'good-byes,' and then we meet, never to part ; and yet I feel, with Romeo :

> "'Parting is such sweet sorrow,
> That I could say good-night until to-morrow.'"

It was in the silence of the night Fiorante first felt the fatal error she had committed. She had placed her entire future at the mercy of a chance. Should Orsini at any time discover the morbid weakness of Rigondi, her welfare was at stake. After that mental anguish which the pure-minded always feel at their first plunge into evasion or falsehood, she quieted her scruples by resolving to confess, or, rather, explain, all to him without delay.

This soothed her into a sleep which was even worse than the waking reality ; for, deprived of Reason's rudder, her imagination drifted into rapids which plunged her into the horrors of an apprehension more terrible than even life. Never before had she felt the appalling force of the famous lines of the great poet of passions :

> " My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
> But a continuance of accusing thoughts,
> Which then I can resist not. In my heart
> There is a vigil, and my eyes but close
> To look within."

When she awoke in the morning the bright sunlight streamed into her window, and she saw Teresa standing over her, with a letter in her hand, which read thus :

"To the Lady Fiorante, once so dear to me, I send for the last time. I am a ruined and a desperate man. Before to-morrow's sun shall rise, I shall either be a suicide or an exile. It depends upon you which. If you refuse the request I now make, I will at once to the Count Rigondi, and show him your letters to me. If, however, you will meet me under the porch of St. Maria's Church to-morrow night at ten, and bring a thousand ducats, I will restore every letter you have sent me, and depart before sunrise to a foreign land, never again to throw the cloud of my despair between you and the sunshine of your happiness. I will also return to you the miniature you gave me in happier times. Although it will be death to me to part with so dear a memento of the past, to render you happy I will do it. ORSINI."

No pen can describe the dismay and terror which fell upon Fiorante when she read this letter.

"Never! never!" she exclaimed. "I will not do this. I will at once dare him. You, Teresa, shall take the gold and receive the letters."

"Dear lady," replied her attendant, "I begged upon my knees that he would allow me to take it, but he said he had vowed an oath to the Virgin never to give up those letters save into your hands, their writer, and that over, all he wanted was your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness !" said the lady. "He can have it without my lips pronouncing it. I pity as much as condemn him. Alas ! alas ! dear dead father ! your encouragement of that suit has rendered your daughter the most wretched of women !"

Orsini was a polished villain, and during his courtship, though he made no progress in the affections of the Lady Fiorante, he succeeded in winning the heart of her weak and vain attendant, Teresa. Once lured from the path of virtue, she became the mere blind instrument of his will. From her he had learned the foolish jealousy of Rigondi, and on that the abandoned and malignant Orsini resolved to found his vengeance.

Through Teresa he had from time to time worked upon the fears of her mistress, to extort from her large sums of money, which he spent in debauchery and riot.

But his malignity now triumphed over his avarice, and he proceeded to put his plan into practice.

Calling upon the count, he asked for a short interview, to confer with him upon a matter of vital importance to his honor as well as happiness.

It was not without considerable reluctance that so stern a moralist as Rigondi admitted so notorious a *roué* to a private conference ; but the suggestive terms in which the application was made overcame his repugnance, and in a few minutes the two nobles were face to face. Both were handsome men, although their appearance differed widely. Orsini was tall, thin and elegantly formed—his features were finely chiseled, his eyes were bright, his manners suave and insinuating—yet all these advantages failed to gain him the confidence of society, whose morality he had outraged by numerous affairs which he considered gallantries, but which the judgment of the world had denounced as flagitious perfidies.

He thus, to a certain extent, lay under the social ban, and, although still received in several circles, it was fatal to a lady's reputation to be seen in his company.

His father had, however, rendered old Colonna some service, and the Orsini was an old family ; and these reasons combined to create for him, in the estimation of Fiorante's father, a peculiar interest. This feeling was so artfully cultivated by Orsini that he had actually persuaded him into an active advocacy of his pretensions for his daughter's hand.

Colonna had in his youth been as notorious for his vices as Orsini, but his superior wealth and greater prudence had prevented the consequences which had attended Orsini ; he had married an heiress of large possessions, accomplishments and beauty, which were enhanced by her virtues. This had been the redeeming point in his life, and taking himself as an infallible test, he too rashly concluded that a similar experiment would be attended with a like result—forgetting altogether that there are some natures so framed as to be incapable of amendment when they have once fallen.

When Orsini entered the presence of Rigondi, that noble, with his accustomed courtesy, handed a chair to his visitor. After a minute's pause, he said :

"You wished to see me upon a matter affecting my honor. I await your pleasure."

With an affectation of candor altogether foreign to his nature, the marquis replied :

"I am a straightforward man, count, and although I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance, I made bold to intrude, hoping the important nature of my visit would excuse my trusting it to a written communication."

Rigondi regarded Orsini with a look of scrutiny, for which his visitor was prepared, and inclined his head.

"I know you will naturally doubt what I tell you, but I am armed with such evidence that even disbelief must succumb."

"Marquis, I must beg you will waive all preface, and let me know the purport of this visit."

"I am only doing to you what I should expect you, as a gentleman, would do for me—save you from dishonoring the noble name of Rigondi."

"I am able to defend my own honor," answered Rigondi. "Pray proceed."

"You are about to wed a lady upon whom, I think, I have prior claims," was Orsini's cool reply.

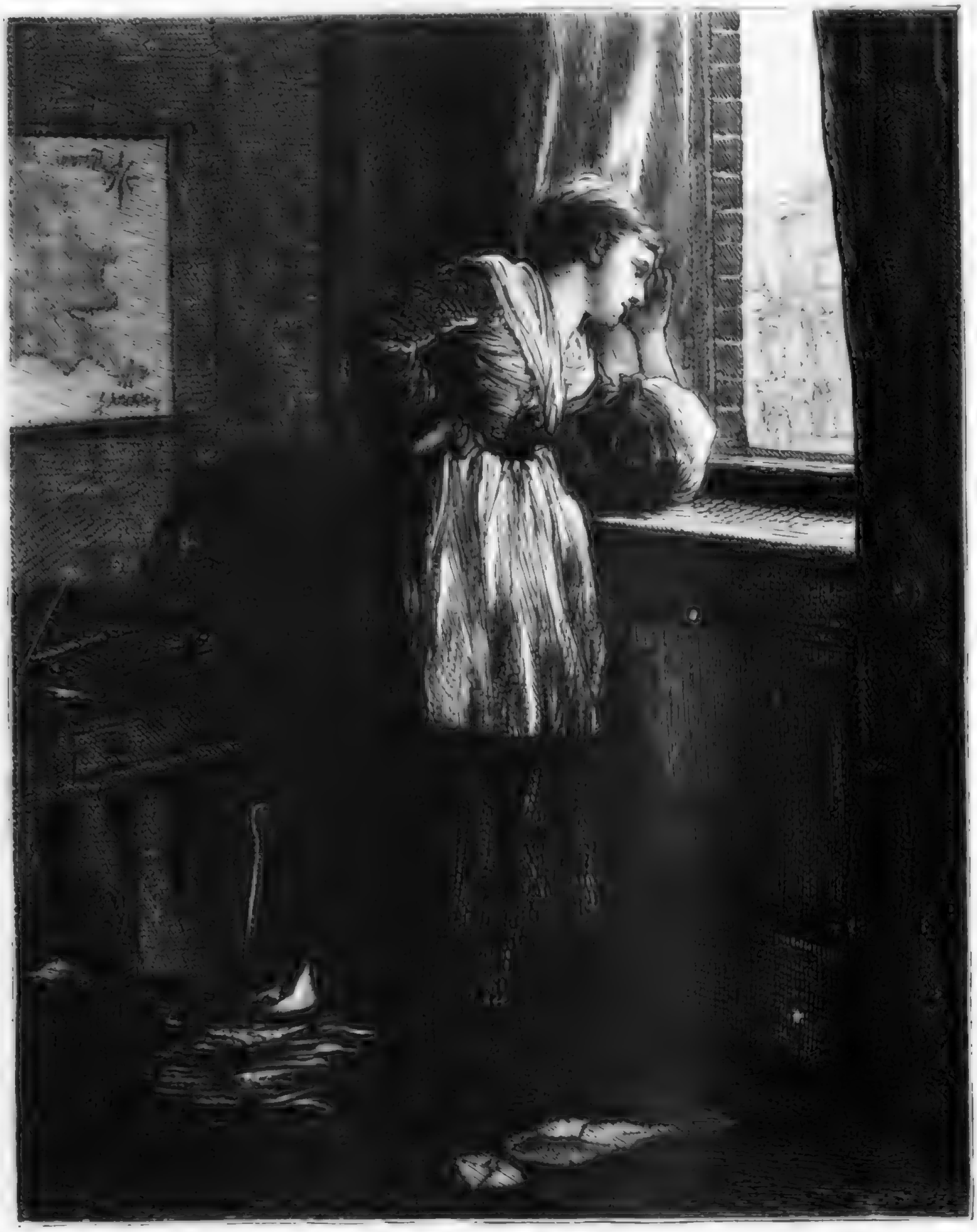
"Prior claims!—whom do you mean?"

"The Lady Fiorante."

The count sprang to his feet.

"Dare you asperse that name?"

"No; I asperse her not. I mean to say that, like yourself, I was fascinated by her, and under the momentary delusion I offered her my hand, but, thank my saint, I found out my mistake."



PENT UP IN THE CITY.

"Marquis," said Rigondi, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion, "this is my roof, or you had never lived to finish the sentence; but——"

With affected sorrow and compassion Orsini replied:

"I am not surprised at your indignation. When we have elevated a woman into a goddess, we do not like to have the halo stripped off. Nay, be patient. I am a Roman noble, and ready to prove my assertion, or," touching the hilt of his sword, "abide the consequences."

The count was speechless with astonishment. The marquis took advantage of this, and continued:

"You know her handwriting? Behold the proofs!"

As he said this, he carelessly threw down on the table before him several of Fiorante's letters.

"Shall I read them to you, or will it be less torture for you to read them yourself?"

With a face whiter than alabaster, the count mechanically took one of them up and steadfastly regarded the address. Orsini gazed on him with a look of fiendish triumph.

"There is no mistake on my part," said he. "You are now, I trust, convinced."

Rigondi looked at the writing on the outside, and turned them over. They had been sealed with the little signet-ring he knew so well, and the sight of which had once been so precious to him.

After a pause, as though it required a great effort to know the worst, he opened one of the letters and read it. A sigh of relief escaped him, for he saw in it nothing but the coldest possible acknowledgment of some little birthday gift.

"There does not seem much tenderness in this, nor does it bear out your boast. If you have nothing more to impart, I wish you a good-day, marquis."

Orsini looked grimly at him, and then said, in a jesting tone of voice:

"You are not convinced! What would convince you?"

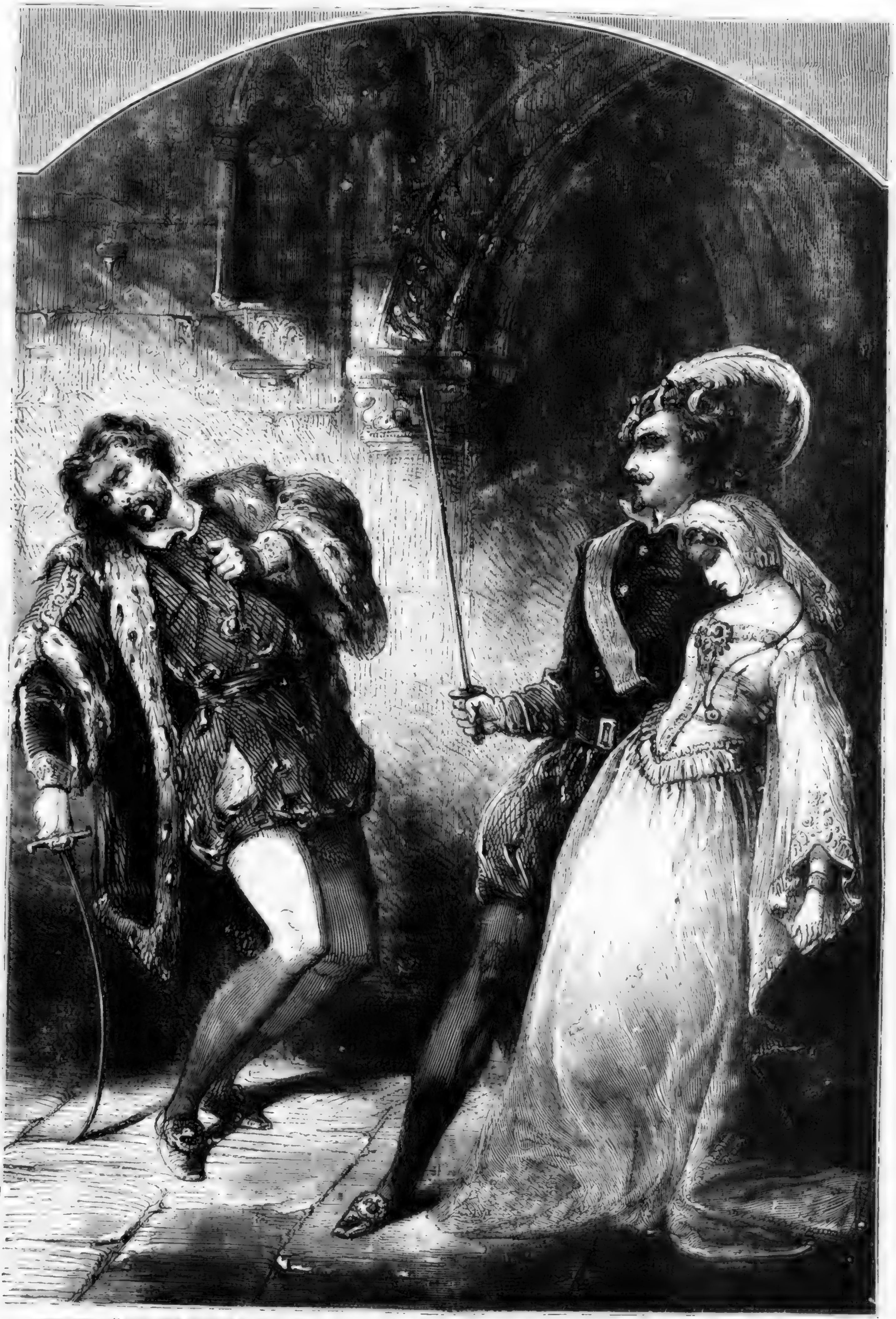
"Not such commonplace notes as these, Marquis Orsini."

"Your incredulity provokes me. Listen, count. We are both men of the world. Let us make this a matter of a little wager between us. I will wager you five hundred ducats, that if you will meet me to-night at the porch of Santa Maria, say at ten, you will yourself renounce your paragon."

Rigondi's face was ashen pale with passion. It required all his habitual self-command to prevent him from at once giving his visitor some deadly affront, to provoke a mortal combat on the spot. Then his jealousy counseled forbearance. At length he said, in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"Marquis Orsini, you have proposed a dangerous wager

XUM



FIORANTE.—"FIORANTE RUSHED BETWEEN, AND RECEIVED THE BLOW INTENDED FOR HER LOVER IN HER OWN BREAST. WITH HIS BELOVED CLASPED BY HIS LEFT ARM, RIGONDI SENT HIS SWORD RIGHT TO THE VILLAIN'S HEART."—SEE PAGE 482.

for one, and, perhaps, for both. I will accept the proposition. If she is base enough to meet you, as you boast, I shall consider you as one who has saved me from inflicting a stain upon the unsullied escutcheon of the Rigondi. If you are trifling with me, and have slandered the lady, no cave on earth is deep enough to hide you from my vengeance."

Orsini smiled carelessly, and said:

"Then, at ten to-night, at the porch of Santa Maria, we shall meet again. Adieu, count; you will not forget."

Bowing with good-humored nonchalance, he quitted the apartment, humming a favorite barcarole.

When Rigondi was left alone, it seemed as though the great solid earth on which he had stood had suddenly given way. That Fiorante should have kept him in ignorance of her engagement with the marquis was, to a certain extent, excusable, though even in that case it showed a concealment almost amounting to culpability; but that when he had asked her, with all a lover's jealous exclusiveness, if she had ever loved before, she should solemnly deny it! This denial was not only fatal to her veracity, but even threw a doubt upon her virtue.

The handwriting of the letters was evidently hers, and, although they were couched in cautious phraseology, yet they acknowledged gifts such as lovers bestow on each other. Even this was not direct evidence of guilt, although of undoubted weakness; but that she should meet a discarded suitor at night, and alone, proclaimed her to be unworthy of all future trust.

Amid this storm of indignation and sorrow there would steal the almost despairing hope that the nocturnal interview might be an artful scheme of Orsini—one that he might have arranged with one of his abandoned female friends, who was to personate Fiorante.

The bare idea that one whom he had wooed for his bride should ever have been thrown in contact with such a *roué* as Orsini, was torture to the sensitive heart of Rigondi, as to know him was, in the severe morality of the count, a degradation in itself.

Lost in these conflicting moods, he remained till the hour arrived at which to meet the marquis. When he had got within a short distance of the church he stopped to observe if any passers-by were near, but it seemed as though the city was buried in the profoundest repose.

As he reached the porch the bells of Florence clanged the hour of ten. As the last sound vibrated through the moonlight, the marquis came forth from the gloom of the porch, saying:

"You are punctual, count; but come out of the full moonlight into the shade, or the fair lady will see you and retrace her steps. Our agreement was that you were to remain concealed—all the better to assure yourself that it was the Lady Fiorante. Ladies are very quick in discerning the figures of their gallants, and your plumed cap will be no bad signal to warn her."

"Peace, irreverent jester!" replied the count, walking out of the moonlight into the gloom of the porch. "I will fulfill all I promised you—and more; for if I find you have belied the lady, I will call you to a strict account, and, if such a thing be possible, disgrace you in the eyes of all Florence!"

"Tush!" replied Orsini, with a scornful laugh—"one adventure at a time. When this is through I will humor your fancy any way you please, but I demand your silence. In such still streets, in the hush of night, our voices may be heard far off, and frighten the fair Fiorante away from her promise."

Rigondi's brow darkened to hear that still to him sacred name thus profaned by the lips of such a man as Orsini, but he restrained himself. After a few minutes' pause, which seemed to his galled spirit far longer than it was, he said, in a low tone:

"She does not come—nor will she. Fool that I was to think that a high-born maiden would meet the most tainted man in Florence!"

"I will return your compliments another time," said the marquis, in a bitter tone; "but retire, I hear footsteps."

A cold shudder ran through Rigondi's frame as he detected the faint echo of light footsteps on the marble path which led to the porch. A faint hope still glimmered through his despair that it was all a trick, and he resolved, should the faintest doubt remain on his mind, to discover who she was that dared to personate the Lady Fiorante.

In his anxiety to see the advancing figure, the count was about to step out; but he was restrained by Orsini, who said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Your oath! Are you afraid to wait the hazard of the die?"

"I want to see if it is her figure," replied the count.

"Be patient; you know her voice, do you not? But if you regard your oath you will retire to the gloom of yonder pillar. You can then hear all we say. If you fail to recognize her voice, brand me before all Tuscany."

Half stifled with rage and grief, the count walked to the spot intimated, and awaited the event that was to decide his fate.

With his usual cunning, Orsini had placed the count where he could recognize the voice but not the words, and most artfully had the arch plotter arranged the short colloquy that was to ensue between him and his victim.

The footsteps grew nearer and nearer.

The count was wrong. The figure so carefully disguised was Fiorante.

In a soft, almost reverential voice, Orsini murmured:

"You have come, dear lady! Pardon the trouble I have given you in compelling you to come in person; never again shall I see you. Whatever I am now, I have been a Roman noble. You never knew how much I loved you; I loved you when I first saw you—I love you now; I——"

"Signor," said Fiorante, in a tremulous voice, "I came not to listen to this—our business must be transacted in one minute. I want the portrait and the letters. You are a bad, bold man, but I think not altogether lost to honor—to manhood. Here is the gold—I trust you with that. Now for my letters and portrait."

As she said this she handed to him the purse containing the stipulated sum.

"Dear and most honored lady," replied the marquis, taking the proffered purse, "I never again shall see you—to-night, when I leave you, I depart for another land—never again to see you. Fiorante, dear Fiorante," and here he raised his voice—"think of our past endearments; and when you think of me, think of one who will never forget the tenderness you have lavished upon him. One embrace before we part for ever."

As the marquis uttered these words, he put his arm around Fiorante and tried to draw her to him.

Her instinctive purity defeated his plan. With a loud voice, she cried:

"Liar and villain! unhand me, or I will arouse all Florence with my cries!"

Rigondi's rage and impatience could not be restrained. It was the voice of Fiorante—it roused his heart. He cared not how far she had wronged him by concealing the fact of her previous engagement with the marquis. He loved her—it was her voice; and drawing his sword, he rushed into the bright light of the moon.

What met his sight inflamed him into madness. The marquis had got his arm around Fiorante, for in the struggle her mantle had fallen off, and the beautiful—now pallid beneath the moonlight—maiden of Florence, Fiorante, stood before him.

The first impulse of Rigondi was to send his sword through the villain's heart; but that instinct which ever waits upon the true gentleman stayed his hand in mid volley, and, drawing back, he cried:

"I see all now—a trick, oh, matchless villain! Draw and defend yourself—one dies to-night!"

The marquis disengaged himself from Fiorante, and unsheathing his sword, rushed at Rigondi. Both were perfect masters of their weapons, and for a few seconds the stillness of the night was broken only by the sharp clash of their swords. The coolness of Orsini was gaining a decided advantage over his impetuous antagonist, which was nearly becoming decisive, for Rigondi stumbled and fell on one knee. Orsini was about to close upon him, when Fiorante rushed between, and received the blow intended for her lover in her own breast. With a low groan she sank to the ground. Rigondi, regaining his feet, with his beloved clasped by his left hand, sent his sword right to the villain's heart, who, as he fell, exclaimed:

"Curses on the girl, I am slain!"

Throwing down his weapon, the count knelt beside the wounded lady, saying:

"Rise, my Fiorante; I see all now. Let me lead you hence!"

"Rigondi, it is too late—I am near my last home, alas! Judge me not harshly—my life is ebbing fast. I came here to get back some letters which, at the bidding of my father, I had written to that bad man, who has persecuted me by cruel threats that he would tell you. He forced me to come here, promising that he would leave Florence for ever."

And then in broken accents she told him all.

Leaning her head on the heart of her affianced, she feebly said:

"I always loathed that man, but he has gone to be judged for all his evil deeds. You think me good and faithful—do you not, Rigondi?"

"As an angel in heaven!" replied the count. "But let me raise you, and—courage!—all will yet be well."

"All is well!" was her scarcely articulate answer—"all is well, my own Rigondi. You love me and believe me!"

A faint sigh, and the soul of the beautiful and pure-hearted woman was with the saints.

DEBBY'S WASH-TUB.

Debby was standing by the garden-gate, her brown right hand shading her eyes from the Autumn sunshine, and a frown of perplexity on her comely face.

"Why, Bess," she said, turning to her little daughter, who lay on the grass beside her, playing with the twins, "Mary bides too long. I fear thy grandmother is ill again, else she should be here now."

Bess looked up, her merry freckled face composed and sobered in her desire to afford her mother sympathy, and puckered with her puzzled inability to throw any light on the matter.

"Bess," continued her mother, after a minute's silent gazing down the dusty lane and across the flat country to the wide fens, and distant line of blue sea beyond them, and round again westward to the gently swelling undulations—for lack of higher, called hills—which rose behind the cottage and its half-acre of garden ground—"Bess, I'll go myself there; mayhap Mary is idling by the way, or else the mother may have taken a bad turn—anyhow, I'd best go; if father comes in before I'm back, get his supper for him, my woman, and put the babes to bed. I'll be home by darkling, anyway."

Bess drew herself up, and promised to be a faithful housekeeper during her mother's absence; then, having received full directions as to "father's supper," she drew the twins into her lap, and sat talking to them and watching her mother's trim figure as she crossed the stubble-fields and finally disappeared in a green lane which skirted the nearest slope.

Soon she put the fat, rosy babies down on the grass, and giving them some daisies to play with, she went on with the work in which she had been helping her mother. They had been busy since dinner-time wringing out a twisted pile of white clothes from two large wash-tubs standing out on the grass. The clothes were not only finer in quality, but exceeded in quantity, what Debby's little household required, for she was a laundress.

In the beginning of the week, as usual, her husband had driven into the village and brought out her washing, whereupon she and Mary, a young neighbor whom she got in to help her, had set to work and washed all in the first day, and now, on the second, little Bess found herself left in command of the two great tubs, one piled high with snowy coils of linen ready for bleaching, while the other was half full of clothes waiting to be wrung out.

Bess set to work valiantly, twisting and twirling as her mother did; but in spite of her efforts it began to grow dark and cold before the tub was nearly empty, and she debated in herself whether she should finish them all, or carry in what were ready, and put the twins to bed.

She decided upon the latter plan as being the most prudent; besides that, her little arms were red and aching painfully from the unusually hard work.

It took many little journeys before all the clothes were carried in, and the big tub stood empty on the grass, even then too heavy for her to drag into the cottage.

The other, half full of water and steeping clothes, she left as it was. Meanwhile she had carried the two little brothers into the warm, firelit kitchen, while she finished putting the clothes away.

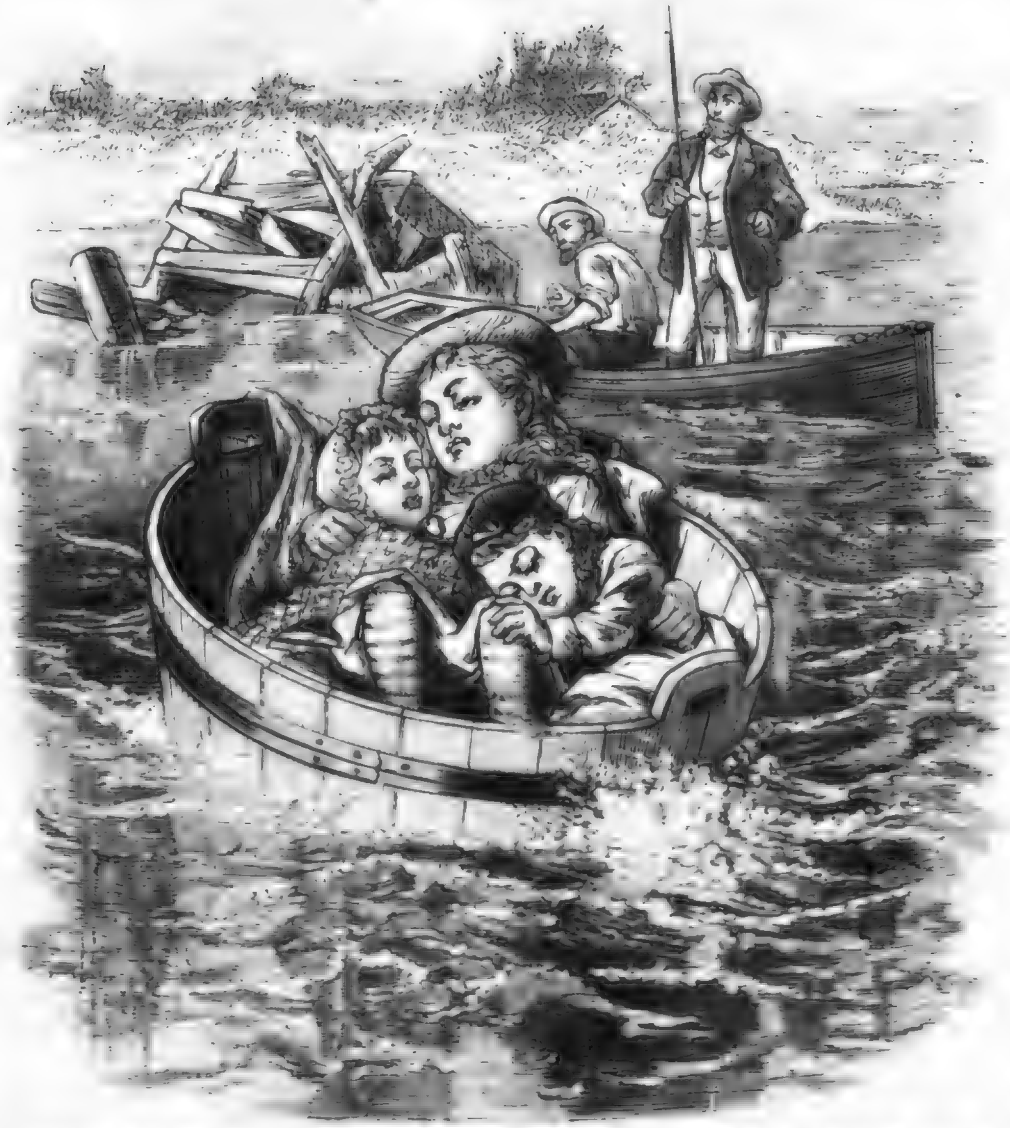
When her story was heard eagerly by her mother and father, and many a one besides—when every event of that long, lonely evening, and still longer, lonelier night, was fraught with deep interest for all connected with her—Bess recalled a number of little things she had scarcely noticed at the time.

It was just after sundown, she said, that she first noticed the bells. She had often listened at the gate to the full-toned chimes from St. Enoch's belfry, and then, when they died away, run in to tell her mother to expect father now; for he always came home just after the bells stopped.

On this particular evening she had given the babies their supper, and tucked them into their big cot-bed. They were sleepy and needed no rocking, so there was perfect silence when the bells struck up. Bess ran out to the gate to listen to them, and she often described the cool darkness, and the heavy sweet smell from the clove-pinks and bushy gillyflowers under the kitchen-window, wafted to her as she leaned on the low gate, in a peace and quiet which was suddenly broken; for the bells, instead of chiming out, over and over again, the quaint measure whose words she had so often murmured to herself, and sung to the babies—

"Lord, through this night
Be still our light,
With Thy strong arm
Shield us from harm"

XUM



DEBBY'S WASH-TUB.—"IT WAS VERY COLD AND DARK, AND EVERYTHING WENT AWAY BUT THE LAPPING AND SPLASHING OF THE WATER ROUND THE TUB."—SEE PAGE 487.

instead of their wonted chime, the bells clashed wildly, as if in terrible confusion, and were answered by storm-bells from the watch-towers along the shore, and then the clanging fire-bell in the town-house, with its long, slow notes, which little Bess remembered, for it had rung the Winter before when the parsonage went on fire.

What could it all mean? She could not understand, as she swung gently and slowly backward and forward on the gate, and looked out into the dark and moonless night for some sight of her father. Surely he wouldn't be long, now—oh, why didn't mother come, or Mary?—it was so very late to stay away like this! Surely some one would come; and her lips quivered as she looked out into the field through which her mother had passed.

As she waited on, not feeling the damp dews falling thick on the grass, and the cold Autumn night breeze, new sights and sounds struck her with astonishment and uneasy fears. First she saw a very bright blaze dart up from one of the watch-towers on the sea-wall, and when she tried to make out whether it was the tower of which her father was day watchman, two more blazed forth to the south of it. Her heart beat quick as the terrible meaning of the beacon-lights flashed upon her. Had the dikes given way?

Even while she stood trembling and not knowing what to do, a dull noise like very distant thunder smote her dazed senses. It came near, a roaring, rushing, tearing sound, broken now and then by a crash as of some building falling, or what seemed the cry of many voices, only confused, and so far away!

Now little Bess began to take in what the bells and the beacons meant, and looked the danger in the face. In those olden days, to a child born and bred on the seacoast of Lincolnshire, such dangers could not be unknown. Every village, almost every family, had its traditional histories of the floods of this year and that, when various thrilling escapes had been made, and these narratives were invariably prefaced with true and thrilling accounts of how the belfries rocked again, and the beacon-fires blazed high to warn the country folk.

So she realized, with a strange thrill of awe, what the danger was. Already she fancied she could see, by the faint remaining twilight, the steel-gray waters creeping over the drained meadows on this side of the river, and now—and now, her straining eyes *could* see a dark heaving something, just curled with white, stretching across the river like a wall, and seeming higher as it approached.

Just for a moment, when she fairly made out the shadowy terror, poor little Bess felt cold and sick with fear. She held tightly on to the top bar of the gate, and called, "Mother! mother!" but her own voice startled her, it sounded so strange in the darkness, and she dared not break the silence again. Little use if she had, poor child! there was no one to hear her call. But she felt, as she took in the sense of their danger, that there was not an instant to be lost.

In virtue of her twelve years, poor little woman, she had been intrusted with the care of her little brothers, and she bethought herself how to save them. She knew that their only deliverance lay in a boat; but what boat would come to them, so far out of the way? She also knew that the greatest danger lay in the cottage itself, for, even though, by climbing on tables and shelves, she managed to keep above the water, yet if—as was more than likely—the flood were to undermine the cottage walls, and they should fall, there would be no hope of escape.

So she set her little brains to work to think of some substitute for the unattainable boat; she had heard of a boy floating for a whole night on the top of his mother's kitchen dresser, but she knew she had not strength to drag theirs out of the house. She turned to the open door, through

XUM

which the warm, friendly light of the fire came flickering and cheering the desolate little heart.

She was on her way in, to see what other things might serve her need, when she tripped against, and almost fell into, the big washing-tub which she had just emptied. As she picked herself up a sudden bright idea seized her, and she scrambled into it. Yes, plenty of room; she could hold the poor little twins in her arms and keep them warm; there was a little water in the bottom of the tub, only a little, and she would put a blanket in to keep them dry. A cheerful feeling came to her in the hope of deliverance, although by means so untried and indirect.

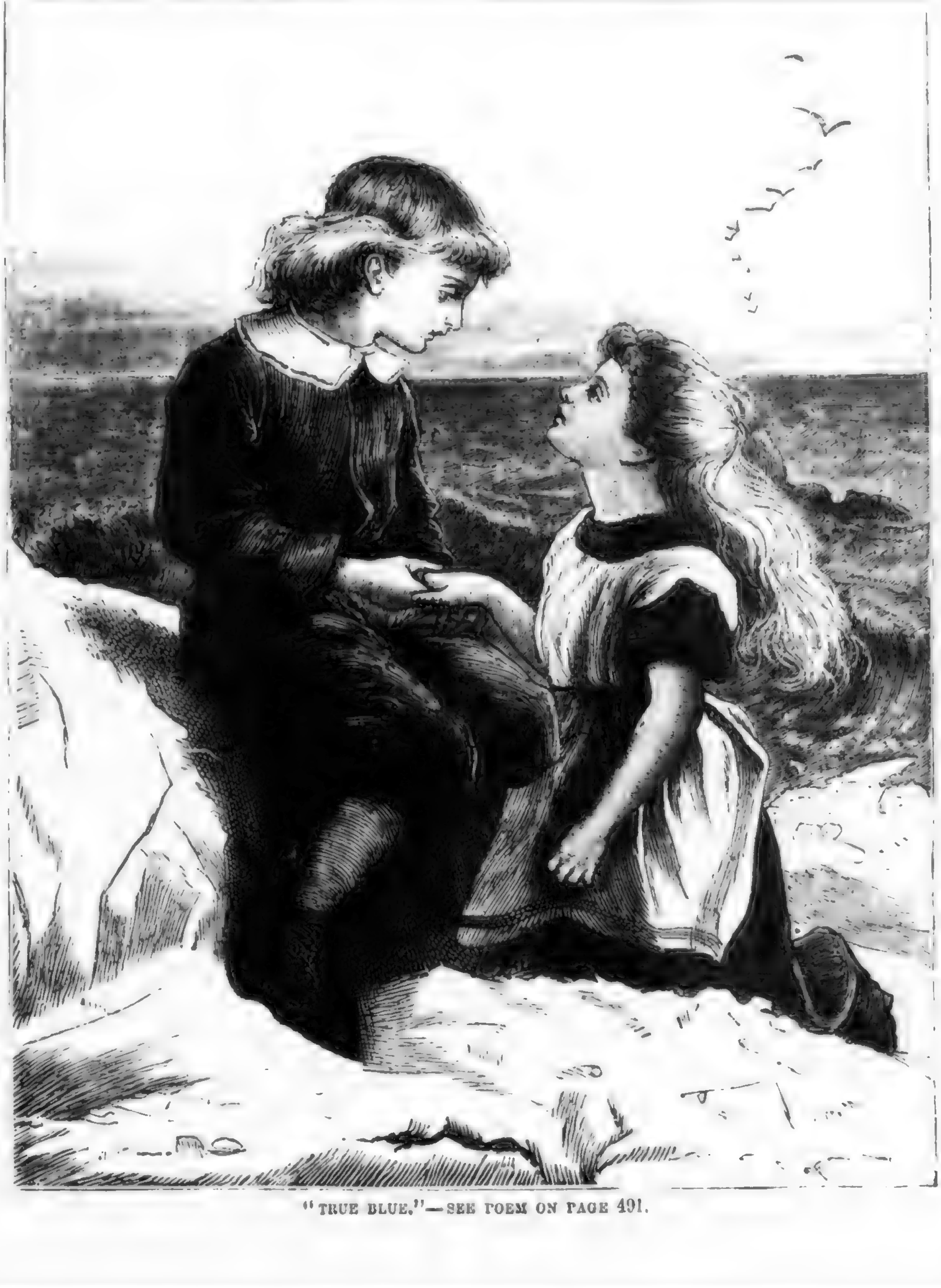
It was well for her, poor little girl, that she was ignorant of the dangerous current running in the river—that, although the waters would in all probability carry the tub inland, yet very soon after the tide turned, which would be about ten—it was about eight now—there would be an ebb of the flood, and the poor little ship, with its precious freight, would be hurried into the general stream, and probably be dashed to pieces against some ruin in the way. Of course, they might be found and rescued ere long, but little Bess had not even pictured this to herself, her one thought being to take the first, and, as she thought, the only, means that lay in her power.

Then she turned into the kitchen, and put on the babies' hoods and wrapped knitted shawls round them. They were very sleepy, and lay quiet in their cot again, while she carried out a pillow and some bread-and-milk in a basin which they had left from their supper. First she put in a blanket to line the new cradle, and then the other things.

Already she heard the water swishing in the grass of the meadow between them and the river. There was not a minute to spare; she ran into the kitchen, and catching up a baby, carried him gently out and laid him on the pillow; then back for the other. They stirred a little, missing their warm nest, but she was not long in shutting the cottage-door, to keep out the waters, and the wicket-gate, to keep themselves in as long as might be; then she clambered into the tub, and seating herself with the two babies on her knees, she drew the hanging ends of the blanket over and round them, and had scarcely done so when a little rush of water and a splash on the side of the tub told her that her preparations had not been made a moment sooner than was needful.

The little brothers were only half awake, and soon slept again, as she had tried to sing to them. She did remember, as the words "Shield us from harm" passed her lips, how grandmother had told her that our Father which is in heaven was with people here, too, and even children who wanted Him to take care of them, and she hoped He was beside her in the dark, to take care of her and the little ones all alone on the water; for the water was rising, rising round her, and she felt the tub move a little to one side, and then, losing hold of the bottom altogether, it was right up, floating along, hurried by the turbulent waters over the top of the low gate and out of sight of the cottage. Now Bess began to feel the strength of the current, although they were not in the centre, where she could see and hear it running like a mill-race.

One of the babies was wakened by an angry little dash of water which fell on its face. Bess comforted it as well



"TRUE BLUE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 491.

as she could, and in her anxiety to reach the bread-and-milk, in the hope of quieting it before the other wakened, she started hastily forward, not knowing how this would destroy the balance of the unwieldy boat ; it ducked forward with her movement, and she saw, or, rather, felt, in the darkness, the cold, muddy water lipping up to the very edge of the vessel.

Sick with fright and this new danger, little Bess tried hard for a while to carry her head straight and sit bolt upright in the tub, but at last she gave up the effort—a dull, dreamy feeling had been creeping over her, and she could no longer keep her head up—she felt herself sinking back, and the babies slipping from her grasp, and then she forgot where she was.

She was dimly conscious for a minute of being very, very tired, of hearing the babies crying somewhere near, but she could not reach them. Then came voices and a blaze of light, and all the time a loving voice called, "Bess ! my little Bessie !" and she was going to say. "Yes, mother !" but her voice would not make any sound, and she could not lift her head. So she just lay still, and felt the tears running down her cheeks, and oh, she wanted *so* much to go to her mother ! but she couldn't rise, and it was very cold and dark, and everything went away but the lapping and splashing of the water round the tub.

* * * * * * *

Don't you know the end of my story ? How the boat came alongside of the tub, and the two rough sailors who were rowing were filled with compassion when they saw the pitiful crew it contained ?—the two wailing babies and the white, still face of the little girl, tear-stained and as pale as death ; her cold limbs cramped, that the babies might be safe and comfortable.

And when John Grey and Debby found the children they had gone out to seek floating to them over the flood, yet alive, John handed the babies to their mother, and clasped his little daughter to his heart. Her mother called her by name, lovingly and passionately, but the white lips did not move nor the tired eyes open.

It did not take long for them to reach the grandmother's cottage on the hill, and there every loving attention was paid to little Bess. And at last the warmth and sweet rest seemed to thaw her cold limbs, and the stiffness relaxed, the faint pulse grew stronger and her lips quivered. She opened her eyes and saw her mother, and managed to whisper the words she had for so long tried to say, "Yes, mother !"

When she had slept and eaten some breakfast, her father took her on his knee for a little, before crossing the wasted fields to see whether the cottage stood, and every one told their story—Debby, how she had sent Mary home when she found her mother too ill to be left, and how wretched she was when the alarm was raised and she could not go to her darlings. Then John told how, just as he had taken his last outlook and was inspecting the sluices, fearing that the rising storm and Spring tide might overstrain them, one of the men under him came rushing, with pallid lips, to tell how the wall had given way, midway between them and the next town on the north. Crash after crash followed, and it was impossible to make any defense.

The water rose higher and higher round the tower, and with some trouble they got their two boats clear and hurried toward the town. Here John was delayed for a time in aiding the many terror-stricken people, who called from windows and the roofs of some of the lower houses for aid. After several journeys backward and forward to the townhouse, whose upper story was high enough, in all likelihood, to escape flooding, he at last steered for his own little home.

There all was dark, and no one to be seen nor any light, for the creeping waters had put out the fire. He flashed his lantern-light in at the window, which was half submerged, and not seeing any sign of wife or child, he concluded they had escaped in time to the house on the hill. Here he found his wife, and it may be imagined with what anxious hearts they went out together to seek and to find their precious children.

"Bessie," said her grandmother from the bed where she had been lying listening to all their talk, "thee'll not forget, anyhow, that though the waves of the sea be mighty, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier."

"No, grannie," said little Bess, "I'll never forget that."

GREENLANDER HARPOONING A NARWHAL.

THE Greenlander hails with delight the advent of the narwhal, or beaked whale, not only for its value to him in affording oil, a choice meat and valuable ivory, but also because it is the precursor of the Greenland whale.

The name narwhal is Norse, and describes the strange mammal of which our engraving gives a correct delineation. The animal is about sixteen or eighteen feet in length ; the head is round and convex in front ; the lower jaw has no teeth, but from the upper spring two small, hollow tusks, which are seldom developed in females, and only the left one in the male, although they are occasionally found with two. This horn is long, spiral and tapering, attaining occasionally a length of eight or ten feet. It consists of a fine, solid ivory. It seems, like the horns of some animals, a mere ornament of the male, and at times a weapon of offense. Herds of them are sometimes seen fencing with each other with these spears.

In olden times, great virtues were attributed to narwhal ivory, and a cup made of it was supposed to be proof against poison ; and, from its fine texture, it was much used for ornamental purposes. The Danish Kings boasted of a throne made of narwhal ivory ; and the Greenlanders put it to many uses—among others, making harpoon-heads, so that one dies by the spear of one of his fellows.

The eyes of the narwhal are placed in a line with the opening of the mouth, at the distance of thirteen or fourteen inches from the snout, and are small, being about an inch in diameter. The spiracle, or blow-hole, is a single orifice of a semicircular form, on the top of the head, directly over the eyes. The fins, or flippers, are about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and from six to eight broad, their situation on the sides of the animal being at one-fifth of its length from the snout. The breadth of the tail is from fifteen to twenty inches. There is no dorsal-fin, but a sharp ridge runs down the centre of the back, the edge of which is generally found to be rough and worn, as if by rubbing against the ice.

Crantz describes the narwhal as being black ; it is only in young specimens that this color can be said to prevail. At an early age, the narwhal is blackish-gray on the back, with numerous darker spots and markings running into each other, forming a general dusky-black surface. The sides are almost white, with dusky and more open markings ; the under surface is white. In adult specimens, the ground-color of the back is yellowish-white, with markings varying from dark-gray to dusky-black, and of a roundish or oval figure, with interspaces of white or yellowish-white between them. The skin resembles that of the common Greenland whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), but is thinner. The female narwhal produces a single young one at a birth, which she nourishes with milk for several months ; the teats are situated near the origin of the tail.

To the rapidity, the great powers, and the ferocity of the narwhal when attacked, many writers have borne testimony. Its form is admirably adapted for cleaving the waters, and we can well believe that the shock of its weapon, driven full-tilt against an enemy, must produce a terrible effect. The ribs of the stoutest boat would be transfixed by dint of such a blow, far more easily than was ever shield by the lance of knight in battle or tournament. Several instances have, indeed, been known in which the animal has plunged his weapon deep into the thick oak timbers of a ship, when it has, fortunately, snapped short, the fragment remaining fixed in the orifice, so as to plug it up.

It is probably only in defense of the females and their young—unless, indeed, when attacked himself—that the male narwhal thus rushes against ships or boats; for we utterly discredit the usual accounts of its causeless and indiscriminate attacks upon any object which approaches within its range. Doubtless, when wounded and harassed, it becomes desperate; and its power, its velocity and weapon combine to render it formidable.

The narwhal is gregarious, associating in troops of from six or eight to twenty or more; and numbers are often seen clustered together, both in the open sea and in bays and inlets free from the ice, forming a compact phalanx, moving gently and slowly along. Under such circumstances, the independent movements of each individual are necessarily embarrassed, so that a considerable slaughter may be easily effected among them.

When attacked at such a time, the hind ranks, instead of turning against their assailants, press upon those before, sliding their long weapons over the glossy backs of their leaders, and all becomes disorder and confusion. Opportunities of this kind are welcome to the Greenlanders, to whom the narwhal is an important animal.

Independently of the oil, which the narwhal yields in considerable quantity and of excellent quality, the flesh is much esteemed by these people as food, and eaten both fresh and in a dried and smoked state, being prepared over the fire of their huts. The tendons of the muscles are useful in the preparation of thin but tough cordage; and Duhamel states that several membranous sacs obtained from the gullet are made use of in fishing.

When struck by a harpoon, the narwhal dives with great velocity, and in the same manner as the whale, but not to the same extent. In general, it descends about 200 fathoms, and on returning to the surface is dispatched with a whale-lance without any difficulty. The blubber is about three inches in thickness, and affords about half a tun of oil.

"TRUE BLUE."

A NORTHEAST breeze has lashed to foam
Our broad expanse of sea;
The gulls toward their rocky home
On sweeping pinions flee;
And never a sail but dreads the gale,
Now strength'ning steadily.

Far from the shelter of the town,
A little lass and lad
Toward the shore come stealing down.
Why should a look so sad
Touch his sweet face with pensive grace,
And hers, which should be glad?

Ah! childhood is not always free
From pain and troublous care,
And many a cup of misery
Too oft the youthful share;
And sorrow's smarts have reached the hearts
Of that sweet, loving pair.

Among the rocks they rest anon
In silence; then the maid,
"Now, *you'll* not be a sailor, John,
And leave me?" softly said.
The wistful gaze she did upraise
More strong than language prayed.

"I would have been a sailor, Nell,
Had it not been for you.
Our father toiled both long and well
Upon the boundless blue;
And though he sleep five fathoms deep,
I'd be a sailor too!

"But mother told me as she lay
Upon her dying bed,
That I must keep by you alway,
And work for you, she said,
When she was gone, and we alone,
And win you honest bread.

"And I will work for you, my dear;
I'm old enough to learn
The way to do it, never fear—
Why look with such concern?
I'll keep you, Nell, right brave and well,
And bring you all I earn.

"Our mother said I e'er should lend
The sailor in distress
The help that I would give a friend,
And deem him nothing less:
Such acts of love would life improve,
And Heaven our days would bless.

"So, Nell, when I grow big and strong,
I hope I may be brave;
For I would join that manly throng,
Who, daring wind and wave,
Are ready aye, by night and day,
To succor and to save.

"And so, my dear, I shall obey
Our mother's last command,
For I shall keep by you alway,
Yet have a helping hand
Ready to lend that hapless friend,
Whose bark may get astrand."

GIUSEPPINA, THE HEROINE OF SICILY.

ONE of the most romantic instances of feminine bravery on record was shown during the Sicilian insurrection. Giuseppina—ever afterward known as Sicily's Heroine—having fought in the bloody battle of Catania the whole day with a naked sword, seeing that, unless an extraordinary effort were made, the day would be lost, rushed to the artillery, and, with a torch burning in her hand, cannonaded the enemy with an air of boldness that might have done credit to an ancient warrior.

Our engraving represents her in the act of applying the match, and awaiting the result of her deed with a marvelous calmness and self-possession.

THE VALLEY OF ANGROGNA.

THE Waldensian valleys are now easily accessible from Turin by a railway to Pignerol, whence a road, traversed by a diligence daily, takes the traveler to La Tour, the capital of the district. It is situated at the entrance of the Valley of Luserna or Val Pellice to the left, and of Angrogna to the right. Beyond Angrogna, and parallel with

XUM

it, but separated by a range of heights, is the Valley of Perouse, from which opens the Valley of St. Martin. Beyond are the French valleys. The present extent of the Waldensian valleys is about twenty-two miles in the greatest length, by eighteen miles in breadth. They include a population of 20,000, amongst whom about 3,000 Roman Catholics are dispersed.

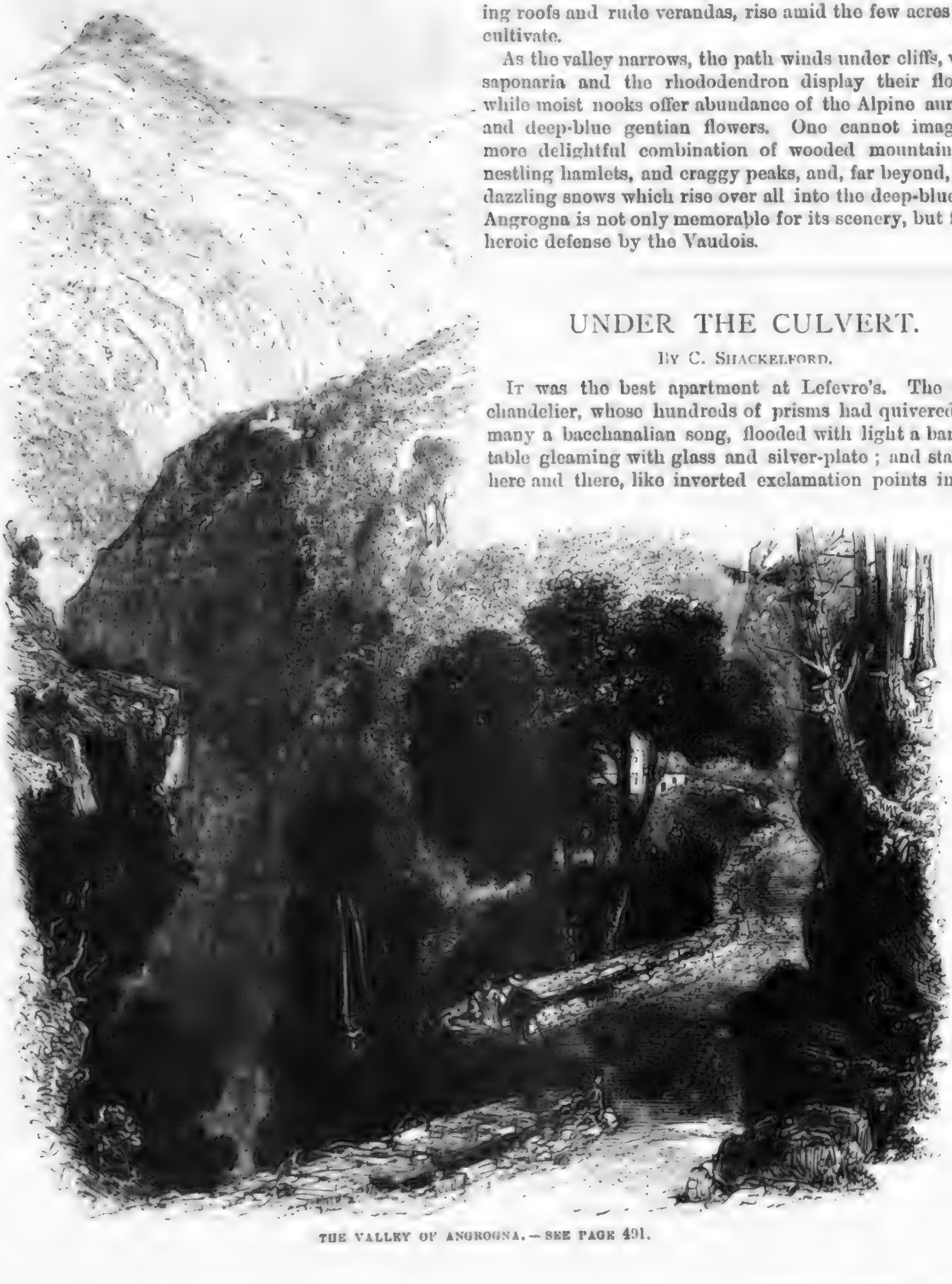
Even apart from the stirring historical associations which make every spot memorable, the home of the Vaudois well deserves and repays a visit. Nowhere in the Alps is there to be found a more glorious combination of richness and beauty in the lower valleys, and wild magnificence and sublimity in the higher peaks and passes. Except at its upper extremity, the mountains of the Val Angrogna are covered, up to their very summits, with trees; bold masses of rock rising from out the foliage into splintered peaks. The lower portion has considerable patches of cultivated ground. The meadows are enameled with the white, sweet-scented narcissus, gleaming like pearls on green velvet. Above rise vineyards and little fields of rye or maize, intersected by mulberry-trees for the silkworm; while the dwellings of the peasant proprietors, with their overhanging roofs and rude verandas, rise amid the few acres they cultivate.

As the valley narrows, the path winds under cliffs, where saponaria and the rhododendron display their flowers, while moist nooks offer abundance of the Alpine auricula, and deep-blue gentian flowers. One cannot imagine a more delightful combination of wooded mountain, and nestling hamlets, and craggy peaks, and, far beyond, those dazzling snows which rise over all into the deep-blue sky. Angrogna is not only memorable for its scenery, but for its heroic defense by the Vaudois.

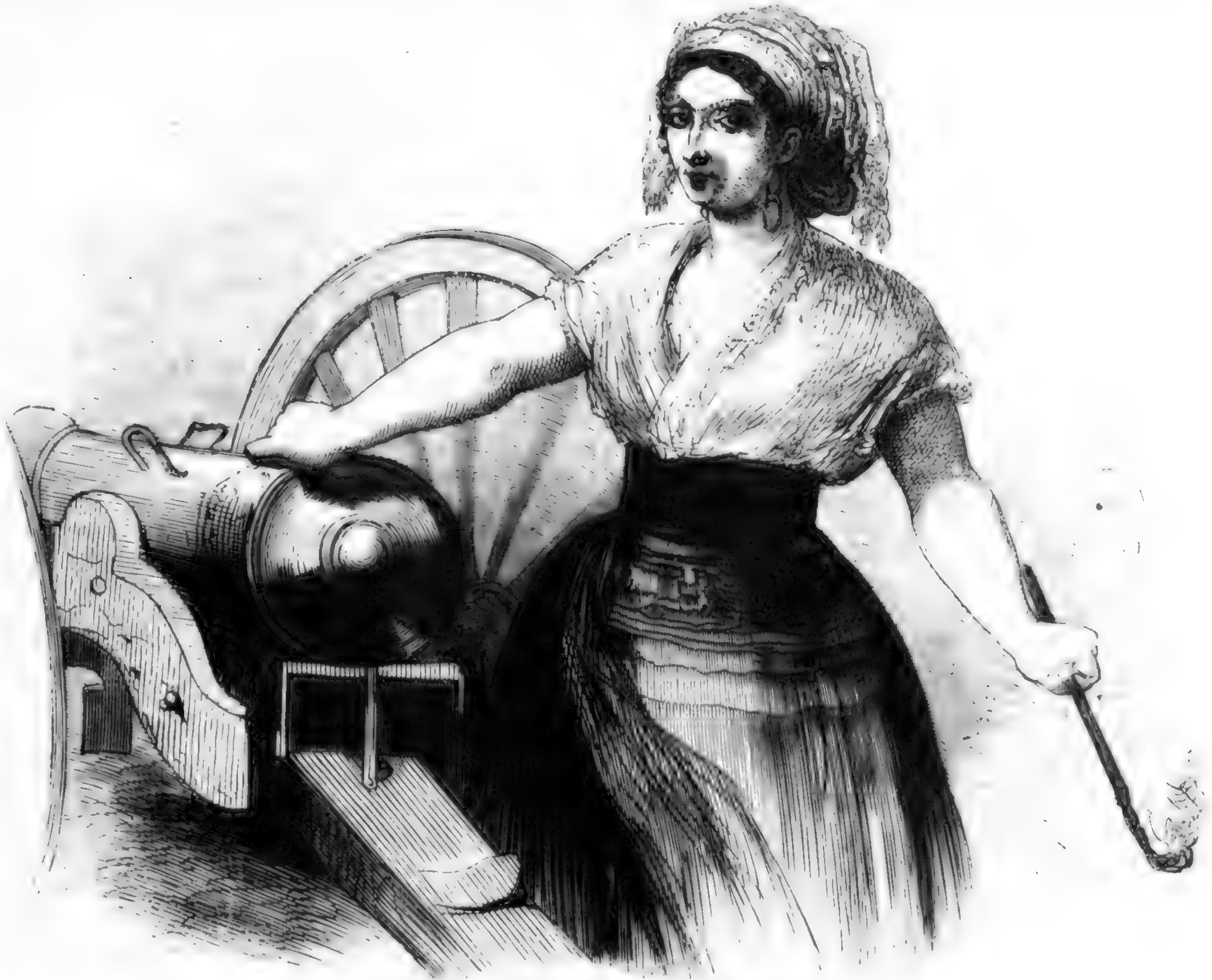
UNDER THE CULVERT.

By C. Shackelford.

It was the best apartment at Lefevre's. The grand chandelier, whose hundreds of prisms had quivered with many a bacchanalian song, flooded with light a banquet-table gleaming with glass and silver-plate; and standing here and there, like inverted exclamation points in gold



THE VALLEY OF ANGROGNA.—SEE PAGE 491.



GIUSEPPINA, THE HEROINE OF SICILY.—SEE PAGE 491.

and silver chokers, were long-necked bottles with martial mien and sides rich with the perfumed spirit of the grape.

Pictures like framed dreams hung against the crimson walls. White-robed waiters glided like Nubian ghosts about the room. Easy chairs, with downy depths and lethargic widths, were on duty for the night, and brought a week of rest within the compass of a few hours' weariness.

Luxury freighted the very air with its grandeur, and wealth weighed heavily upon the thickly carpeted floor.

In this little palace tipsily lolled no votaries of the "twice-born" Bacchus, but seven gray-headed, grizzle-bearded men grouped themselves around the table, sipping their wine like venerable sinners, and talking like great warriors of trade, whose wealth moved armies of men and fleets of ships.

It was a pleasant picture, with a homeliness about it that seemed out of place, so plain were the characters, so royal were their surroundings. But it was a *fête* to commemorate the sixty-fifth birthday of Solomon Clarke, merchant, as also the day which ended for ever his career as a man of business.

His was the feast, his the friends, filled with viands of Lefevre's best cooking, and giving lip devotion to the wine—friends whose footfalls had kept him close in view for years. They had come to eat, drink and be merry—as merry as old men make themselves—with their venerable co-worker, and to say *bon voyage* to him whose footsteps thereafter would be away from them and toward the grave.

They all knew it for their host, they all felt it for themselves, that from this night forth there would be a vacancy among them never to be filled. And when the eldest, a man of seventy, pledged the health of Mr. Clarke, and turned out a few fine sentences, the toast was tasted in silence, and the old men wondered a thousand things, and sat down again as solemnly as if the whole affair were a funeral ceremony.

"Thank you all, good friends, thank you !—thank you !" responded Mr. Clarke, nodding to them in turn. "I cannot make you a speech, because I am as scared as a schoolboy at the demand. I never was so frightened—excepting once. That was twenty years ago. And now that I have mentioned the matter, I see myself once more in that danger, though, good friends all, you are around me."

"A story !" "Tell it !" "Let us have it, Clarke !" came from the guests.

The old gentleman's face was whiter than usual as he brushed back his hair with one hand and pressed heavily upon the table with the other.

"It has been the poison of my life," he began, "this adventure you ask me to relate. I have kept it to myself always—always. But to-night—well, I don't know why, but you shall have a confession. Gentlemen, old-time companions, I believe I stand here to-night as a murderer."

At this announcement there were outcries of surprise from one or two ; exclamations of "No !" "Impossible !" "You are joking !" came from others, while the rest looked at him with wide-staring eyes, as if they believed their aged acquaintance had suddenly gone crazy.

XUM

Then a painful silence reigned in the room, and even the waiters rested from their labors to note the quick change that had come upon the guests.

Clarke, with a twitching of his lips and an unusual quaver in his voice when he spoke, held himself erect, and repeated, as if it were an echo, the words:

"I believe I stand here to-night as a murderer."

A waiter, more intent upon the words and the scene than upon his duty, inclined his tray, and its load of wineglasses crashed upon the floor, as if to emphasize, unconsciously, the weird confession of the venerable merchant.

"Yet, my friends," continued Mr. Clarke, "I hope you will not, when I have told my story, think of me as one whose crime came through malice, for I have always thought myself more guilty in keeping silence for years instead of confessing, than guilty in the act committed. But of this you shall judge. If you will permit me, I will sit down, the story being a long one. Boys"—to the servants—"you will leave the room. We will call if anything is wanted.

"Twenty years ago I was a vagabond, idle, dissolute, friendless and penniless. I was a tramp, straggling from town to town, living by my wits and the absence of wits in others. I was never dishonest, save as to my time and abilities, whereof I defrauded myself. I never wronged a man knowingly. Luck seemed against me—that's all.

"It was against me from the moment I began life for myself until, twenty years ago, I shuffled into this city, clothed in rags from neck to toe. I've had luck since; it has brought us all together here to-night; but it comes late—late for myself, late for my wife, but not too late, I trust, for the good children who sit daily around my table. There's more luck in my good children, friends, than in all my other possessions. I feel that much as a blessing.

"But all this is wandering away from my crime. So let us go back twenty years, to a terribly hot day in August. All day long I had plodded along a dusty highroad in one of the southern counties of New York—what one I cannot tell, because I never knew—never asked to know.

"I had been on the move for a week steadily, looking for work, without finding it; sleeping in the hay at night; asking for my meals from charitable farmers. I was gray to my knees with dust, and my feet were so weary and sore that I could scarcely drag them after me.

"The sun was setting, and huge masses of black clouds were rolling up from the south, as I stood at a cross-road in the midst of a forest. Looking down the intersecting way at my right, I saw a man as mean and miserable in appearance as myself come limping forward. He seemed about my own age. Suffering was written in every line of his face, and shown in every motion of his body.

"'Good-evening,' I said, as he came up to me.

"'It promises to be a deucedly bad evening, if you'll allow me to express my opinion,' he replied, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead on his arm.

"As he did this, I noticed a bare streak of scalp like a strip of yellow silk, that ran diagonally across the top of his head, as if he had been split asunder and badly stuck together again.

"He saw my glance and its object.

"'Mexican War,' he said, curtly, and put on his hat.

"'Look here!' I exclaimed, 'I'm lost. Can you point me out the way?'

"'Where ye goin'?'

"'To—to—— Well, I don't know.'

"And I didn't know, as I had no definite destination in view.

"'My fix exactly!' cried the stranger, laughing heartily. 'And I'm lost as well as yourself. How's that for two fools in a wood? Come, we need not be afraid of each other, I think, for I haven't a cent of money.'

"'Nor I,' was my response.

"'Very well; let us advance along this road. It will rain in less than an hour, and we must have shelter and get out of this wood as well.'

"'Agreed!'

"So we jogged along companionably, my new acquaintance, much to my surprise, proving very sociable, and, withal, a man of travel and a student of human nature, of which he was himself a perplexing lesson. For he was full of bits of quaint philosophy, odd observations about places and men he had seen, and dropped all along the road uncouthly expressed opinions about life and its requirements.

"In fact, he gave me but little occasion to speak, and only then to make answer to his questions. Night and the storm came on together as we went sturdily forward, and a dismal dusk enveloped us just as we came out upon a stretch of meadow-land with a little brook running through it, and at right angles a line of embankment that showed we had struck upon a railroad track.

"Close about a girdle of hills lifted their tree-crowned knobs; but not a house, a light, a human being, a living thing was visible. Nor was there a sound except that of our own voices, or the roar of thunder of the approaching storm.

"My fellow-traveler looked at me and tried to whistle. He stopped that to look in my face and remark:

"'Cheerful prospect!'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'and this road ends here in the meadow.'

"'Do you swear?' he asked, sadly.

"'Fluently,' I answered.

"'Then don't do so now.'

"A dash of rain came down like mimic shells of war, and sent the dust flying upward in thousands of little puffs. The forest behind us groaned. Flashes of lightning cut the skies like knives of fire. A gust of wind came out of the woods and went moaning down the valley.

"'We must run for shelter!' my companion exclaimed.

"'Shelter!' I cried. 'Where will you find it?'"

"*Under the culvert, you fool!*"

The little party to the supper all started from their seats. Somebody besides Mr. Clarke had spoken, and spoken with hysterical loudness. The story-teller paused, and looked at the gentleman at the end of the table—a tall, grave man, whose face was like a mourner's, and whose hair would have been gray if he had had any hair at all under his wig.

"You spoke, Mr. Friburt?" says Mr. Clarke, leaning anxiously forward.

"Did I?" asks Mr. Friburt. "I didn't know it."

"And," continued Mr. Clarke, "you said just the words my fellow-tramp said that night. How should you know?"

"Ah! how should I know?" Mr. Friburt answers. "I don't know. I saw the picture. I seemed to stand there with you; and I answered as I would have answered if I had really been there. I did not know I spoke, and you must pardon my interruption, though the words seem to have been rather strong in expression. Proceed, sir, please."

"That was a wonderful coincidence of utterance," says Mr. Clarke, continuing, after taking a swallow of wine. "I was standing again on the edge of the woods on that wild night, and right here in this room come to my ears,

XUM

as I tell the story, the very words given in answer to my question. I can understand why you spoke out, Mr. Friburt; but I am, nevertheless, a little shaken."

His voice was choked, and his hands trembled very plainly as he lifted his wineglass.

"Well," Mr. Clarke says, returning to his narrative, "we ran like deer to that culvert. It arched a brook that you could almost span with your fingers—a tiny thread of water, whose purling music could be heard above the voice of the storm. Add to that the songs of a colony of crickets, whose homes were in the grass-fringed crevices of the masonry. We could just stand upright in the culvert, and it was so wide that we could sit on either side of the brook without risk of wetting.

"Scarcely had we gained this hospitable shelter when the storm, so long threatening, burst upon us. In all my life, gentlemen, I have never seen the equal to it. The wind became a tornado, and whipped down the trees like corn-stalks. It tore through our refuge as if it would rend the rocks from their setting, and it took all our strength to save ourselves from being blown out and away from the culvert.

"In fact, we might have been forced out, had not some odd genius of a cattle-grazer nailed a few boards across the upper part of the culvert, in order, apparently, to keep his stock from crowding into so small a space. With the wind came rain in great sheets of water, looking by the flashes of lightning like a solid white wall, and hiding the woods from our eyes. While the storm was at its height a long train of freight-cars thundered over our heads, and at the same time we heard a strange sort of sound—a dull, heavy thud—for which we could not account. Meanwhile the little brook that ran through our retreat became swollen, and, overspreading its confines, so encroached upon our mound as to cause us to stand ankle-deep in the water. It was then that my companion, glancing out of the culvert in the direction whence we had come, exclaimed:

"'Good Lord deliver us! There is a lake on this side!'

"And I, peering over the boards at the other opening, cried out in alarm: 'There's a flood coming upon us. We are lost.' For, by the lightning, there was visible rolling down upon us a huge wave, as if a dam in the vicinity had been carried away, and the volume of water, unloosed, was advancing with a tremendous and resistless force. What to do, where to turn, how to escape, we knew not. The water suddenly rose to our arm-pits. Then we began to pray, or to try to pray. Think of us, gentlemen, two miserable vagabonds, useless to ourselves and the world, caught in a trap and trying to pray for life! Ever since that fearful night I have believed in the existence of a merciful God."

The old gentleman closed his eyes as if in prayer, and Mr. Friburt, at the end of the table, pushed back his chair, walked to the end of the room and back again with a nervous stride, muttering to himself as he walked, and then sat down again. Mr. Clarke resumed his narrative.

"'Look here, stranger,' said my consort, 'I think wadin' 'll help us more than prayer, just now, and we're losin' valuable time.'

"'But I can't swim,' I replied.

"'Nor I; but I'll try it.'

"I began to move forward to the mouth of the culvert, my hands upon the wall, and his hands upon my shoulders. We had not gone three steps when there was a crash and a roar, and I knew the torrent had crashed against the boards. I felt myself rising and floating rapidly along. A flash of lightning revealed within reach a projecting stone, and I grasped it with the clutch of death. At the same instant my companion seized me around the legs, and the fierce current at once swung him out at right angles. He pulled at me like a tug. A railroad tie was just over my head, and by a tremendous effort I managed to get my hands upon it. But my own weight with that of the man clinging to me weakened my hold. I could do nothing—neither save myself nor him. I told him so, told him that I must let go if he did not release me. But he clung to me, and begged me to save him for his wife, for his family, as I hoped to be saved now and hereafter. He pleaded for life as I hope never again to hear a man plead. It was a question whether both should be drowned or I should be saved. The water was rising rapidly, and increasing in rapidity. Twice one of my hands slipped from its hold as our bodies were swinging from side to side; and, finally, a floating fence-rail struck me in the side, knocking the breath out of my body, and making me cry out with pain. Again I besecched the man clinging to me to let go and take his chances, but he would make no effort. What could I do, I ask you, under these terrible circumstances?"

Scarcely had the question left his lips, when once more the sepulchral voice of Friburt answered from the end of the table:

"Kick him in the face, and let him help himself, to sink or swim, float or drown. You did perfectly right, sir."

With a ghastly look upon his face, Mr. Clarke rose to his feet, and leaning over the table, stared, in apparent affright, at Friburt.

"Great heavens!" he exclaims. "How should you know? I have not said what I did!"

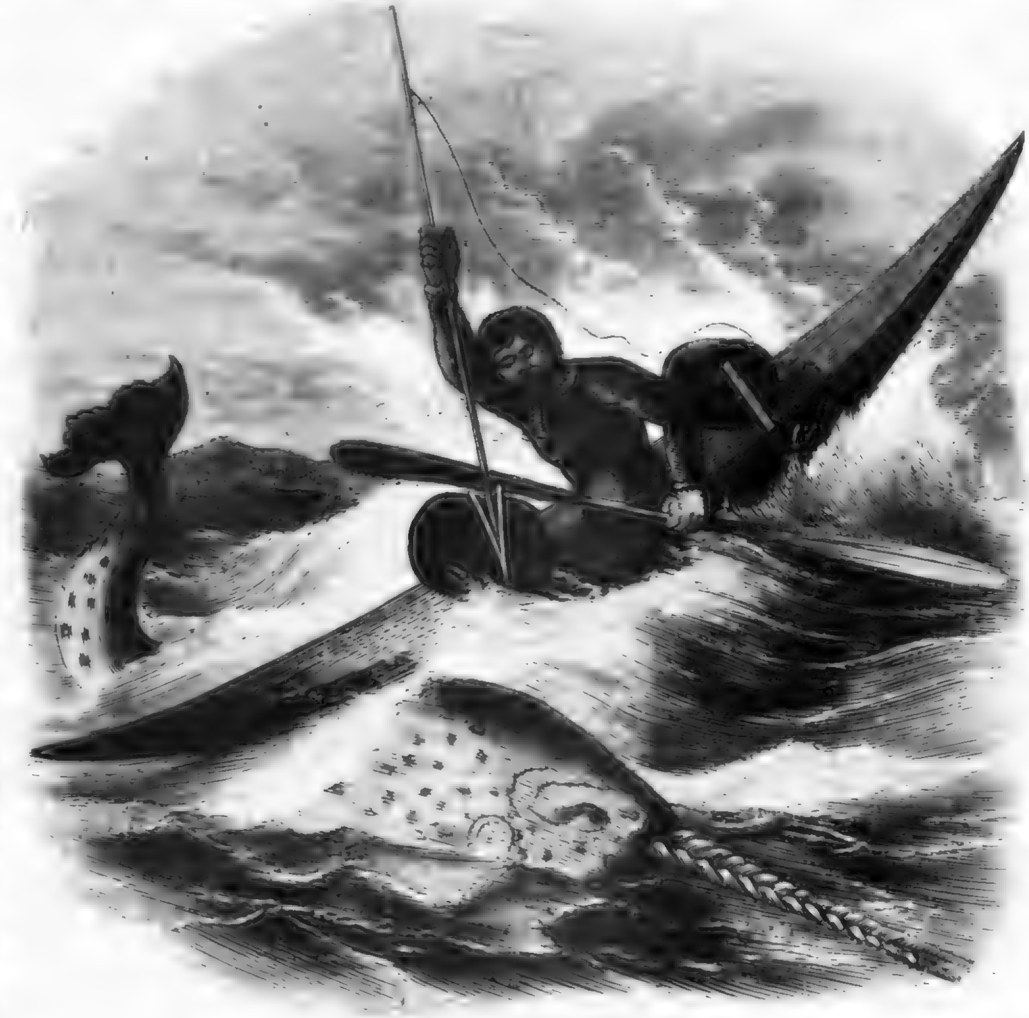
"Quite true," answers Friburt, coolly, in his deep monotone; "but any one can see that you had no other way of escape, and besides, that you are here to-night. I only answer your question."

"True, quite true!" sighed Clarke, sinking back to his seat. "But you answer as the dead man would answer if he were here to-night. My friends, I did kick that poor man in the face. I dashed him from his hold! *I murdered him!* (There! don't disturb me!—wait till I finish!) With a wild cry of agony, a man's shriek of despair, he threw up his arms. I saw it all by a flash of lightning—his body tumbling in the raging waters, his face spotted with blood from the cuts made by my boots, yet blue-white with fear, and the light from the angry skies above. Then he was gone for ever. It is a picture that is never out of my sight, even when I sleep. I have seen it many a day and night for twenty years."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and, for a minute, his body trembled like a leaf in the wind. His friends regarded him with looks of compassion, but said nothing.

When he did look up there was no sign of what he had suffered, save that his face was more aged, his mouth severer in its setting, his hands more trembling.

"This sight of my murdered victim so unmanned me," he begins again, in a lower voice, "that I lost my grip upon the beam, and dropped into the flood. But the Lord saved me, for before I had floated six feet I caught in the top of an overthrown tree. Thence, creeping and walking along the trunk, I touched the land back of the stone wall of the culvert. Here the water and the passing train had washed and shaken out a lot of dirt, leaving a gulley, into which I crawled, wet and slimy though it was, and lay down for rest. About five feet above me was the track; on one side the wall of the culvert, on the other a declivity of sand; at my feet the roaring water. I was in a fissure, the walls of which were steep, and, as I thought, safe, as the storm seemed to be lessening. The flashes of lightning were less frequent, and between rifts in the flying clouds were strips of silver moonlight. I rejoiced at my security. I mourned over the act I had committed. The cries of my victim still rung in my ears, and, now that I was in safety, it seemed as if I might easily have saved his life. But I had no time to dwell upon my troubles, for, in a breath, the bed of sand upon which I rested began to move. Looking down, I could just discern a widening stream of water at the base of the bank, and on a line with the place where I sat came a gush of water that grew larger as I looked. The uprising lake above the culvert had touched a new point of weakness, and was bursting through the embankment underneath the track. I had barely time to get on my knees when the undermined slope of sand began to slide, and to slide faster than I could crawl upward. Then commenced a fight for life to which the struggle under the culvert was mere play. It lasted not more than a minute, thank heaven! but during that minute I suffered more mental agony than I expect ever to endure again.



SPEARING THE NARWHAL.—SEE PAGE 490.

"It was the condensation of a lifetime of misery. I crawled; I jumped—I almost flew up that descending plane. I plunged my feet and arms into the shifting sands, only to find myself dragged by an irresistible power toward the bottom, the water, and to death.

"As I have said, the struggle lasted not more than a minute. Then my feet suddenly became immovably fixed—held as if in a vise. I no longer descended; neither did I mount. The sand and water filled in around me. They crept toward my waist with the coldness of death.

"I shrieked—I cursed. I tore my clothing to tatters, and grew maudlin with fear. The fate of my companion was a luxury compared with the one I was slowly enduring.

"The storm having ceased, the silence became appalling. There was no sound save that of far-away thunder and the sullen roar of the torrent, not twenty feet from my place of imprisonment. Still the heavy death-flood crept up my body. It encircled my waist; it compressed my chest; it took me by the throat.

"Then I gave up hope of life. My arms, upstretched above my head, fell flat upon the mire in which I was immersed; my eyes closed; my lips, almost laved by the sands, opened no more in prayer or cry, and the sense of life went out.

"I do not know how long I was senseless. When I opened my eyes again, the moon was shining brightly above me, and the sand had settled back to my waist.

"I heard voices shouting to one another, the hiss of escaping steam, a laugh now and then, and the sharp clangor of sledge against iron. Above me, almost within reach, hung the displaced track of the railroad, which, it seemed, a breath of air might tumble down upon me. Then three faces of men on their knees peered down into my grave.

"'What a wonderful escape!' declared one of the men.

"'Three hundred feet more would have ended many a life!' said another.

"'It makes me faint to think of it,' commenced the third.

"As they appeared, I had tried to cry out; but my voice had left me. I could only whisper. That they could not hear. Then I beat my hands upon the sloppy sand.

"'Hist!' cried one of the men. 'There's an animal down there. Wait!'

"I heard a click, and then the report of a pistol and the whistling of a bullet. I stopped my alarm. I had no wish to be shot to death, after escaping other dangers.

"'Don't shoot again till I get a lantern,' said one man; and I could hear him depart on a run.

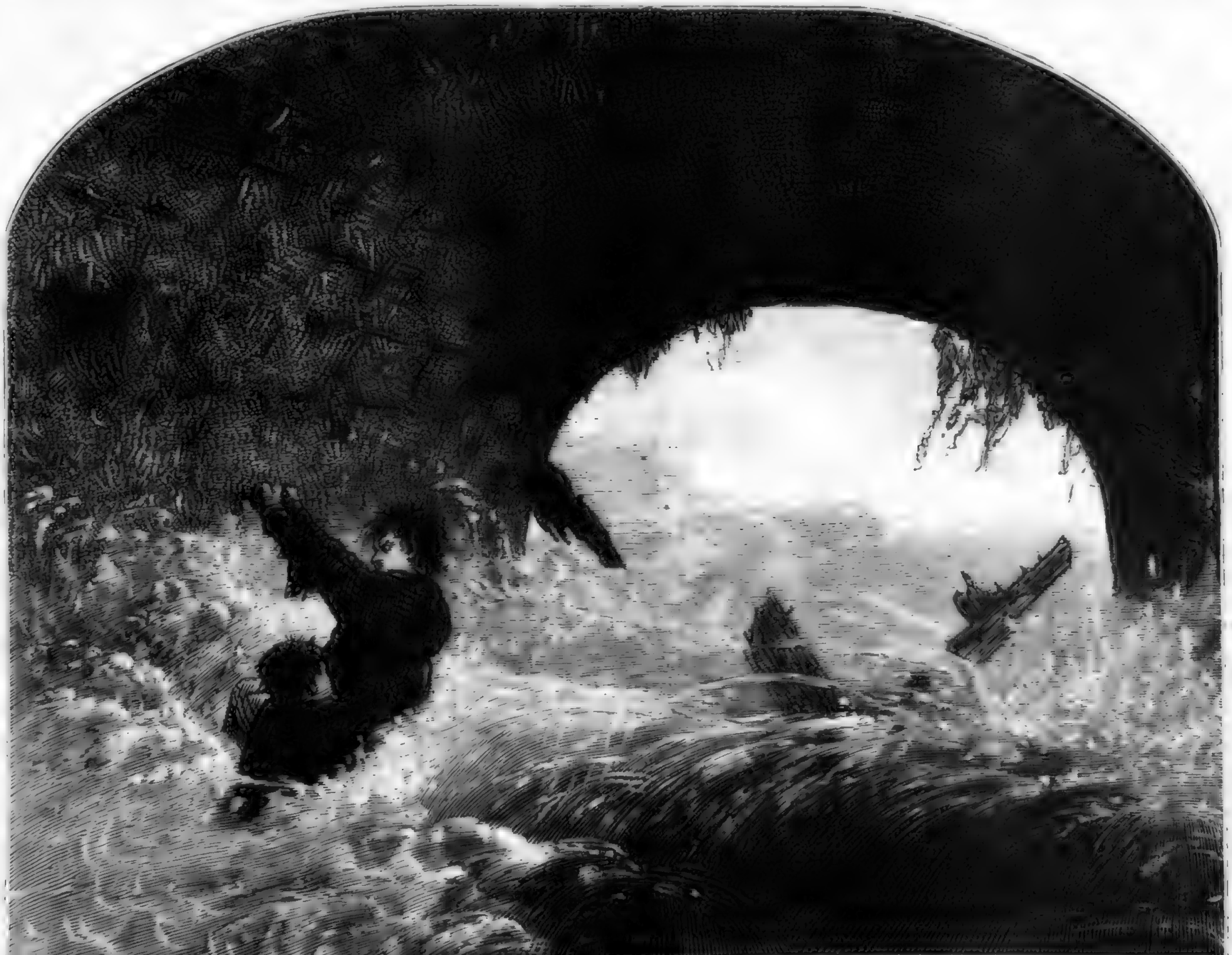
"He was back in a minute, and carefully lowered a light over the crumbling edge of the chasm, leaning over himself to see.

"'Great God! there's something down there that looks like a man!' he shouted, and dropped the lantern, as if he had seen a thing not of this world.

"The light rolled toward me without being extinguished. It stopped within reach. I set it up so that it would show my face.

"In a minute a hundred men were gathered above me. I was a human being—that they could see. I moved my arms—that indicated life.

"In ten minutes I was dragged out of my grave, washed, and dry clothes put upon me. My hunger was satisfied.



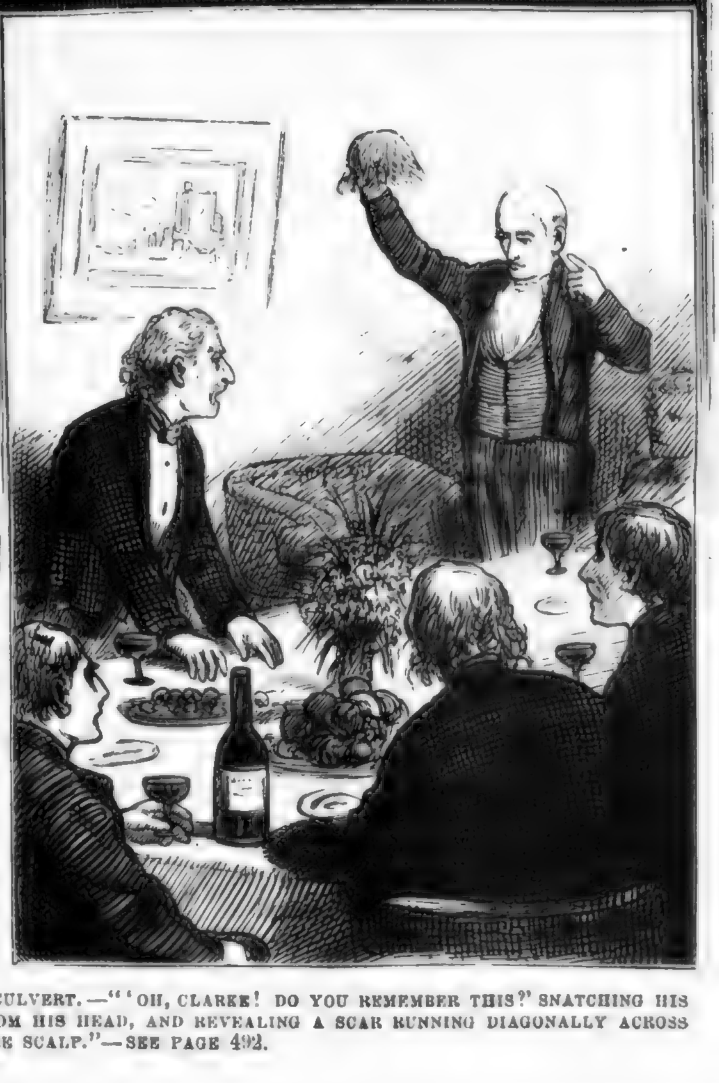
UNDER THE CULVERT.—"MY COMPANION SEIZED ME ROUND THE LEGS, AND THE FIERCE CURRENT AT ONCE SWUNG HIM OUT AT RIGHT ANGLES."

my thirst quenched. The rescued vagabond was treated with princely kindness.

"The story of my peril was demanded. I told it in whispers. But, my friends, I lied in telling it. I kept to myself my murder. I sealed my lips to any confession about my companion.

"At the very instant of my resurrection I began a life of deception. I have lived that life for twenty years. Until to-night that terrible secret has been untold. It has eaten like corrosive acid into my otherwise honest existence, but I have given no sign of my terrible remorse. I am a murderer. This occasion we have met to celebrate will end by my giving myself up to justice. That I had resolved upon when and before I came here. Though the man has been dead for twenty years——"

"The man is not dead, Clarke! Thank God for it, old friend—thank God for it!" was cried in a loud voice. "I declare it—I, Friburt. Gentlemen, listen to me!" he shouted, springing to his feet, and trying to quiet the commotion which followed the



UNDER THE CULVERT.—"'OH, CLARKE! DO YOU REMEMBER THIS?' SNATCHING HIS WIG FROM HIS HEAD, AND REVEALING A SCAR RUNNING DIAGONALLY ACROSS HIS BARE SCALP."—SEE PAGE 492.

XUM

close of the strange story of Mr. Clarke, and the still louder noise created by his astounding announcement. "Oh, Clarke! do you remember this?"—snatching his wig from his head and revealing a scar running diagonally across his bare scalp. "You saw it that day when we met on the cross-road through the forest. You said so yourself a few minutes ago. And have you forgotten that I wore one boot and one shoe that day? And can't you recall the tin-type I showed you of my wife and two children—twins, old fellow? Ah, you do remember them! You—— Catch him, quick!"

The old gentleman had grown very pale at Friburt's outburst and revelation. He had risen to his feet and swung to and fro in his place, his lips moving without sound, his fingers clutching at but grasping nothing.

Then, like a flash, he threw up his arms, and, with a little faint cry of "God be praised!" he reeled and fell backward in Friburt's arms in a dead faint.

In a little while they brought the old gentleman back to consciousness, and then Friburt told his story.

"It doesn't seem much to me now," he said—"nor did it that night, after I found myself safe, though it was hard to be kicked out of life. But it was your life or mine, Clarke, and I never blamed you for doing what you did. I went rolling and tumbling down that creek in lively style, until I was jammed against a log. I sailed away on that for half an hour, until it struck land. Then I jumped off, and, like a veteran tramp, put off for a farmhouse. The people there told me the railroad was eight miles distant, and as I thought you were either dead or in safety by that time, I turned in for a sleep. Newspapers weren't very plenty in those days, so that our little adventure never got abroad.

"We've both worked in this city, side by side, for a dozen years, and to-night's the first I've heard of this trouble of yours, or knew that you were my vagrant companion on that terrible night. You're not a murderer, Clarke—and the happiest moment of my life is to stand here to prove your self-condemnation to be false. Clarke, don't look at me so, and stop wearing out your old legs by waltzing around in that kind of style. Sit down, all of you, and let us drink to the health of our friend, who has found out that he is a better man than he thought he was. May the knowledge add twenty years to his life."

AN OLD SEA-DOG.

Sir William Monson was of a good Lincolnshire family, and at an early age entered Baliol College, Oxford, where he remained a couple of years, till the excitement of the war with Spain determined him to run away to sea, as he did not expect to get the consent of his parents. At this date, 1585, he was only sixteen years of age. "I put myself," says he, "into an action by sea, where there was in company of us two small ships, fitted for men-of-war, that authorized us by commission to seize upon the subjects of the King of Spain. Then made I the sea my profession, being led to it by the wildness of my youth." He had not long to wait for adventure. "A strong and obstinate ship of Holland" was encountered, whose captain had the audacity not to strike his flag immediately, when required to do so. The Dutch vessel had an English pilot on board, through whom communication was held; and the master of the privateer, by a ruse of navigation, ordering his helmsman in a loud voice to "port his helm," while in an undertone he instructed him to do just the reverse, nearly fouled the Dutchman, whose men got out oars and fenders to prevent the impending collision. "When we saw their people thus employed," says Monson, "and not to have time to take arms, we suddenly boarded, entered, and took her by this stratagem." Monson, when an old man, used to chuckle over his boyish share in this exploit, and includes it among "stratagems to be used at sea" in his "Tracts."

But he was to have speedily a better opportunity of distinguishing himself. The privateer on which he served —for she was nothing more—encountered a large Biscayan ship off the Spanish coast, whose captain refused to strike. A few of the English crew, including Monson, managed to board her, when the sea suddenly rose, and this mere handful were left on the Spaniard's decks, while the privateer was compelled to ungrapple. The storm increased, and it was not possible to succor the little band, who fought for *eleven* hours, from eight o'clock in the evening to seven the next morning. The Spaniards attempted to blow up the deck which they maintained, but "were prevented by fire-pikes," and at last surrendered, after a desperate contest. The decks were covered with the dead and dying. "I dare say," says the narrator of the event, "that in the whole time of the war there was not so rare a manner of fight, or so great a slaughter of men."

Monson, who had now received his "baptism of fire" with a vengeance, determined that nothing should take him from his adopted profession, and it is presumable that his friends became reconciled to it, for we find him suddenly raised, at one step, from the grade of a volunteer to the rank of captain, although but eighteen years old! Family influence, doubtless, had something to do with it. Gentlemen captains, who were often brave men, but who knew little enough about naval affairs, were common in those days. Raleigh distinguishes them very distinctly from the "tarpauling captain," or mariner, who had learned his profession from a youth up. Monson, however, as his writings prove, soon became an adept in navigation and all the arts of seamanship.

Passing over a voyage in which Monson was nearly shipwrecked, we come to 1589, when he accompanied the Earl of Cumberland in his expedition to the Azores. The crews were reduced to great distress from want of water, and while cruising among the islands, a grand spout was seen issuing apparently from one of their cliffs. Cumberland asked Monson to go with four men and find out whether it was available for their use. While they were rowing toward the land, a great whale, lying asleep on the water, was noted from the ship, and was mistaken for a rock, whereupon the vessel tacked about and put to sea, leaving Monson to his fate. (The original narrative does not explain whether the waterspout, noticed from the ship, had proceeded from the whale, before it fell asleep.) "I had no sooner," says Monson, "set my foot ashore, than it began to be dark with night and fog, and to blow, rain, thunder and lighten in the cruelest manner that I have seen. There was no way for me to escape death but to put myself to the mercy of the sea; neither could I have any great hope of help in life, for the ship was out of sight, and there only appeared a light upon the shrouds to direct me."

The narrative says that a countryman of Monson's prevailed upon his lordship, the Earl of Cumberland, to forbear sailing. This was, one would think, scarcely necessary, as Monson was his second in command; but stress of weather will probably account for the vessel being driven some distance. They rowed and rowed, but lost all sight of the ship. At length, in despair, they fired their last charge of powder from a musket. The flash was seen through the fog, and they were saved. "We were preserved," says the narrative, "rather by miracle than any human act; and to make it the more strange, we were no sooner risen from our seats, and ropes in our hands to enter the ship, but the boat sunk immediately." The subsequent sufferings of the crew from continued want of water have rarely been equaled. "For sixteen days together," says Monson, "we never tasted a drop of drink, either of beer, wine or water; and, though we had plenty of beef and pork of a year's salting, yet did we forbear eating it, for making us the drier. Many drank salt water, and those that did died suddenly; and the last words they usually spoke were, 'Drink, drink, drink!'" There were five hundred men on board, and the mortality, though not expressly stated in numbers, is said to have been something fearful. At last they made the coast of Ireland, and obtained relief. So severely was Monson's health affected by this voyage, that he retired from the active pursuit of his profession for a year afterward.

Again he joined the Earl of Cumberland in 1591 on an expedition directed against Spain, off the coasts of which he successfully took two caravels by one of the stratagems for which he was famous. He had boarded one from the ship's boat; he manned her with a part of his boat's crew, and rowed back to his ship. The Spaniards on the other caravel, far in the distance, thought that the first, her consort, had been dismissed, and so shortened sail to meet her; and was consequently taken unawares by a mere handful of men. But Monson only wanted to obtain information as to the enemy, and let them both off. This act turned out fortunately for him; for shortly afterward, being left in charge of a prize taken from the Dutch, he was attacked by the Spaniards in six galleys—the consequence being that he was taken prisoner, when he found that his recent conduct toward the caravels had been reported favorably, and he was treated with more courtesy than had been usual before. But he was to suffer a long captivity for all that. At the Tagus he would probably have escaped, had not an unforeseen chance prevented. While the galleys were in the harbor, a Brazilian, master of a Dutch ship, chanced to come on board that on which Monson was confined, and, pitying his hard fate, offered to take him off on his vessel, if he could devise any plan which should not implicate himself. Monson gave out to the rest of the prisoners that, tired of his life, he intended to drown himself. His intention really was to drop quietly into the water, and if possible to swim to the friendly bark. But just before he had made his arrangements, the galleys were ordered to sea, and when they returned the ship had sailed.

It was probably fortunate for him that he did not make the attempt, as, had it been frustrated, he would have probably suffered death, as did an Italian a short time afterward, who had been trying to raise a general conspiracy on board. His execution was effected in the most horrible manner, his arms and legs being severally tied to the sterns of four galleys, which were rowed in four different directions, thus quartering him.

Monson was afterward removed to the Castle of Lisbon, from which an attempt on his part to escape was frustrated by the treachery of an English interpreter there, whom he had been forced to employ. Fortunately, the letter which he had intrusted to a page, who was to have conveyed it *in his boots* to Lord Burleigh, became so saturated and obliterated by rain that nothing could be made of it, and the whole matter was allowed to pass. Not so, however, after he had helped a Portuguese to escape, who had been condemned to death. The latter, aided by Monson's skill, managed to pass the sentinels disguised as a soldier, and then, lowering himself by a rope, effected his plans. The flight having been discovered, Monson was accused of having assisted him, and was taken before the judge. "But neither threats nor promises of liberty could induce him to confess. He pleaded that he was a prisoner of war, that he was subject to the law of honor and arms, and that it was lawful for him to seek his freedom; he urged the improbability of holding such intercourse as was imputed to him with one whose language he did not understand; and he concluded by cautioning them to be wary what violence they offered him, as he had friends in England, and was of a nation that could and would revenge his wrongs."

The latter argument probably it was that carried the day; but until released—no doubt by exchange—he was closely guarded.

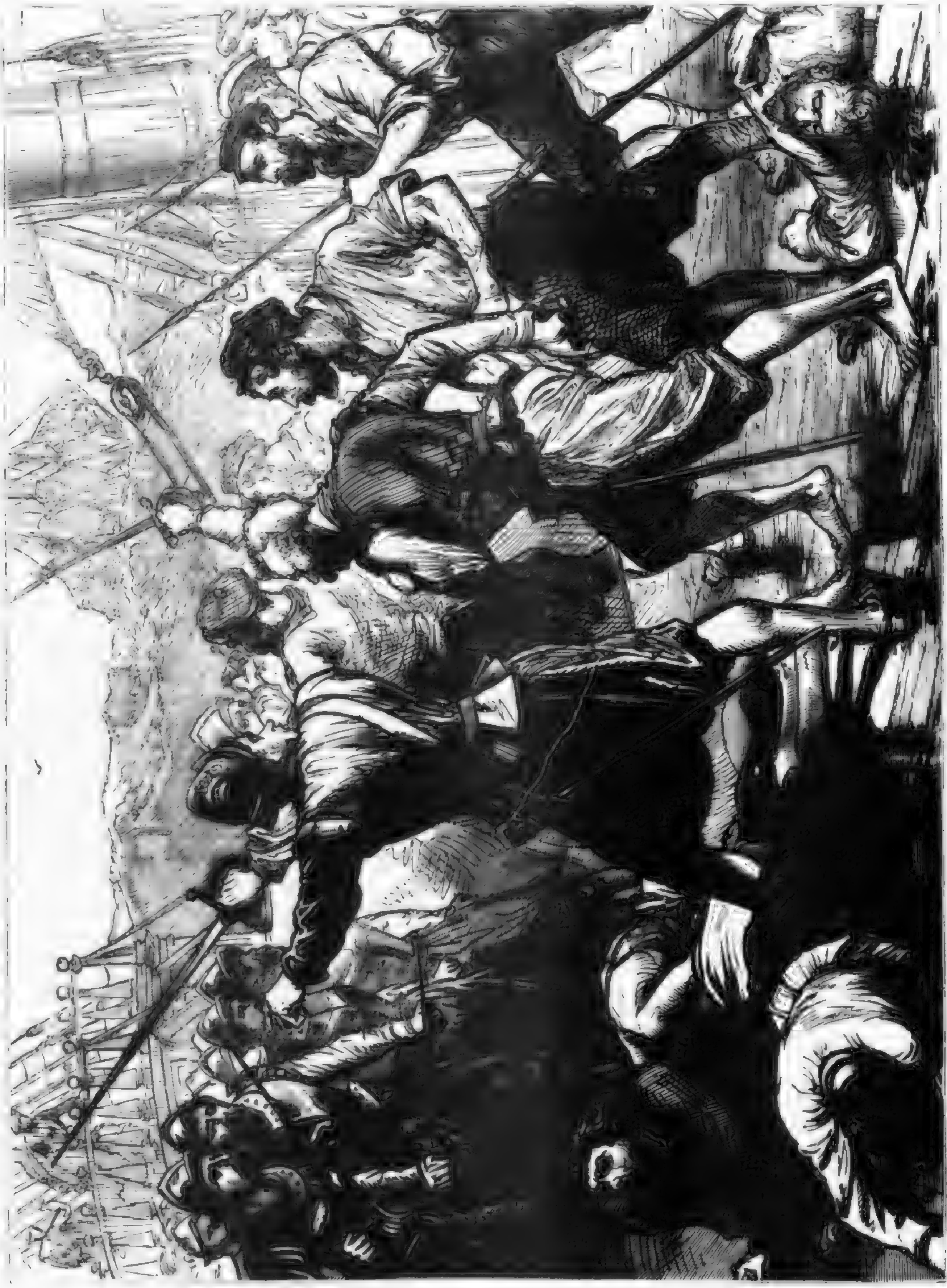
In 1593, Monson again joined Cumberland, and considering the fidelity which he had always shown to that admiral, the latter seems to have treated him very badly. In the course of their voyage, a dozen Spanish hulks laden with powder were taken, half of which were left to Monson to haul over, while his admiral put to sea with the rest. Monson had with him only about fifty men. What was his surprise toward night, to find that Cumberland had released the hulks which he had taken, and that they were crowding on all sail to join their consorts in his charge, with hostile intent, which it would be madness on his part to attempt to frustrate. He barely escaped; when the enemy boarded him on one side of his vessel, he leaped into the long-boat on the other side, receiving a wound which remained all his days. Southey certainly puts it mildly when he says, "The conduct of the Earl of Cumberland in this affair admits of no reasonable or satisfactory explanations," for it looks far more like downright treachery.

A couple of years afterward, the earl very plainly declared his colors by first inducing him to join him in his voyage, and then superseding him. Monson could not brook this, and returned, after some adventures, to England, where we soon find him with the Earl of Essex, in the expedition to Cadiz. At that most remarkable siege, he was in the thick of the fight ashore with Essex, where he received a shot through his scarf and breeches; another shot took away the handle and pommel of his sword, while he remained uninjured. But his principal services were in connection with the destruction of the fleet, which meant a loss of six or seven millions sterling to Spain. "The King of Spain," says Monson, "never received so great an overthrow and so great an indignity at our hands as this; for our attempt was at his own home, in his own ports, that he thought as safe as his chamber, where we took and destroyed his ships-of-war, burnt and consumed the wealth of his merchants, sacked his city, ransomed his subjects, and entered his country without impeachment." Monson was knighted for his conduct at this siege.

The abundant "pluck" possessed by Monson is illustrated in the following example: In 1597, on the island expedition, Monson's ship was separated some distance from the admiral's squadron, when a fleet of twenty-five sail was noted approaching in the dead of the night. Not being able to distinguish their flag, he determined to reconnoitre for himself, before signaling to the English ships. He approached them in his boat, hailing them in Spanish, and they, replying that they were of that nationality, asked whence he came. He replied that he was of England, and told them that his ship, then in sight, was a royal galleon, and could be easily taken; his object being to make them pursue him, so that he might gradually lead them into the wake of the squadron. All he got for this impudently gallant attempt, was a volley of bad language and another of shot.

XUM

But all Monson's exploits pale before an action which occurred in Cerimbra Roads, in which a great treasure-ship was cut out, in sight of a fortress and eleven galleys, and within hearing of the guns of Lisbon. He was then associated with Admiral Sir Richard Lewson, but the principal part of the service was performed by himself. When the carrack and galleys were discovered lying at anchor, a council was held on board the admiral's vessel, which occupied the better part of a day, as many of the captains thought it folly to attempt to capture a great ship defended by a fortress and eleven galleys. Monson thought differently, and it was at length agreed that he and the admiral should anchor as near the carrack as they could, while the other and smaller vessels should ply up and down, holding themselves in readiness for any emergency. It is likely, as Southey remarks, that "the sight of these galleys reminded Sir William of the slavery he had endured at Lisbon in similar vessels, if not, indeed, in some of these

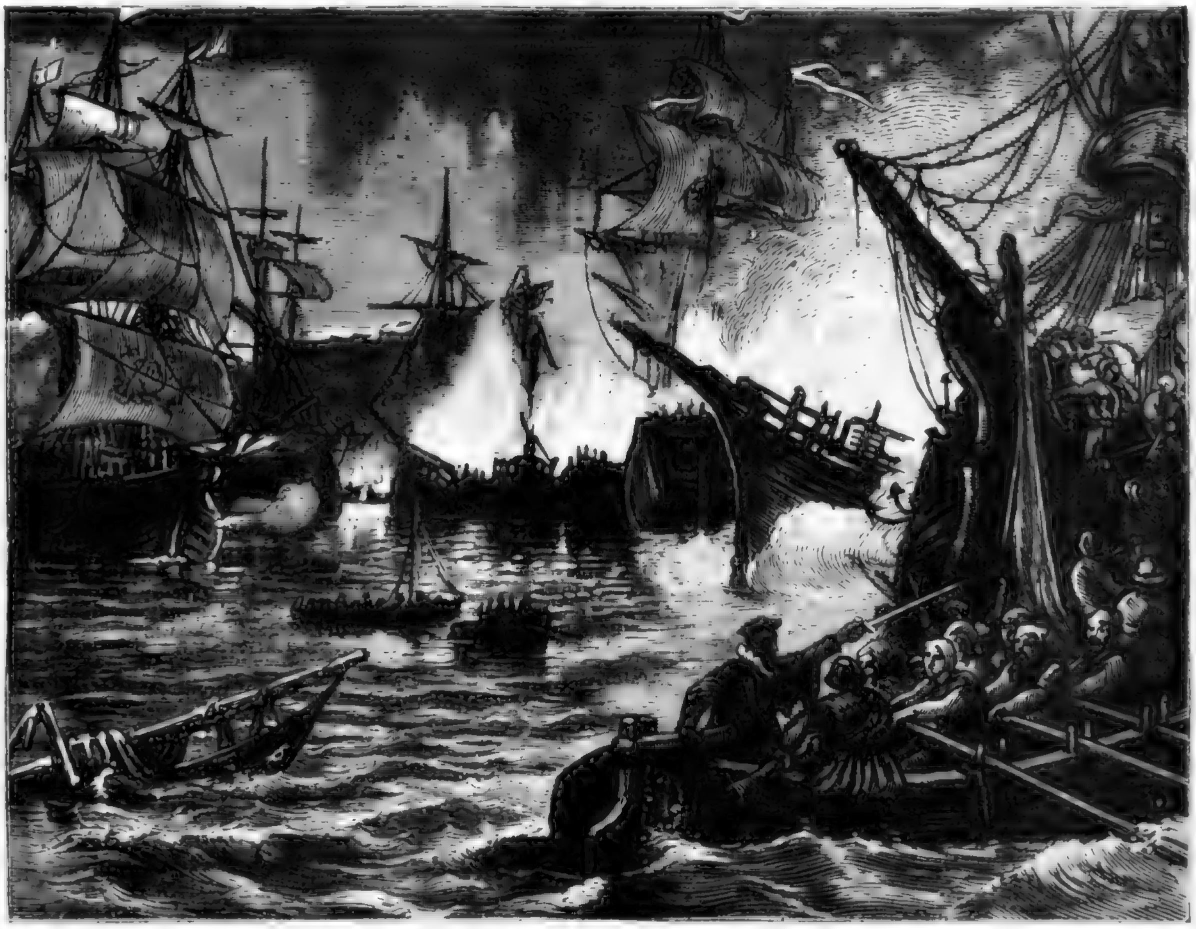


MONSON AND THE BISCAYAN SHIP.

identical craft, and he longed to take revenge upon them." Monson says that, in order to show contempt of them, he separated from the rest of the fleet, by way of challenging and defying them. "The Marquis of St. Cruz, general of the Portuguese, and Frederick Spinola, general of the galleys, accepted the invitation, and put out with the intention of fighting him; but they were diverted from their purpose by a renegade Englishman, who knew the force of the vice-admiral's ship, and that she was commanded by Monson."

The town of Cerimbra lies at the bottom of a roadstead, which usually affords protection for shipping. It had at that time a strong fortress close to the beach, and a fortified castle, while there was a troop of soldiers ashore, whose numerous tents lined the coast. The galleys were partly covered or flanked by a neck of rock, and the batteries could play over them, thus affording them great protection, while they could themselves keep up a continuous fire at any approaching vessel. Again, Monson tells us, "there was no man but imagined that most of the carrack's lading was ashore, and that they would hale her aground under the castle, where no ship of ours would be able to come at her—all which objections, with many more, were alleged, yet they little prevailed." Procrastination was perilous, and therefore, with all expedition, they thought convenient to charge the town, the fort, the galleys and carrack, all at one instant. This was done next morning, although a gale sprung up about the time of the attack. The admiral weighed, fired the signal-gun, hoisted his flag, and was the first at the attack; "after him followed the rest of the ships, showing great valor, and gaining great honor. The last of all was Monson himself, who, entering into the fight, still strove to get up as near the shore as he could, where he came to anchor, continually fighting with the town, the fort, the galleys and the carrack all together; for he brought them betwixt him, that he might play both his broadsides upon them. The galleys still kept their prows toward him. The slaves offered to forsake them . . . and everything was in confusion amongst them; and thus they fought till five of the clock in the afternoon."

Monson's stratagems and rapidity of action paralyzed the commanders of the galleys, and the men rowed about wildly to avoid him, not knowing what to do. The admiral came on board his ship, and, embracing him in the presence of the ship's company, declared that "he had won his heart for ever."



MONSON AT CADIZ.

And so the battle raged till the enemy showed such evident signs of weakness that it was proposed to board the carrack. Here, however, the admiral interposed, as he wished to preserve the treasure on board. The ships were ordered to cease firing, and one Captain Sewell, who had been four years a prisoner on the galleys—from one of which he had only just escaped by swimming—was selected to parley with them. He was to promise honorable conditions, but insist that as the English held the roadstead, as several of the galleys were *hors de combat*, and the castle powerless, they must expect the worst in a case of refusal. The captain of the carrack would not treat with an officer who had so recently been a slave in their power, but sent a deputation of Portuguese gentlemen of quality, desiring that they should be met by those of similar rank in the English service. They were, of course, properly received, but having delivered their message, evinced a great desire to hasten back; they revealed the real state of affairs by admitting that it was a moot question on the carrack whether the parley ought to be entertained, or the vessel set on fire. Monson's promptitude saved the situation. Not waiting to hear any more, nor receiving any instruction from Admiral Lewson, he ordered his men to row

XUM

him to the carrack. Several officers on board recognized him, and the commander, Don Diego Lobo, a young man of family, motioning his men apart, received him courteously. After some little palaver, Monson informing Don Diego of the rank he held in the expedition, and assuring him of his high regard for the Portuguese nation, the real business of their interview was approached. Diego asked that he, his officers and men, should be put on shore that night; that the ship and its ordnance should be respected, and its flags remain suspended; the treasure he would concede to the victors. Monson agreed to the first proposition, excepting only that he required a certain number of hostages whom he would detain three days, but laughed at the idea of separating the ship and its contents; and stated that "he was resolved never to permit a Spanish flag to be worn in the presence of the Queen's ships, unless it were disgracefully over the poop."

A long discussion followed, and Monson, who was determined to have his way, made a show of descending to his boat. His firmness won the day, and all his demands were eventually conceded, after which he conducted Don Diego and eight gentlemen on board his ship, "when they supped, had a variety of music, and spent the night in great jollity." This is Monson's account; it is doubtful whether the Portuguese were thoroughly enjoying themselves under the circumstances!

When next day Sir William accompanied them on shore, he found the Count de Vidigueira at the head of a force numbering 20,000 men, whose services were not of much account now. The disgust ashore at the comparatively easy victory attained by the English may be imagined. Besides the capture of the carrack, two of the galleys were burnt and sunk; the captain of another was taken prisoner, and the others fled during the engagement, although they were afterward shamed into returning by the heroic behavior of Spinola, who defended the carrack against desperate odds. The total loss of life in the town, castle and vessels, although never accurately known, must have been immense, while the victory was purchased by the English with the loss of only six men, scarcely a larger number being wounded.

The carrack, named the *St. Valentine*, was a vessel of 1,700 tons burden; she had wintered at Mozambique on her return from the Indies, where a fatal malady killed the bulk of her crew—indeed, it is stated that out of more than six hundred men scarce twenty survived the whole voyage. The Viceroy of Portugal sent the galleys before named to protect her, and put on board 400 volunteers. The value of this prize was close on £200,000. It is just to Monson to state that he offered Diego "permission to take out of her whatever portion of the freight he could conscientiously claim as his own." This proposal the proud young commander declined. His life afterward was a series of misfortunes. He was thrown into prison for losing the carrack; escaped from captivity only to languish an exile in Italy; and at last died just as fortune once more seemed to smile upon him by offering him a chance in his own King's service.

On the accession of James I. a general peace ensued, so far as England was concerned. All in all, the rest was beneficial to the navy, and many defects were remedied and reforms inaugurated. In one of the earliest reports presented to the King on the condition of the navy, after enumerating certain pressing needs, we find the estimate for its *annual* expenditure placed at rather less than £21,000—an amount which a single ironclad would have swallowed up entirely, and got considerably into debt. James caused one fine vessel to be constructed, in 1610, in which every improvement known at the time was introduced. She was christened the *Prince Royal.* Stow describes her as follows: "This year the King builded a most goodly ship for warre, the keel whereof was 114 feet in length, and the cross-beam was 44 feet in length; she will carry 64 pieces of ordnance, and is of the burthen of 1,400 tons. This royal ship is double built, and is most sumptuously adorned, within and without, with all manner of curious carving, painting and rich gilding—being in all respects the greatest and goodliest ship that was ever builded in England. And this glorious ship the King gave to his son Henry, Prince of Wales; and the 24th September, the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Lady Elizabeth, with many great lords, went unto Woolwich to see it launched; but because of the narrowness of the dock it could not then be launched; whereupon the Prince came the next morning by three o'clock, and then at the launching thereof the Prince named it after his own dignity, and called it the *Prince.*" Phineas Pett, one of a family of leading naval constructors of those days, was its builder. A well-known authority says, "Were the absurd profusion of ornament with which the *Prince Royal* is decorated removed, its contour or general appearance would not so materially differ from the modern vessel of the same size as to render it an uncommon sight, or a ship in which mariners would hesitate at proceeding to sea, on account of any glaring defects in its form, that in their opinion might render it unsafe to undertake a common voyage in."

A very large number of superior vessels were added to the royal navy during this epoch, but the commercial marine was in a bad way until late in James's reign. What its condition was at this time may be gathered from the fact that in 1615, half-way in the reign, there were not more than ten vessels of 200 tons burden each in the port of London. Less than seven years afterward, such was the improvement, that Newcastle alone could boast more than a hundred, each of which exceeded that tonnage.

During this peaceful epoch Monson had to fulfill an unthankful office as guardian of the narrow seas—*i.e.*, the English and Irish Channels, and adjacent waters. He had to transport princes and ambassadors while war was going on, and, as it would seem from a paper included in his "Tracts," at his own expense. This document runs at a first glimpse very curiously. Take one entry—"1604, August 4. The Constable of Castile at his coming over, 200 (followers) 3 (meals)." An unconscionable number of followers and very few meals, it would seem, for so many; but it doubtless means three meals apiece on the passage from Calais or Dunkirk to Dover. The retinue of "followers" sometimes aggregated as many as 300.

During this period Monson made some careful notes on the Dutch fisheries, then a most important source of revenue to that nation, while England's were almost entirely overlooked. Nine thousand Dutch vessels were thus kept employed, a considerable proportion of which were on the British coasts. Monson was employed at intervals for two years in combating similar encroachments on the part of French fishermen. "The adventurous spirit of the age," says Southey, "was averse to an employment so tranquil and so near home." Men would rather seek the uttermost parts of the earth in a vain search for wealth, than settle down to a certain, safe and profitable employment. Monson waxes eloquently indignant on the subject in one of his chapters. "My meaning is," he says, "not to leave our fruitful soil untilled, our seas unfrequented, our islands unpeopled, or to seek remote and strange countries disinhabited, and uncivil Indians untamed, where nothing appears to us but earth, wood and water at our first arrival; for all other hope

XUM

must depend on our labor and costly expenses, on the adventures of the sea, on the honesty of undertakers—and all these at last producing nothing but tobacco *—a new-invented useless weed, as too much use and custom make it apparent. . . . You shall be made to know, that though you be born on an island seated in the ocean, frequented by invisible fish, swimming from one shore to the other, yet your experience has not taught you the benefits and blessings arising from that fish. I doubt not but to give you that light therein, that you shall confess yourselves blinded, and be willing to blow from you the foul mist that has been an impediment to your sight; you shall be awakened from your drowsy sleep, and rouse yourselves to follow this best business that ever was presented to England, or King thereof—nay, I will be bold to say, to any State in the world. I will not except the discoveries of the West Indies by Columbus—an act of greatest renown, of greatest profit, and that has been of greatest consequence to the Spanish nation."

Exaggerated as all this may appear, Monson was right in his estimation of the profitable nature of the business. At that time the Dutch used to vend their fish in every European market, and obtain in exchange the productions of all countries. Monson also remarks on the carelessness of the English at that time in regard to lobsters, oysters and lampreys, all of which the Dutch obtained from the British coasts.

In order to encourage the fisheries, an Act had been passed prohibiting butchers from killing meat in Lent, and Monson wished it to be made compulsory on the rural population to consume fish. "Neither," says he, "will it seem a thing unreasonable to enjoin every yeoman and farmer within the kingdom to take a barrel of fish for their own spending, considering they save the value thereof in other victuals; and that it is no more than the fisherman will do to them to take off their wheat, malt, butter and cheese for their food to sea."

This agitation did good, in calling attention to a neglected industry. The great enemies of the fishermen then were the pirates who infested the coasts, and who, if they ran short of provisions, looked upon them as their natural providers, rarely, if ever, paying for what they took. And before passing to other subjects, let us accompany Monson—on paper—on a little expedition he took against some of the said pirates.

So considerable an amount of alarm had been caused by piratical adventurers on the coasts of Scotland, that King James was, in 1614, urgently requested to send some royal ships there. Sir William Monson and Sir Francis Howard were dispatched at once, and after calling at Leith to obtain information, and also the service of pilots, proceeded to the Orkney Islands. Touching at Sinclair Castle, the residence of the Earl of Caithness, situate on "the utmost promontory" of Britain, they learned that the accounts had been exaggerated. There were only two pirates known to the earl, and, indeed, one of them, whom Monson took, could scarcely be deemed such at all; he was a common sailor, and when he had found out the nature of the service to which he had been engaged, he had abandoned it as soon as possible. Clarke, the other adventurer, to whom the title of pirate more fairly belonged, had been ashore to the castle a day previously, and had been entertained in a friendly way, the fact being that the earl and his tenants were a little afraid of him as an ugly customer.

Hearing that Sir William was on the coast, he had fled. Monson, therefore, finding it useless and needless to remain at Caithness, sailed for Orkney, where he left Sir Francis Howard, while he proceeded to explore the coasts in detail, putting into every inlet where it was likely Clarke or other pirates might be hidden. He was unsuccessful in his search, and at length decided to make for Broad Haven, a noted rendezvous for pirates, partly on account of its remoteness and inaccessibility, and partly because one Cormat dwelt there, who, with his daughters, entertained these thieving adventurers with great cordiality. On the voyage he encountered a terrible gale, "that it were fit only for a poet to describe." One of his vessels was engulfed in the seas, and no traces of it or of its crew remained, while the others were dispersed and did not see each other again till all met in England. Monson had now alone to beard the lion in his den.

Arrived at Broad Haven, which he describes as "the well-head of all pirates," he made good use of the half-pirate he had secured, the only person on board who knew anything of that den of sea-thieves. This man, with some others of the crew who had had some experience in piratical pursuits before, were sent to Cormat, "the gentleman of the place," with a well-concocted story. Monson was described, for the nonce, as one Captain Manwaring, a grand sea-rover, liberal to all he liked, and whose ship was full of wealth. "To give a greater appearance of truth to all this, the crafty messenger used the names of several pirates of his acquaintance, and feigned messages to the women from their sweethearts, making them believe that he had tokens from them on board. The hope of wealth and reward set the hearts of the whole family on fire; and the women were so overjoyed by the love-tales and presents, that no suspicion of deceit entered into their minds."

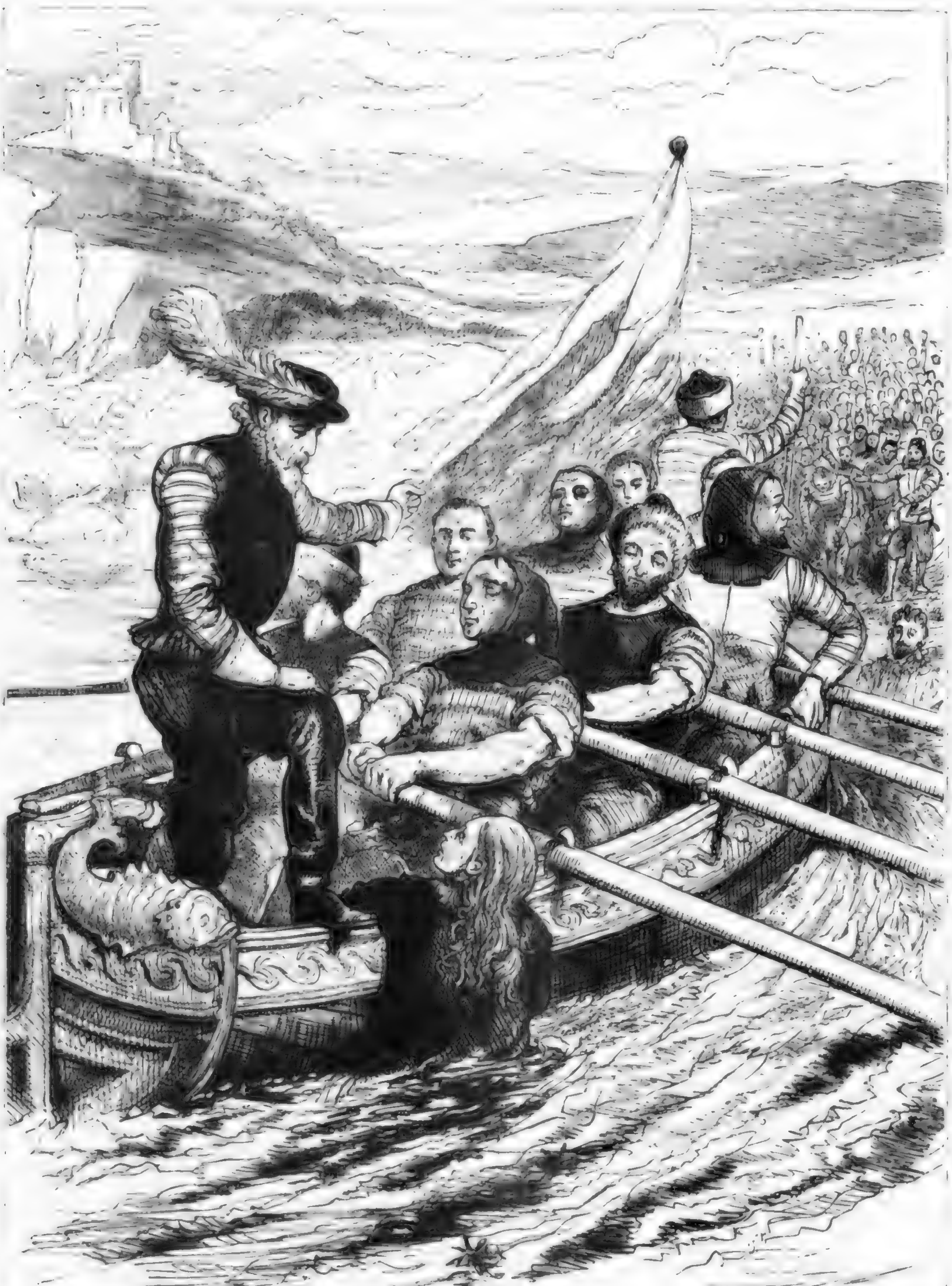
Cormat proffered his services, and recounted how many pirates he had assisted, at great peril to himself; he further volunteered to send two "gentlemen of trust" on board next day, as hostages for his sincerity. He recommended that some of them should come ashore next day, armed, and kill some of the neighbors' cattle; this was intended, doubtless, to frighten the poor settlers round, so that he himself might derive all the benefit of Manwaring's visit. Next morning the farce began, the first part of the programme being followed as Cormat had directed: Captain Chester, with fifty men, was dispatched ashore by Monson; some cattle were killed, and the pseudo-pirates, swaggering and rollicking, were invited to Cormat's house, where they received a riotous welcome. Cormat's two ambassadors went on board Monson's vessel, and delivered a friendly message. When they had delivered it, Sir William desired them to observe everything around them carefully, and to tell him whether they thought that ship and company were pirates. It was idle to dissemble any longer, especially as these men could not, if they would, betray Sir William's design. He accordingly reproached them for their transgressions, told them to prepare for death, and ordered them to be put in irons, taking care that neither boat nor man should be allowed to go on shore until he was ready to land.

When he at length went ashore to visit Cormat, four or five hundred people had assembled on the beach to receive the famous "Captain Manwaring." He pretended to be doubtful of their intentions, when they redoubled their protestations of friendship, three of the principal men running into the water up to their armpits, striving who should have the honor of carrying him ashore. One of these was an Irish merchant, who did a thriving trade with the pirates; another was a schoolmaster; and the third was an Englishman, who had formerly been a tradesman in London.

---

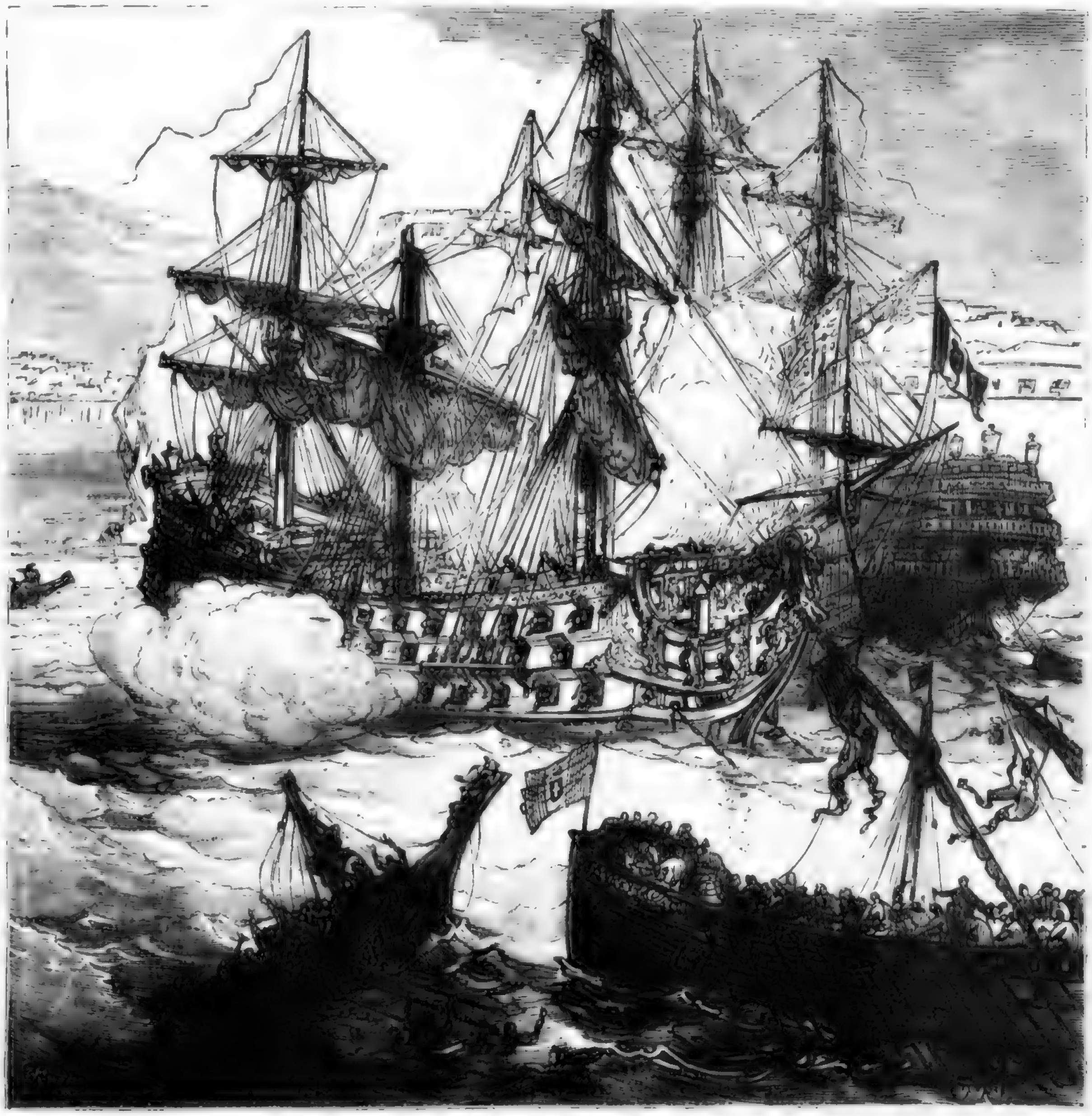
* This contemptuous allusion refers, of course, to the tobacco brought from the newly-formed plantations in Virginia.

These gentry conducted Sir William to Cormat's house amid huzzas and shouts of welcome, everybody seeking to ingratiate himself with the supposed pirate. "'Happy was he,' says Monson, 'to whom he would lend his ear.' Falling into discourse, one told him they knew his friends, and though his name had not discovered it, yet his face did show him to be a Manwaring." In short, they made him believe he might command them and their country, and that no man ever was so welcome as Captain Manwaring. At the house a scene of revelry ensued; the harper played merrily for the company, who danced on the floor, which had been newly strewed with rushes for the occasion. The women made endless inquiries for their distant lovers, and no suspicion seems to have crossed the minds of any in regard to the fate of the two ambassadors, who were supposed to be enjoying themselves with the sailors on board.



MONSON AT BROAD HAVEN.

In the height of the festivities, the Englishman was particularly communicative; showed Sir William a pass for the interior which he had obtained by false pretenses from the sheriff, authorizing him to travel from Clare to make inquisition for goods supposed to have been lost at sea, and which enabled him to journey and sell his plunder without suspicion. He even proffered the services of ten mariners who were hiding in the neighborhood, and Monson, of course, pretended heartily to accept their services, promising a reward. He asked the man to write them a letter, which at once he did, as follows: "Honest brother Dick and the rest, we are all made men, for valiant Captain Manwaring and all his gallant crew are arrived in this place. Make haste, for he flourished in wealth, and is most kind to all men. Farewell, and once again make haste." Monson took charge of the letter, and would, doubtless, have used it, had not the approach of night obliged him to bring about the *dénouement* of this play. The comedy was all at once to change into a tragedy.



ACTION IN CERIMBRA ROADS.

In the midst of their riotous mirth, he suddenly desired the harper to cease, and in serious and solemn tones commanded silence. He told them that, hitherto, "they had played their part, and he had no share in the comedy; but though his was last, and might be termed the epilogue, yet it would prove more tragical than theirs." He undeceived them as to his being a pirate, and declared his real business was to punish and suppress all such, whom his Majesty did not think worthy the name of subjects. "There now remained nothing but to proceed to their executions, by virtue of his commission; for which purpose he had brought a gallows ready framed, which he caused to be set up, intending to begin the mournful dance with the two men they thought had been merrymaking aboard the ship. As to the Englishman, he should come next, because, being an Englishman, his offense did surpass the rest. He told the schoolmaster he was a fit tutor for the children of the devil, and that as members are governed by the head, the way to make his members sound was to shorten him by the head, and therefore willed him to admonish his scholars from the top of the gallows, which should be a pulpit prepared for him. He condemned the merchant as a receiver of stolen goods, and worse than the thief himself; reminding him that his time was not long, and hoping that he might make his account with God, and that he might be found a good merchant and factor to Him, though he had been a malefactor to the law."

One can imagine the change which came over the assembly; all their high spirits were quenched in a minute, while the principals abandoned themselves to despair, believing that their hour was at hand. When Sir William left them to go aboard, the carpenter was still hammering away at the gallows.

XUM

Next morning the prisoners were brought out to meet their doom, and were kept waiting in an agony of terror, while the people generally were suing for their lives, and promising that they would never assist or connive at pirates again. Sir William had never really the intention to hang any of them, and "after four-and-twenty hours' fright in irons he pardoned them"; the Englishman being the only one who suffered any actual punishment. He was banished from the coast, and the sheriff was admonished to be more careful in granting passes for the future.

The very next day, while still at Broad Haven, Sir William nearly captured a pirate who was entering the harbor, when the latter took alarm at seeing a strange vessel, and stood off to sea, where he remained six days in foul weather. A day later the pirate anchored at an island near Broad Haven, and contrived to forward a letter to Cormat, who, having just escaped one danger, did not desire to risk his neck again; he accordingly showed the letter to Monson. It ran as follows: "Dear Friend:—I was bearing into Broad Haven to give you corn for ballast, but I was frightened by the King's ship I supposed to be there. I pray you send me word what ship it is, for we stand in great fear. I pray you, provide me two kine, for we are in great want of victuals; whensoever you shall make a fire on shore, I will send my boat to you." This just suited Monson, who had a particular aptitude for stratagem. He directed Cormat to answer his request in the affirmative. "He bid him be confident this ship could not endanger him—for she was not the King's, as he imagined, but one of London that came from the Indies with her men sick and many dead. He promised him two oxen and a calf; to observe his directions by making a fire; and gave him hope to see him within two nights." A few of the ship's company, disguised in Irish costumes of the period, were sent to accompany the messenger, with instructions to remain in ambush. The hungry pirates were keeping a sharp lookout for the beacon fire, and it was no sooner lighted than they hastily rowed ashore and received the letter, which gave them great satisfaction.

Sir William, meanwhile, was quietly laying plans for their capture. Guided by the Irish peasantry, he took a number of his company a roundabout trip by land and water till he brought them suddenly upon the place where the fire was made, and the pirates were taken so unawares that they yielded without an effort to escape. The whole gang was seized and taken to Broad Haven, where the captain was hanged as an example to the rest.

Monson so completely cleared the coast of pirates, and frightened those who had aided them, that on his way home, "groping along the coast," he could not obtain a pilot. Monson's active career, although it extended to the reign of Charles I., was now nearly over.

THE HAND.

By F. Jeffrey Bell, B.A., F.Z.S., British Museum.

In treating of any part of the body, we may deal with it in one of two ways: we may speak of its uses or functions, its present powers and its educated possibilities—that is, we may treat of it from a *physiological* point of view; or, on the contrary, we may deal with its structure, its variations and its history—that is to say, we may deal with it *morphologically*. In the present paper we shall speak chiefly of this second aspect of our subject, and we shall at once commence what we have to say with a short description of the human hand.

Like all similar parts, this may be divided into three regions, the simplest names for which are wrist (*carpus*), palm (*metacarpus*) and digits. Of the digits, or fingers, there are five, all but one of which are provided with three joints (*phalanges*); the single exception is the thumb, in which there are but two joints. The ordinary names for the other digits are: (1) pointer or index; (2) middle finger; (3) ring finger—so called as being that on which Christian brides, at any rate, have been in the habit of wearing the marriage-ring, and whence, as the beautiful fable reports, a vein goes direct to the heart; (4) little finger (minimus). That foot of a verse which is known as the *dactyl*, and which is made up of one long and two short syllables, is so called from the Greek word for a finger. The palm also exhibits the number five, consisting as it does of five elongated and slender bones, terminating in large rounded heads, on which the first joints of the fingers can easily play.

The wrist itself is short and broad, and in man is made up of eight bones arranged in two rows; on the one side it is connected with the bones of the palm, and on the other with the outer bone (*radius*) of the fore-arm, and indirectly with the inner bone (*ulna*). It will not be necessary to give all the hard names of these, but there are one or two which demand a special notice; and first of all, that which is connected with the thumb. As is well known, this digit is, in ourselves, capable of an extraordinary amount of movement, and, by itself, might be said to be nearly equal to all the other digits put together; thus, it is capable of movement in two distinct planes: it can move inward over the palm, and it can also move downward so as to be set at right angles to the palm and fingers. Such an arrangement has naturally enough excited the admiration, and at times inflamed the reason, of naturalists. The matter has been put in the clearest light by Professor Owen, and we shall do well to quote his words: "Man's perfect hand is one of his peculiar physical characters; that perfection is mainly due to the extreme differentiation of the first from the other four digits, and its concomitant power of opposing them as a perfect thumb. An opposable thumb is present in the hands of most Quadrumana—the apes, etc.—but is usually a small appendage compared with that of man."

It may, therefore, be supposed that the bone on which this thumb plays is of a peculiar character; and so it is, for instead of having a simple rounded head, or a correspondingly simple hollow to receive a rounded head, it is saddle-shaped on the face to which the innermost bone of the palm—or that for the thumb—is attached.

Occupying almost the centre of the wrist, though reaching to the palm, is a large bone, which is almost always known as the *magnum*, or great bone of the wrist; but it is curious to observe, as an example of the history of Comparative Anatomy, that in most animals this bone is of a comparatively inconsiderable size, while it may warn us against the too common error of arguing from what happens in man as to what will happen in the lower animals. Of the remaining six, one, the pea-shaped bone (*pisiform*), does not belong to quite the same series as the rest; while two are connected with the radial bone of the fore-arm, the boat-shaped (*scaphoid*) bone, and the semilunar.

These various bones are moved on one another by a number of muscles, which form the fleshy part of the hand, and these again are roused to activity by nerves, and enabled to effect their work by the supply of nourishment afforded them by blood-vessels. The muscles are arranged in two distinct sets—one, the so-called *flexors*, placed on the palmar aspect, flex or bend the fingers; while others, on the opposite surface, are the *extensors*, which draw the finger-joints back again, or bend the back of the hand on to the arm.

It would not be right to give here a detailed account of the distribution of these muscles, but it will perhaps be interesting to explain the anatomical relations which, in the pastime of "Sir Creswell Creswell," prevent the tips of the ring fingers from separating when the middle fingers are flexed. The tendon which goes to the back face of the ring finger gives off two tendinous bands, one for the middle and one for the little finger; when, therefore, either of these fingers is flexed, the ring finger has its tendon held down, so that its proper action—which is, of course, to extend the ring finger, or bend it toward the back of the hand—cannot be put in use.

We must not describe in any detail either the nerves or the vessels, though with regard to one of each a word must be said. And first, as to the nerve, which is not only one of those which go to the muscles, but one of those by which we *feel* the action of various influences on the skin of the hand. We all know that when we strike the elbow at a particular point, a peculiarly painful sensation is felt in the hand; this, which is due, in the first place, to that law of nervous action by which irritation of a *sensory* nerve gives rise to a feeling in the parts to which it is finally distributed, is effected by the course taken by the so-called *ulnar* nerve, which comes very near to the surface at the elbow, and then passes on to the hand, giving off some branches to muscles and some to the skin.

The vessel to which we would refer, is that by which we "feel the pulse." It belongs to that series which carries blood from the heart, or the arteries, and is distinctively known as the *radial* artery. Unlike most of that series, it is at the wrist largely exposed, and so forms a convenient and ready method of testing the action of the heart, rising and falling as it does after each contraction of that organ.

As to the skin, we need only point out the complete absence of hair from the palmar face, and the comparatively slight extent to which it is developed on the back of the hand; still, a few words must be said as to the nails, without our attributing to them as much importance as do the Chinese, or those Africans who color them yellow or purple. The peculiar points about the nails of man are that they are all flat, and that they do not in any way seem to afford protection for the ends of the fingers by growing round them, as do the hoofs of the horse and cow, for example. As regards the flattening of all the nails, we must, however, observe that in the orang, the chimpanzee and the gorilla the same obtains, while in the gibbons it is only on the thumb (and on the great toe) that the nails are flat. The white part of the nail is known as the *lunula*: its appearance is probably due to the thickening of the "bed" of the nail at this point and to the less rich supply of blood-vessels, which shine through under the rest. Among other proofs of these parts being nothing more than somewhat altered parts of the skin, is the fact that they are made up, like the scarf-skin itself, of flattened scales, while the younger parts, just like the younger cells of the outer skin, are more rounded and softer. The best proof of all is afforded by some of the frog family, where the skin (*epidermis*) is merely thickened at the ends of the different digits. Instances have been observed of nails growing on the stumps of amputated fingers.

On account of the striking difference in the powers of the hand and foot in man, as compared with monkeys, the terms *Bimana* (two-handed) and *Quadrumana* (four-handed) have been applied to them respectively; but with regard to this it must be observed that there are numerous peculiarities which distinguish the hand (Latin, *manus*) and the foot (Latin, *pes*), and that with regard to these points the foot of the ape is as truly a foot as that of man; and again, if the word *hand* is to be taken as meaning merely a seizing organ, then many monkeys might be called five-handed, for their tail is as much of use to them as their hands or feet, and the elephant might at least be credited with a very powerful hand, for its trunk is a most useful, as well as a most amusing and dangerous, seizing-organ. The Greeks recognized this, as is shown by their having applied their name for the hand to the trunk of this creature. The difference between man and apes was insisted upon by Blumenbach and Cuvier; but the sagacity of Linnæus, the veritable father of modern zoology, had saved him from such a course, the ill-advisedness of which must strike every one who has seen, as it has fallen to the lot of the writer to see, in the Museum at Antwerp, a man, maimed of both hands, copying with exquisite precision some of the glorious masterpieces which adorn the walls of that building, in the city of Rubens. This artist —we cannot call him "this cripple"—held a brush between his toes, and, moreover, laid aside that brush to wipe from his brow the fated reward of his labor.

Having commenced with saying that we would deal more with the form than with the function of the hand, we might perhaps escape comment even if we said not a word as to right or left-handedness; but all functions depend sooner or later on structure, and the "common error," of which a distinguished writer on the hand has spoken, "of seeking in the mechanism the explanation of phenomena which have a deeper origin," cannot be fairly taken as applying to parts which owe all their activity to the supply of blood which they receive either directly or indirectly. The explanation to which the words just quoted referred was that "the superiority of the right arm is owing to the trunk of the artery which supplies it passing off more directly, so as to admit of the blood being propelled more forcibly into the small vessels of that arm than the left." This explanation, indeed, has not much anatomical evidence to support it; but that which ascribes the superiority to the freer supply of the blood to that part of the brain whence messages are sent to the right hand, has a strong basis in fact. The question is one which has been much discussed, and it is impossible to give all the views on it, but the ingenious explanation that those who advanced the right side first in battle would be less exposed to fatal wounds is one which it is right to mention. There is a peculiarity in some right-handed persons which is extremely curious—it is this: they always deal cards with their left hand, and that although for other purposes it is just as useless as in most men. Finally, it may be mentioned that an eminent surgeon is reported to have urged on his pupils that they should always *knock on a door with their left hand*—a forcible way of putting the fact that success in surgery will always come most largely to those who are *ambidexter*.

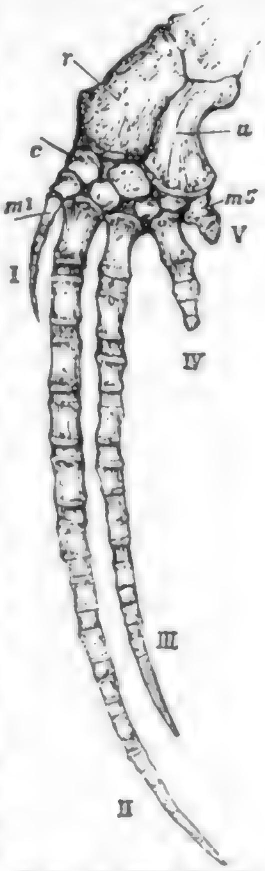
How far right-handedness is due to nature, and how far to education, is a somewhat barren question, as it is obvious that a habit, if long enough brought about by education, will come to be brought about by heredity—that is, by nature, if the word "nature" have any meaning at all in this question—a question which, it should be added, has been put often enough.

Turning now to the lower animals, to learn from them some of the changes which this organ may undergo, and to understand the degree of its perfectness in man, we commence with a few words on the higher apes. It has already been pointed out that the hand of the Quadrumana differs in no essential point of structure from that of the Bimana (man)—it "possesses not only every bone, but every muscle, which is found in that of man." The

SKELETON OF THE HAND AND FOREARM.

difference lies in the degree to which these are developed; thus, the thumb is in all cases smaller: but this of itself may be an advantage to them, as they use their hands more for climbing than for construction, and it is in those that are excellent climbers, or that live always in trees—in such forms, that is, as the American spider-monkeys, the Asiatic gibbons, or the African colobus—that we find the thumb most reduced. But the hand itself is but the terminal portion of an organ—the arm, which, it is to be observed, is proportionately longer in monkeys than in man. This peculiarity is also to be noticed in children as compared with adults, although, indeed, the representations of painters often obscure it, so that much of what looks false to nature in portraits of young princes, infantas, and so on, is due to want of correct observation on this anatomical peculiarity. This length of arm seems to be inconsistent with the upright position; but we must remember that the higher apes can move along without the aid of their hands, and although, as Mr. Darwin tells us of the gibbon, they move awkwardly and much less securely than man, yet when this ape does walk upright it is reported to only touch the ground now and then, just as does a man who carries a stick without requiring the use of one.

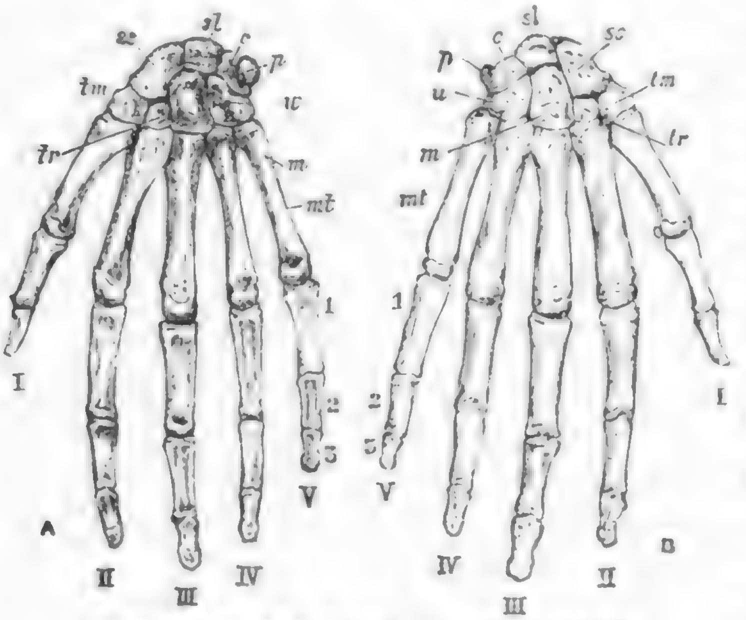
It is a general rule in all mammals—that class of the animal kingdom to which man belongs—to have never more than two joints in the thumb, and three in all the other fingers; and this rule applies also to the corresponding parts of the lower limb—the foot: in none of them, any more than in any bird, any living reptile, or any one of the frog class (*Amphibia*), are there more than five fingers to the hand—except, of course, in cases of monstrosity, such as in six-fingered men or women. To the first rule there is but one exception, and that is found among those animals which, though living in the sea, are veritable mammals, and which, like all others of their class, are unable to breathe the air dissolved in the water, and have continually to come to the surface to respire—these are the whales. In them the hand does indeed seem to be very remarkably metamorphosed; seen from the outside, there is no indication of the presence of separated fingers, not even the slight one that could be given by the presence on it of claws or nails—it is converted into a flipper-like paddle, set close to the body. When, however, the skin and muscles are removed, it is seen to possess wrist, palm, and four or five fingers, just as does man; but the joints of these fingers are not limited to two or three, and there may even be as many as twelve or thirteen phalanges in some of the digits. In those whales that develop whalebone in the place of teeth, many of the parts of the hand never become bony at all, but remain cartilaginous; the joints, too, between the different parts are not developed, and the only power that the hand has of yielding or bending is such as it can gain from the elasticity of cartilage.



HAND OF ROUND-HEADED DOLPHIN.

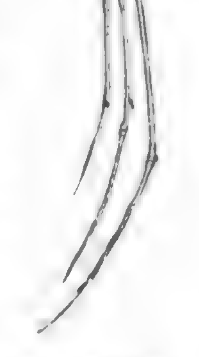
(I-V), Digits; (*r*) Radius; (*u*) Ulna; (*c*) Carpus; $(m^1 m^5)$, first and fifth Metacarpal.

To show how variable the number of the phalanges is, it will be sufficient to state how they are set in the two forms of whales best known to most of us. The porpoise: this animal has two phalanges in the thumb, eight in the next finger, and then six, three and two; in the common dolphin there are two, ten, seven, three and one phalanges, while in the round-headed form there are as many as fourteen joints in the index finger. Of the mammal class there is yet another group which is purely aquatic, and, speaking generally, this mode of life is about their only point of similarity to the whales. Of these, the Sirenia (or mermaids), we now only know two living forms—a third form (*Rhytina stelleri*) has died out within the last century, but fortunately the figure of it was painted, and the anatomy studied a little by Steller, one of the companions of the celebrated voyager Behring. Owing, probably, to their mode of life, these animals have the hand converted into a paddle, and no signs of separate fingers can be made out in the living form; but the inspection of their skeleton reveals the



BONES OF THE HAND OF MAN. (A) PALM; (B) BACK.

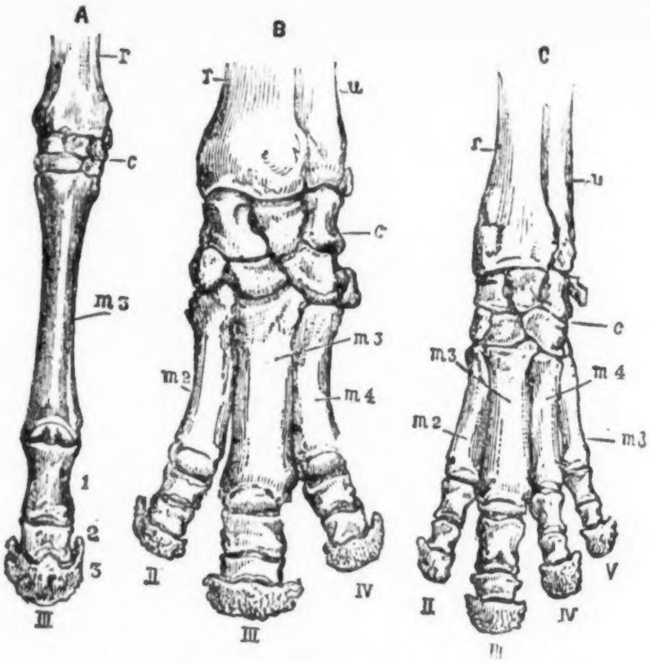
I., II., III., IV., V., indicate the Digits on Fingers; 1, 2, 3 (see Digit V in A and B) mark the Phalanges or Joints; (*m*) Magnum; (*mt*) Metacarpals; (*u*) Ulna; (*p*) Pisiform; (*c*) Cuneiform; (*sl*) Semilunar; (*sc*) Scaphoid; (*tm*) Trapezium; (*tr*) Trapezoid.



HAND OF BAT.

(*p*) Pollex; (*sc*) Scaphoid; $(m^1$-$m^4)$ the four Metacarpals.

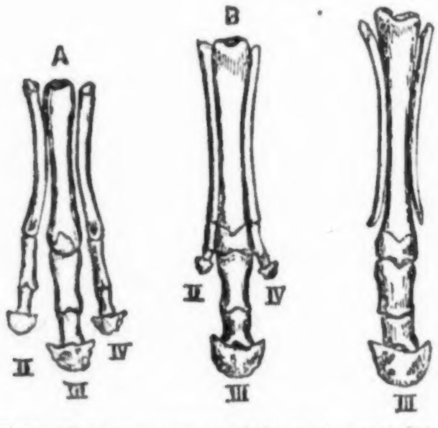
XUM



HAND OF HORSE (A), RHINOCEROS (B), AND TAPIR (C).
(r) Radius; (c) Carpus; (u) Ulna; II., etc., mark Digits; (1, 2, 3) Phalanges; (m^2, m^3, m^4) Metacarpals.

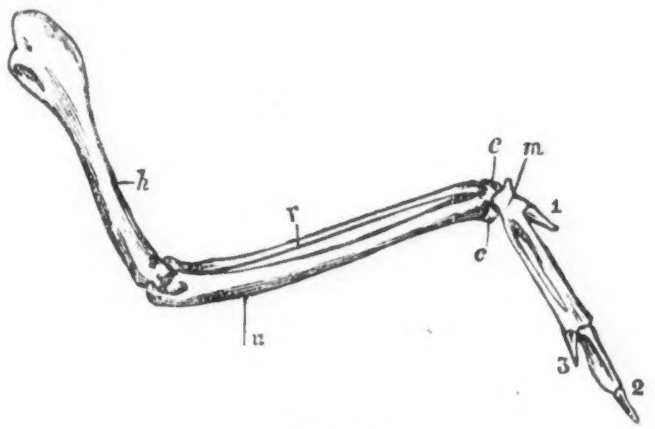
presence of a hand which, by the possession of five digits and the ordinary number of phalanges, agrees essentially with that of man.

There is another group of mammals which, unlike most of their kind, do not walk on land, but are flying animals; these are the bats (*Chiroptera*—wing-handed animals). The accompanying figure will show better than any description the difference between the arms of these animals and the arms of the birds who are, amongst vertebrates, the flying animals *par excellence*. It is therefore necessary only to point out that the surface required to support the animal in the air, and which is formed by outgrowths of the skin itself, is chiefly provided for by the great elongation of the bones of the hand; the thumb is not included in this fold of skin, but forms a claw by which the animal may support itself on trees and bars. The metacarpals (or bones of the palm) are greatly elongated, and, as a rule, are succeeded by *two* phalanges, which are also very long and very slender. It is striking to observe that, notwithstanding the extreme length of the bat's hand, the number of phalanges should be even less than in man. The other members of the mammalia which are able to fly—the flying lemur of the Indian Archipelago, the flying squirrels, and the flying phalangers of Australia—are not aided by any modifications of the hand, nor is their flight long-continued or steady. We shall shortly refer to what obtains in birds.



FOOT OF ANCHITHERIUM (A), HIPPARION (B), AND HORSE (C).

As we cannot deal with all the marvelous variations in the structure of the hand which are seen in mammals, we will pass on to a group in which the reduction of the digits affords one of the easiest, as well as one of the most instructive, series of changes which can be found in the whole realm of comparative anatomy: these are the hoofed animals, or *Ungulata*, of which there are two series, markedly distinguished by many anatomical differences. For our purpose the most important is that in one the number of digits is always even, and in the other always odd; to this, however, there are two curious exceptions. To the one group belong the tapirs, rhinoceroses and horses; to the other, sheep, oxen, deer, goats and pigs. But with regard to the tapir, that curious, old-fashioned-looking animal which is now found living only in such widely distant regions as South America and Sumatra, we have to observe that there are four toes on the hand, though only three on the foot, and that of these four toes the outer one has ceased to touch the ground. The other exception is also found in a South American form—the peccary; but the peculiarity here lies in the foot, in which there are only three, and not, as in the hand, four toes. Of all these beasts the most remarkable is the horse, in which only one digit is developed and touches the ground. The bones of this member are greatly elongated, and are very strong; the wrist, or carpus, is even here made up of seven bones, the largest and broadest of which is the one that we have already heard about—the *magnum;* in the metacarpus there are two narrow bones, one on either side, which represent the second and fourth metacarpals; these



BIRD'S ARM.
(h) Humerus; (r) Radius; (u) Ulna; (c) Carpus; (m) Metacarpus; (1, 2, 3) Digits.

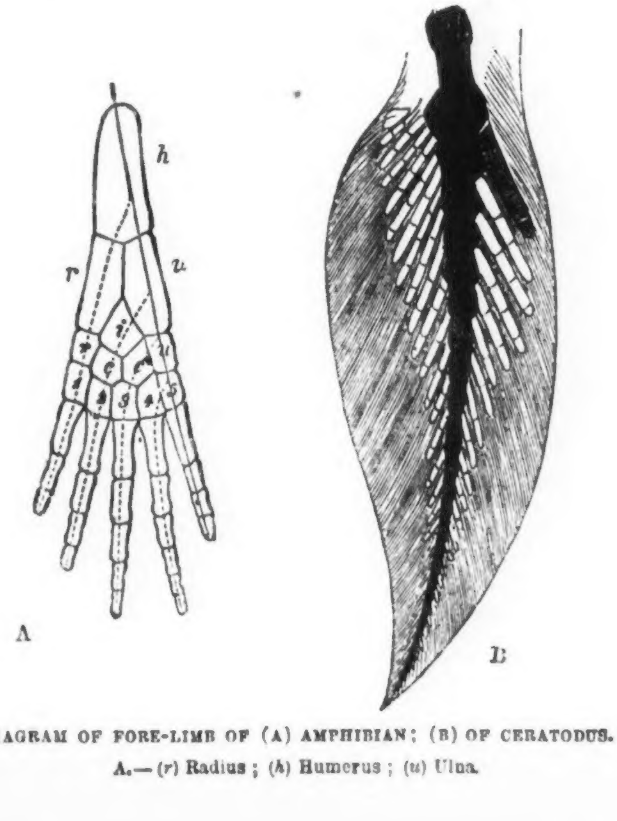


DIAGRAM OF FORE-LIMB OF (A) AMPHIBIAN; (B) OF CERATODUS.
A.—(r) Radius; (h) Humerus; (u) Ulna.

flank a large and long bone—the highly-developed third metacarpal; and this, again, is succeeded by three phalanges, the two lower of which are broadened out, and the last one most remarkably so. Owing to the length of the bones below the carpals, the wrist gets to be so high from the ground that it ordinarily goes by the name of the "knee."

In the rhinoceros, three toes touch the ground, but the middle one is larger than those on either side; while, as we see in the illustration, the tapir still retains its fifth digit, shortened a little though it be.

A still more instructive series of changes has been made out by the aid of a study of some fossil forms which were, without doubt, closer allies to the horse than are either the tapir or the rhinoceros. These are known as *Hipparion* and *Anchitherium*. When we compare—as by the aid of the illustration on the preceding page we are enabled to do—the hands of these three forms, we observe that the toes get shorter and shorter, until at last the digits cease to be developed. Nor is this all the story; to explain which we must say that the later periods of the history of our earth are, or may be, divided into five: Early Eocene, Later Eocene, Miocene, Pleistocene and Existing. Now, the modern horse is only known in the last two of these periods, *Hipparion* in the third and fourth, and *Anchitherium* in the second and third. A still earlier form, to which the ever-illustrious Cuvier gave the name of *Palæotherium*, has not been found in any layers which belong to a later period than the Later Eocene; in this form, again, there were only three digits. In addition to this, we have to observe that the rhinoceros has been found in Indian deposits of the Miocene epoch, and the tapir in the deposits of the same period near Auvergne. We see, then, a series of changing forms going hand-in-hand with changes in the earth's surface, while the scarcity at the present day of the almost unchanged tapir and rhinoceros, and their greatly restricted range, are full of significance as to the necessity of adapting oneself to circumstances, when one is desirous of continuing to exist.

Had we space, we might enlarge at greater length on this most interesting and instructive subject, and might draw many examples from the even-toed forms; but we must content ourselves with attracting attention as briefly as possible to the studies of a Russian anatomist, who illustrated the reality of the great republic of Science by drawing his examples from specimens in the British Museum. This gentleman has, by the study of fossil forms, shown that in some of these the median metacarpals did not seize on the outer carpal bones, when the digits with which these bones articulated dropped away; and that *such forms have disappeared*. In others, again, such as the deer or the ox, the carpal bones became connected with the remaining and median metacarpals, so that in them, just as in the horse, the number of bones in the wrist is not very greatly reduced, and "a better and more complete support for the body" is thereby gained; *such forms have not disappeared*. To these two modes Dr. Kowalewsky has given the appropriate names of *adaptive* and *inadaptive* modifications.

It is impossible to speak of the other mammals; and we must now begin to draw our notes to an end by giving a rapid sketch of the changes in arrangement which convert the typical five-fingered hand into part of a wing. In very nearly all birds there are three digits, one of which is the thumb, which does not here disappear so readily, as it were, as it does in so many quadrupeds. In many birds this thumb retains a claw, in some the index finger does so also, but in no known case is there a claw on the third (*median*) digit; the thumb is connected with a short metacarpal; the other two bones of the palm are very largely fused into one bony mass; and the bones of the wrist are reduced to two.

We come now to the final question: What is the meaning of these relations common to all hands? Why is the number five so constant and so characteristic, and yet why is it at times so extraordinarily modified? To answer these questions would be to write a chapter in the History of Creation; but at the same time there are a few facts which cannot be passed over. When we examine the arm and hand of one of the simplest of the five-fingered forms—a representation of which is given—we find (1) a single bone, (2) two bones, (3) a set of ten bones, (4) a set of five bones, and (5) five digits with a number of bones in each. Along this we can draw one straight line, and on one side of this four other lines, passing out like rays from a central stem. It is clear that the rays of the other side have been lost if the hand of the Amphibian is really based on a "type" of such a kind at all; whether it is so or not, it is curious to observe that such a "type" does exist in a remarkable form which has lately been found in the rivers of Australia, and of which an instructive figure is also given.

We have now traced the hand of man through various, though through few series, and have seen how, under varying circumstances, its structure becomes altered; yet, with all these changes, we have seen striking points of similarity in all, and we have lastly been able to see a possible origin for all these forms; so that we have had illustrated to us the two chief modes by which peculiarities of structure are brought about—"the influence of heredity," by which the "typical form" is preserved, and the influence of surrounding circumstances and of changed habits of life, which have effected the most wonderful changes in arrangement within a comparatively restricted area of structure.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

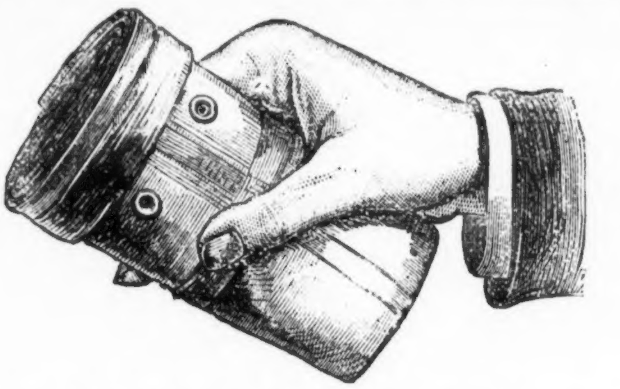
Medical Uses for Eggs.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestine, and, by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or, at most, three, eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

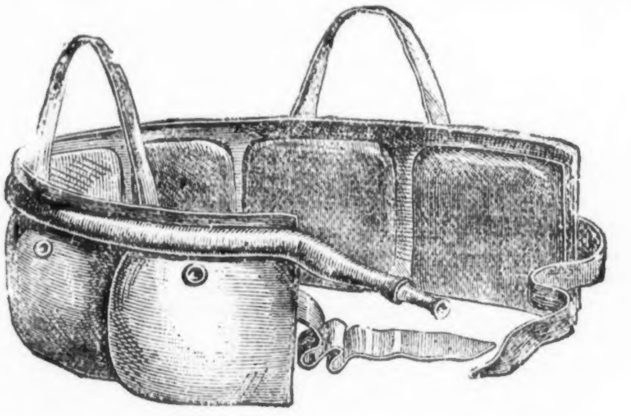
M. Obalski describes a pretty magnetic curiosity to the Académie des Sciences. Two magnetic needles are hung vertically by fine threads, their unlike poles being opposite one another. Below them is a vessel containing water, its surface not quite touching the needles. They are hung so far apart as not to move toward one another. The level of the water is now quietly raised by letting a further quantity flow in from below. As soon as the water covers the lower ends of the needles they begin to approach one another, and when they are nearly immersed they rush together. The effect appears to be due to the fact that when the gravitation force downward is partly counteracted by the upward hydrostatic force due to immersion, the magnetic force, being relatively greater, is able to assert itself.

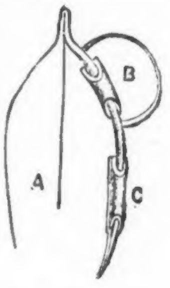
Migratory Sand.—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that at a certain point in the Upper Columbia, close to the water's edge, the fine sand is continually traveling up-stream in one eternal procession. Talk of the great army of Xerxes on the march—what was that to the myriad battalions that pace the marge of the mighty river? In comparison with these tiny travelers, what are the "leaves of the forest when Summer is green"? This sand is being continually washed ashore, and as the water falls away with the dearth of the season it dries, is taken up by the winds, carried back down-stream, is blown into the water, and makes another voyage; and so the work of transportation back and forth, by land and by sea, goes on for ever and ever.

XUM

A Pocket Life-belt.—Ordinary life-belts are so clumsy, that we welcome the new variety illustrated in the accompanying figures. It is the invention of Mr. R. E. Rose, of Gretna, La., and is so light and convenient that it may be strapped on the person in combination with the usual dress, or folded up and carried in the pocket like a diary. The belt consists of several air-cells, A, of the section shown in Fig. 3. These cells are provided with air-valves, C, which open inwardly. An air supply-pipe, B, running round the belt and communicating with each of the cells by a second air-valve, B, completes the whole, if we except the shoulder and other straps for fastening the belt about the body. The chambers are inflated by blowing through the supply-pipe, which is provided with a suitable mouthpiece, and they may be discharged by means of the valves, C. One great advantage of this kind of life-belt resides in the separate chambers, two or three of which may be accidentally punctured and discharged without destroying the floating efficiency of the remaining chambers.







Mr. Seth Green says that one morning when he was watching a spider's nest, a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping noiselessly around toward the entrance of the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet; then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wiggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect, for the boss of the nest—as large a spider as one ordinarily sees—came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside, he became satisfied, probably, that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

Analysis of two Ancient Samples of Butter.—G. W. Wigner and A. Church have examined a sample of Irish bog butter, which cannot be traced with any certainty to a particular locality. There is no doubt, however, that it is a perfectly authentic specimen, probably 1,000 years old. The following results were obtained: Volatile fatty acids, calculated as butyric, 6 per cent.: soluble fatty acids, not volatile, 42 per cent.; insoluble fixed fatty acids, 99.48 per cent.; glycerol, minute traces. The insoluble fatty acids contained 9 per cent. oleic acid, and 91.0 per cent. stearic and palmitic acids. The other sample of butter, which is much older, was taken some time ago from an Egyptian tomb. It dates from about 400 or 600 years before Christ. It was contained in a small alabaster vase, and had apparently been poured in while in a melting state. In appearance, color, smell and taste, it corresponds closely with a sample of slightly rancid butter. Analysis shows that the sample has not undergone any notable decomposition.

Bees eject wax through their mouths in a frothy state, and it oozes out between their mandibles, while with these forming the cells. The bases of these are patches of wax, perhaps mixed with propolis, daubed on where the combs are fixed, and on which the cells are begun. Their first rudiments are triangles, formed by a peculiar appendage in the bees' mouths, having joints at the angles, which open and close as they proceed with the cells. When not in use this appendage is of a triangular shape, is serrated, and may be mistaken for the insect's fore-legs. I had the first glimpse of this curious thing, says Mr. Wighton, which, to suit my purpose, I call a pair of compasses, while watching a queen hornet making her nest. The rudiment of the first cell was a triangle, and soon five more were added to it. When the lonely insect was at work with her forceps, or mandibles, I observed she kept moving a curious appendage in her mouth, shaped exactly like that noticed of the bee.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Platelayers.—Butlers and waiters.

Favorite Airs.—South and west winds.

They call sewing societies sew-cials. So so!

Cabby's Idea of Hire Education.—Knowing how to charge.

Jones says he is a wood workman—that is, he would work if it didn't make him so tired.

New Proverb.—You cannot raise silver-crested Hamburgs by setting a hen on nickel-plated eggs.

Why should young women bother so much about a wedding-dress? So it is a wedding-dress is enough.

A jilted lover said to his belle, "If you dismiss me I will blow my brains out." "In that case"—with a sparkling laugh—"you will have to take mighty good aim!"

The census enumerator gets two cents for every person he captures. Some persons are not worth that much, but no enumerator has had the honesty to return the change.

"**Somehow**," said a philosopher, "things are usually kept at an equilibrium. For example, the more prices go up, the more everybody has to come down for everything."

Remonstrance by an Italian minstrel on board the excursion-boat to passengers who decline to put anything in the hat: "What for you beat-a time with your cane-a, when we play-a, eh?"

The man who will wait two hours for his girl to friz her hair to go out riding with him, will swear awfully if his wife keeps him waiting thirty seconds to fasten up a stray braid with a hair-pin.

Silence is Golden.—*Aunt:* "Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" *Jimmy* (with the utmost deliberation): "Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

A dealer in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles that he has for sale, "can't be beat." Will he be kind enough to tell us what they are good for, then?

A new boarder spilt some milk on his coat, and was fearful lest it would leave a grease-spot. An old stager assured him that there was not the slightest danger, but that he might look for a chalk mark when it dried.

Must Lose.—A poet asks, "Who shall go first to the shadowy land, my love or I?" If they contemplate committing suicide, to which no objections should be offered, we suggest they toss up a penny—heads, he goes first; tails, she goes last.

Above Water.—A man jumped into a well because his wife and daughter ran him in debt. After he was rescued, he declared he wouldn't do such a foolish thing again, as he found it more difficult to keep his head above water in the well than out of it.

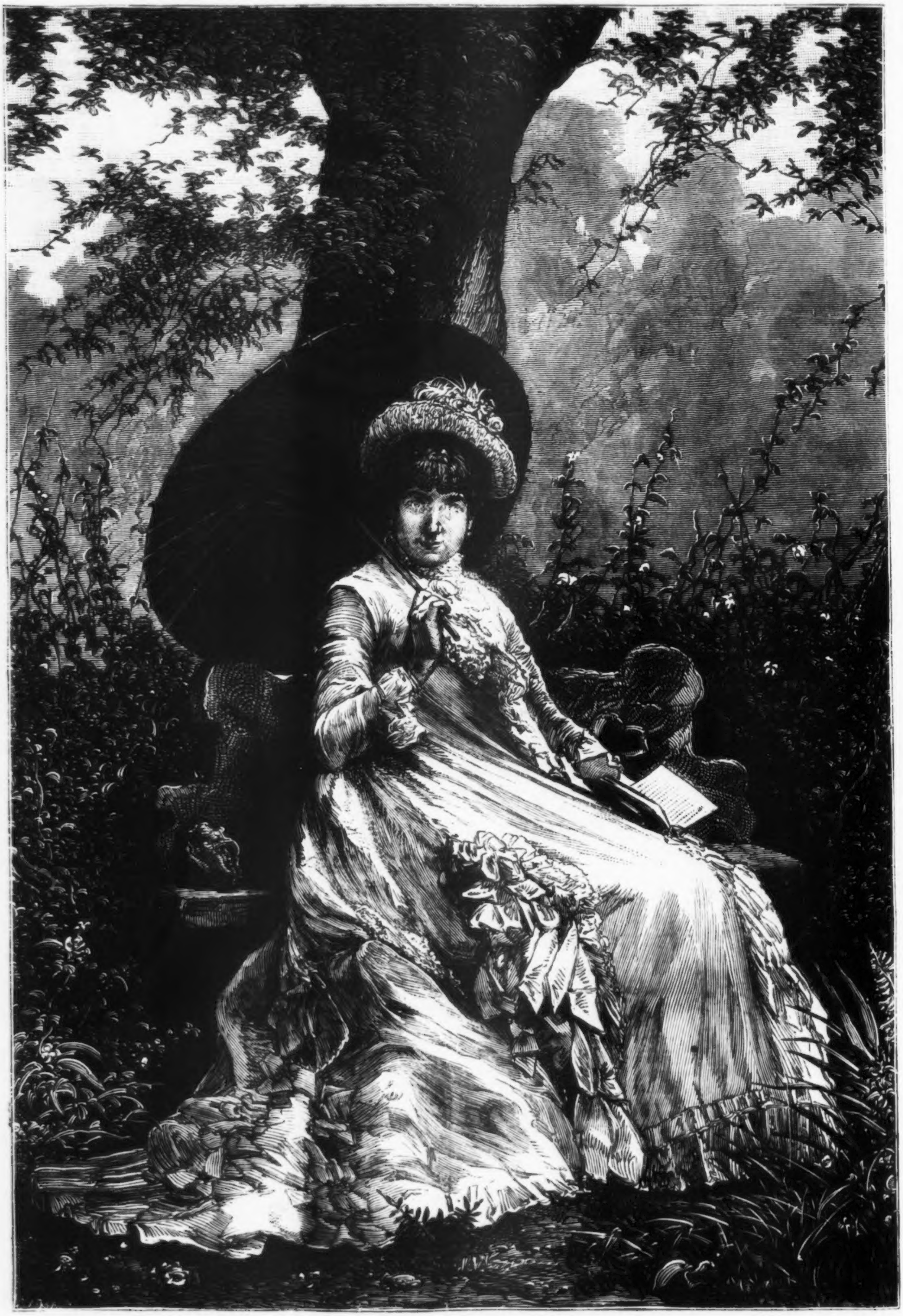
Down by the riverside they met,
Sweet Romeo and Juliet;
Her hand in his he placed, and said,
"Sweet Juliet, I would thee wed."
"Indeed?" she queried, "Ah! let's go;
Get in this boat, oh, row me, oh!"

Ups and Downs.—No one knows who invented the fashion in society of turning down the corner of a visiting-card; but the fashion of turning down the corner of a street was first thought of by the man who owed a small bill to the tradesman he saw coming.

"**Ah, me!**" sighed a rising young genius, throwing down his pen and leaning back wearily, "you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than it is to write them." Sympathetic but awkward friend: "Gad, how you must suffer, then!"

Lady.—"But tell me, Miss Jenkins, why you are not satisfied?" *Governess:* "Well, the fact is, madam, I should be perfectly contented to stay if Master Tommy were not so plain! But I am afraid of his being taken for my little boy some day when we are out walking, and that would be so very unpleasant!"

XUM



SWEET SUMMER DAYS.